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THE MODERN ODYSSEY

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This Book

IS DEDICATED,

IN GRATEFUL REMEMBRANCE OF MANY PLEASANT DAYS

IN NEW SOUTH WALES,

To

LADY CARRINGTON.

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PREFATORY NOTE.

THE thanks of the Author are due to the Editors of the *St. James's Gazette* and the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News* for their courtesy in allowing certain articles which had appeared in those journals to be incorporated in these pages.

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THE MODERN ODYSSEY.

CHAPTER I

HOLYHEAD TO DUBLIN.

A HEAVY burden of responsibility rests upon the shoulders of the adventurer who, regardless of the trouble and anxiety which his conduct may entail upon future generations, sails to unknown seas and lightly discovers a new country. All that watchful care for the interests of posterity, which should never be absent from the thoughts of the prudent, is banished from his mind. A thrill of selfish joy electrifies his frame as the stem of his boat grates upon the strand. He eagerly leaps down, makes an intaglio of ten toes on a virgin shore, and gives the name of his sweetheart to the most prominent feature of the scene. He hastily takes for granted that he has conferred a benefit upon mankind, and returns to his native land full of pride, and bequeaths to the world a legacy that cannot be repudiated.

History has not handed down to us the name of the discoverer of Ireland. Even tradition is silent. It may be that, unlike most explorers, he was a person of prophetic instinct; and if so, then perhaps, when the first glow of enthusiasm had cooled down, he began to be appalled by the consequences which he foresaw would result from his rash act; and shrinking from the censure

which unborn generations would pass upon him, preserved his incognito and withdrew from public notice. Nobody, except perhaps an Irishman, can deny that Ireland was discovered at some period of history; and as the name of no man is mentioned in connection with that unfortunate event, it is probable that the island was discovered by a woman. A want of timely reticence is not unknown amongst the sex. The hen cackles when she has laid the egg that will promptly be boiled. In like manner the lady who discovered Ireland did not refrain from proclaiming what she had done, and it is no doubt owing to the chivalry of her male contemporaries that her name is not mentioned in the chronicles.

People soon found out that a difficult problem had been proposed for solution. Many worthy persons attempted to solve it, just as many worthy persons have attempted to square the circle. The earliest attempt on record is that of St. Patrick. He began with a disastrous blunder; to which, indeed, all the subsequent troubles of the country may be traced. He expelled the reptiles instead of expelling the natives. In a few centuries, during which nine-tenths of the Irish kings and chieftains died violent deaths, Strongbow appeared upon the scene. He proposed to settle the question with the help of a few thousand Welshmen. The quaint genius of the Welsh nation had even then been noticed by the observant. It had chosen a kind of onion to be its emblem, though it had not yet conferred honorary citizenship upon that wayward individual the Welsher. Still, Strongbow had reason to believe that the ardent, riotous, self-assertive, unconventional, and zymotic temperament of the Welshman would have a pacifying influence over the Irishman; and he invaded Wexford with a host of followers from Pembrokeshire. He, like his predecessor St. Patrick, failed, but not with disaster. When he found that he was



MENAI STRAITS.

unlikely to accomplish his object, he wisely married Eva, a beautiful Irish heiress. In those days there were Irish heiresses. She owned a castle in Waterford, and much more than three acres and a cow in Kildare. After another turbulent interval came Cromwell, who killed a large number of the inhabitants, and with consummate judgment persuaded forty thousand of the survivors to take service in the armies of our hereditary enemies, France and Spain. It does not appear that any practical attempts have been made since the time of Cromwell to deal with the Irish question.

Facilis descensus Averni. The traveller to Ireland is carried in a fast and well-appointed train as far as Holyhead; where he will find electric lights sparkling upon a convenient quay, and the *Banshee* or the *Connaught* ready to take him across the Channel at the rate of seventeen knots an hour. If the night is fine, the passage, even in winter, is far from unpleasant, except to that unfortunate class of traveller whose stomachic balance is so delicately poised that the ripple from the breast of a wild swan upon a mountain tarn would disturb it. The passengers are on board, and are composing themselves in the berths which they had the foresight to telegraph for from Euston Square; the steamer casts off from the quay, glides down between the wharves, and soon her starboarded helm has brought her abreast of the breakwater, under whose shelter perhaps a hundred or more ships are lying at anchor. Before she reaches the open sea and settles down to her course, the brilliant electric light on the South Stack is unmasked by the cliffs, and the full force of the tide sweeping round the projecting corner of Anglesea strikes her on the beam.

The dark belt of water which is beyond the reach of the lighthouses on either side of the Channel is crossed in less than an hour, and then the Baily light on Howth

is seen a little on the starboard bow. But if the wind blows lightly from the west, the presence of Ireland will probably make itself known to another sense. Yet it is not the scent of far-away flowers that strays across the sea. Neither the heather on the Wicklow Hills, nor the violets of those meadows where the Meath hounds do frolic, contribute to the essences projected eastward over the waves. An arm of mist and fog, laden with the fumes of the City of Dublin, stretches out its hand, and the touch may often be discerned at a distance of six miles from the shore.

Now the Pool-beg foghorns strike the traveller's ear. A bellowing like the cry of a mammoth in distress issues from the darkness: the sound ceases: never was silence more acceptable. But in a moment another monster in pain has taken up the cry, and a shrill squeal such as might proceed from an orchestra of bagpipes pierces the ear. The steamer has reached the mouth of the Liffey; her engines are slowed; the electric light upon her bridge throws a beam of brightness into the gloom; she stems the current of a dirty river, and cautiously gropes her way through the murky air to her berth at the North Wall.

It is therefore probable that the impressions of those who reach Ireland for the first time early on a winter's morning will not be favourable to that remarkable country. But the traveller who chooses the late spring for his journey will not at once wish himself back in his club in London. The day breaks when the steamer is half-way across the Channel; the white mists of the night stand aside, and disclose the Welsh hills below the brightening east, and the dark serrated line of the Wicklow mountains in the west; the peaks gradually separate as the steamer approaches them; the outline of the lower ground on the Irish shore takes form; the

profile of Howth grows distinct out of the gloom; Dalkey Island detaches itself from the mainland; the little waves are clear and sparkling, and gently play with the Kish light-vessel at the mouth of the Bay; the spires and towers of Dublin begin to rise out of the unbroken water-line between Howth and the hills; and far away to the North the Mourne Mountains lie like a faint cloud upon the horizon. Many more beautiful scenes will be forgotten while the bright picture of Dublin Bay in the morning still lingers in the memory.

A nearer view destroys much of the charm. The bay is fringed with plain and dowdy houses in the builder's and contractor's style of architecture. An almost continuous line of stucco extends from Dalkey to Dublin. Here and there the monotony is broken by an ugly church or a modern castellated habitation. There is no place where a little æsthetic taste could have been more fitly shown, or where its absence is more painful, than on the southern shore of the Bay of Dublin.

CHAPTER II.

RANDOM NOTES FROM THE ATLANTIC.

THE Atlantic steamers call at Queenstown for the mails about eighteen hours after leaving Liverpool. It is a dowdy little place which greatly disfigures a very beautiful haven.

While the ship is at anchor some of the passengers usually go on shore in the tender to spend a few more last moments on British soil, but the farewell footsteps must not wander very far afield, for soon the train will be seen coming down the incline. The country-women press to the gangway with baskets of shamrock, and Paddy is there with a stock of shillelaghs. It does not take long to toss six hundred mail-bags into the tender, and as she casts off from the wharf the cries of the vendors of shamrock and shillelagh are redoubled. Prices fall, and the bears have the market to themselves. In the midst of the hubbub the wail of some poor woman who has just said farewell to her son rises from the crowd. For all the shamrock that he takes with him for luck, she cannot trust him to the purple fathoms or to that Wild West from which she knows he never will return to gladden her eyes. Yet he will cherish those tiny leaves long after they are withered: they will comfort him in sickness and be the companions of his lonely hours; and with his last breath he will desire that they shall be placed with him in his grave. In that tangled web of



WHITE STAR LINER "TEUTONIC."

Queenstown to Sandy Hook in 5 days 16 hours 31 minutes; 517 knots in 24 hours.

contradictions which make up the Irish character, many a wayward thread of gold may be discerned.

It was late in the afternoon when the *Umbriaska* passed the solitary lighthouse on the Fastnet. The desolate shore receded, and at sunset the ragged headlands which Erin trails in the Atlantic were lying like faint clouds on the horizon. The long, low swell rolled in from the north-west, and the gaps in the ranks at dinner showed that the battle had begun.

* * * * *

The traveller who has forgotten to provide himself with a deck-chair is like a bark that has no haven to fly to in the storm. There may be five hundred passengers on board, but one-third of them would inconveniently crowd the available seats on deck. In the simple language of the Latin exercise book, the chair is the comfort of the passenger. It is a place of refuge when he feels that his digestive organs are so nicely balanced that the slightest unnecessary exertion would render the equilibrium unstable, yet fears to go below ; and in fine weather it is ready to welcome him when he takes his afternoon nap or smokes his cigar under the stars. In the hands of an adroit owner it is invaluable. Perhaps he is a shy man who wishes to make the acquaintance of a fellow-passenger, a charming American girl. How shall he compass it? He does not sit near her at dinner, and none of the daily little incidents of the sea have given him the opportunity that he desires. He begins to despair ; the short voyage will soon be over, and she will pass on. One evening in the smoking-room a bright idea occurs to him. Every night the chairs are stacked in the passage between the deck-house and the engine-room skylight. In the morning there is a redistribution of seats made with regard to the sun and the wind. "I will get up very early," he says to

himself, "before seven bells in the morning watch, and I will go on deck and find out where her chair has been placed, and I will place mine next to it; she will never know that it did not come there by chance." He carries out his cunning plan; but when he joyfully comes on deck after breakfast he is disgusted to find his chair occupied by that talkative fellow who is chattering hard to the American girl. Yet he does not like to evict the tenant, for it may be that she finds him agreeable; and the poor schemer does not wish to incur her displeasure by depriving her of the companionship of one who, for all he knows, may be amusing her. So he makes no sign, but bides his time, and takes a long walk, every now and then looking furtively to see whether the intruder is still there. *Tout vient à point à qui sait attendre.* At last the fellow goes away, and the rightful heir comes into his own. In a few hours he has summoned up courage to address some mild platitude to his fair neighbour, which is courteously received; and when the voyage is over he acknowledges that he owes to his deck-chair the pleasant hours he has spent by her side.

She is both agreeable and well-informed; she is graceful, and almost, if not quite, beautiful; but it is rather the beauty of feature than that of complexion or expression. If her face seems somewhat too pale and intellectual, yet there is a peculiar wan, pathetic look upon it that is far more attractive and lovable than stereotyped smiles and laughing eyes. A subdued vein of self-assertiveness gives force to her character, and a subtle, unconscious trace of Puritanism, which never degenerates into prudery, lingers in it and refines it.

* * * * *

The wonders of the ocean will greatly interest the traveller who is making his first long voyage. He will see

strange sunsets in the west, and huge waves majestically rolling by. He will feel the presence of the chilling iceberg as it slowly drifts southward; he will hear the weird music of the winds as they play upon the cordage; he will learn how the sun and the stars must be questioned before the ship's position can be known.

But none of these things will excite in him a feeling of such astonishment as that caused by the ladies' hair. He knows that they are cooped up in narrow cabins, in which there is scarcely room to turn. He knows that the looking-glass is hardly bigger than a sheet of note-paper. Yet he sees them come every morning on deck like birds who have just preened their beautiful plumage in the quiet recesses of some vast forest. Though the ship be rolling twenty degrees, the tresses are arranged in the latest fashion. No trace of hurry can be discerned; not a lock is awry, not a hair-pin protruding: nothing that delicate manipulation can effect is wanting. Neither the ant nor the bee nor the spider can furnish such an instructive example of industry, perseverance, and final success under apparently insuperable difficulties.

* * * * *

These lines are written in a sunny corner of the spar deck, while the *Umbriaska* is paying out the knots at the rate of eighteen in the hour. The last land that was seen is now more than nine hundred miles astern. The sea is almost calm, for the breeze is so gentle that it scarcely ruffles the surface. An almost imperceptible ground swell, the remnant of last week's gale, sways the ship gently from side to side, but so slowly and carefully that if the shadows of the rigging did not move slightly to and fro, it would be unnoticed. Not a vessel breaks the clear line of the horizon; not a cloud is seen upon the pale-blue sky. A lonely sea-bird is skimming over

the deep, the sun is sparkling upon the waters; and the luncheon gong will sound in two minutes and a half.

* * * * *

The energetic pedestrian, accustomed to his daily walk, need not forego it on the Atlantic. The forecastle is the very place for a ramble on a fine day, and there is a shady lane on each side of the main-deck. When the ship is rolling or sliding down into the trough of a wave, he will have steeper hills to climb than ever he climbed on land. The narrow passage between the smoking-room and the galley will remind him of a path-way in the mountains, and it needs but a little imagination to see a leafy bower by the roadside in the hollow of the turtle-back. In the churning of the screw he will hear the roar of the waterfall, and the song of a nightingale in the boatswain's whistle.

* * * * *

Time passes slowly at sea, especially when the ship is steaming to the West at the rate of eighteen knots an hour, and each day is in consequence nearly forty minutes longer than its predecessor. The intelligent traveller should endeavour to beguile the tedium of the voyage by extending his knowledge of the natural history of the ocean. There are many creatures whose habits he may advantageously study: such as the ship's cat, the ship's rats, the guillemot, the dolphin, the whale whose blubber is said to appear in the saloon in the form of mock-turtle soup, and the sea-serpent who shrinks so bashfully from view. But the animal which most concerns him personally is the Atlantic chicken. Not much is known about this remarkable bird. Though not web-footed, it seems to be met with only on the ocean. It is probably hatched artificially from an egg placed accidentally too near the galley fire. It acquires strength and vigour by picking up scraps in the lee

scuppers. Naturalists say that it roosts on the cylinder covers, and crows to the dawn in the main rigging. In the course of a decade, constant exercise has completed its muscular development. About this time its physical endurance is severely tested, for the ship's cook has had his eye upon it for many years, and has been watching its hardy maturity with satisfaction. There is more than one exciting chase before it is finally driven into a corner in the steerage, and at length compelled to surrender its life. The ship's blacksmith trusses it; a stoker roasts it; and knives of a special quality of hardened steel are served up in honour of its appearance on the saloon table.

* * * * *

Last night one of the Irish emigrants died. Will he be buried at sea? "No," says the steward, "we've put him on ice, and he'll keep till we get to New York."

* * * * *

There is a solitary place upon the ship which, like a haunted castle near the margin of a lonely lake, is shunned even by its lawful occupants. It is not the bath-room amidships, albeit certain passengers have not washed for centuries. It is not the captain's cabin, for that is temporarily in the possession of a family who cornered pigs successfully in Chicago. It is not the port hospital, for the Dead is lying there. It is a threshold which no one crosses, because on the portal is inscribed the fatal legend, "Ladies' Cabin." Men may not enter, therefore women will not.

* * * * *

The despondent poet who is inclined to deplore the degeneracy of mankind will observe with pleasure that when people are cut off from the outer world, and bereft

of their customary distractions, the primitive love of simple amusements re-asserts itself. The Londoner who reads on the telegraph-board of his club the news of a European revolution or an Asiatic earthquake without a flutter of excitement, will rush to the side of an Atlantic steamer to verify the report that a bottle-nosed whale has been seen on the starboard bow. The banker whom nothing less than a panic on the Stock Exchange would disturb, grows animated over a game of quoits. But the effect of the ocean wave upon the British matron of middle age is still more remarkable. Her defensive attitude, her air of heave-half-a-brick-at-the-stranger, vanish softly away as the vessel recedes from land, and in less than forty-eight hours she will—if not indisposed—probably be heard chattering to her neighbour at dinner about the cooking and the day's run. As in a remote shooting lodge in the Highlands the arrival of the letter-bag is the event of the day, so is the official notification of the day's run on board an ocean steamer. It is the pivot on which conversation turns in the morning; the subject is renewed when the chief officer is seen making faces at the sun at midday; and the small hours of the afternoon are spent in discussing the announced result.

* * * * *

It is really most provoking. The *Umbriaska*, during the earlier days of the voyage, made steady, respectable, commonplace runs of 391, 369, and 373 knots, and every one was satisfied. Now, however, she suddenly jumps up to 403 knots without the slightest excuse, and has thereby completely upset the calculations of those who gave high prices for low numbers at the selling pool. No well-conducted mail steamer behaves in such a manner. Flightiness and irregularity of this kind tends to destroy the confidence which passengers should feel

in their ship. They have just cause for complaint, and the matter will be promptly reported to the owners.

* * * * *

The saloon displayed great interest in the announcement that the first number of the *Umbriaskan News* would be published on the following day. The Editor informed intending contributors that articles of a personal nature would not be admitted. It is probable that this precaution, however necessary it might have been, prejudicially affected the success of the newspaper, for the general opinion seemed to be, that though the story of the little boy who, in lat. 50° 16′ N. and long. 20° 51′ W., complained to his mamma that his dinner would not keep swallowed, was very amusing, yet in general interest the *Umbriaskan News* hardly reached the standard of the other publication of the same printing office—the daily dinner *menu*.

* * * * *

"No, I have never seen one myself, but a friend of mine has."

A shout of astonishment rose from a group of Americans as these simple words modestly fell from an Englishman's lips.

"Oh, my! that's just lovely!" said a beautiful girl from Baltimore, as she clapped her dainty hands; "I knew I was right! I was sure there was one! His friend has seen it!"

"Stranger," said a young man who, like so many of his countrymen, wore the haggard look of a converted pirate upon his face, "Stranger, I am from Ohio, and it takes six New York Custom House officers to get round one Ohio man; so you'd better come down off the roof."

"Guess your friend was on the splurge," said a middle-aged man from the Wooden Nutmeg State, who boasted

that he had travelled a hundred thousand miles in less time than any other man.

The others said nothing, but a look of polite incredulity passed over their features. Still the Englishman adhered to his statement, in spite of open disbelief and covert sneer.

"I repeat," he said, solemnly, "that though I have never seen one myself, yet a friend of mine, in whose veracity I have perfect confidence, assures me that he once saw an American man-of-war!"

* * * * *

No spot in the ocean has heard more music than the Banks of Newfoundland. As the ship approaches them, the inevitable concert looms in the foreground. But though there is a powerful *basso profondo* on board all Atlantic steamers, who may generally be relied on to perform a solo, yet like all his professional brethren he has many whims and caprices which cannot always be successfully humoured. If anything offends his dignity the chances are that he will sulk all the way from Queenstown to Sandy Hook. He only sings when he chooses: it may be at midnight, it may be at breakfast, it may be during the second dog-watch. He has no tact; he listens to no remonstrances upon the untimely occasions of his musical efforts; he will interrupt a lady without a word of apology; and he will continue his song for an indefinite period, even though no encore shall have been demanded. He is called the Steam Whistle; and his voice is usually heard during the fogs prevailing on the Banks. But there is seldom such a dearth of musical talent on board a ship that the concert has to depend solely upon the airs and graces of a Steam Whistle for its success. Frequently other performers may be found. There may be a migrant *prima donna* on board; there will surely be half a dozen amateurs who can thump the

piano and twitter little ditties. The services of the Steam Whistle are by no means necessary in every case. They should only be employed as a last resource to fill up the programme in emergencies, such as when the tenor or the contralto is sea-sick.

* * * * *

The breeze died away; the light from the golden fringes of the western clouds fell upon the dark sea; the crimson of the setting sun shot across the ocean, pierced the crests of the cold pure waves, and was magically transmuted into new colours of marvellous beauty as it passed through the crystal drops. Nothing could be lovelier than the luminous ridge of water which crowned each wave as it leaped upwards to meet the last rays from the west: nothing more enchanting than the contrast of the snowy foam and the beryl green of the translucent crest with the amethystine blue of the unillumined trough. And while we watched and wondered, the sun had dwindled to a mere spark on the horizon, soon to be quenched like a torch in the deep. Yet it was long before the incarnadine glow of the sunset had ceased to fall on the westward slope of the waves. Nor did the approach of night leave them in darkness, for soon the forms of those same waves, that had so lately sparkled in the sunshine, were delineated by their own phosphorescent foam as they were parted at the bow and ran along the sides; and it seemed as though the ocean, as well as the sky, was studded with stars. In a little while even those restless waves were weary and sank to sleep; for when the moon rose, and slowly emerged from an almost motionless bank of clouds, there was hardly a ripple to break the continuity of the narrow lane of light she threw across the water in our track, as though to mark the bridge by which we

were spanning the unknown valley three thousand fathoms down below.

* * * * *

It often happens that the look-out on the forward bridge of the *Umbriaska* catches sight of America before six days have elapsed since the rocky coast of Ireland sank below the eastern horizon. The colour of the sea changes, on approaching land, from a greyish blue into a dirty green; the national rig of the country, the three-masted schooner, is seen on every side; and many passengers, who have been remarkable during the voyage for their dowdy appearance, begin to display their shore clothes. The most patriotic American would probably admit that the first view of his great country is not impressive. The low, sandy shore of Long Island, broken here and there by a row of bathing houses extended in skirmishing order on the flanks of an enormous hotel, appears on the starboard bow out of the mist on the horizon. Yet when the bar at Sandy Hook is once crossed, few scenes are so full of variety and charm as the bright picture of New York Harbour on a summer's afternoon. The gentle breeze from the south brings down the scent of flowers from the heights of Navesink, the land-locked water is covered with a satin sheen, and seems so calm and restful after the turmoil of the Atlantic. The ship enters the Narrows, the health officers come on board from the quarantine station on Staten Island, and hold a conversation over the emigrant who will never return to his native village in Kildare; and as the *Umbriaska* slowly steams past the wooded shore, the mails are tossed into the Post Office tender, which waylaid her on the departure of the health boat. Every kind of vessel is afloat upon the crowded haven; a sloop, as trim and shapely as a yacht, but disfigured by the advertisement which

she displays in huge letters upon her mainsail, drifts with the tide towards Bedloe's Island, whereon stands the biggest statue in the world; the advertisement on the sloop and the colossal size of the statue appropriately drawing the attention of the European traveller, the former to the utilitarian, the latter to the grandiose, instincts of the American nation. A side-wheel steamer, of the type common in inland waters, rushes by with three decks full of excursionists for Coney Island or Rockaway Beach; the snorting of the tugs, some of them unattached, others with long trains of barges in their wake, but all decorated with the effigy of an American eagle on the pilot-house, is heard on every side; the taut spars of an Australian clipper tower over the deck of the *Umbriaska* as the steamer glides under her stern; a cat boat is scooting along to Bay Reach; the graceful curve of Brooklyn bridge, spanning the East River as it were with threads of gossamer, comes into view; and New York, not covered with a pall of smoke, but bright and gleaming in the pure air, is seen basking in the sunshine like an Italian city on the shores of the Mediterranean.

* * * * *

The tugs under the counter have shoved the *Umbriaska* into her berth on the North River, and the voyage is over. The Fairy of Lake Erie, who has recognised her father and brother in the crowd assembled on the wharf, rushes about the deck in a bewilderment of joy, and the Englishman, who had a theory that American girls were neither affectionate nor demonstrative, acknowledges that he was mistaken.

Farewell, Farewell, dear little Fairy of Lake Erie! It is probable that few, if any, of us will have the great pleasure of meeting you again; but many, many good wishes will follow you to your home in the Forest City,

and pursue you thence to Florida in the winter, when, like other bright things, like the sun and the fireflies and the humming-birds, you go to the warmer skies of the South.

Good-bye, Good-bye, dear little Fairy of Lake Erie!

CHAPTER III.

A CITY OF PERPETUAL MOTION.

IN the fifteenth century Europe both suffered an affront which has not yet been avenged, and performed a deed which has made that epoch one of the most important in the history of the world. The capture of Constantinople by the Turks in 1453 was followed in less than forty years by the discovery of America. It is not probable that the latter event was a result of the former, yet the supposition would not be so fanciful as might be imagined.

When the Emperor Constantine Palaiologos appealed to the West for help against the Turks, who were besieging Constantinople, a few Italian volunteers from Venice and Genoa went to his assistance. After the capture of the city, the survivors returned no doubt greatly impressed with the power of the Asiatic invader; and it is probable that Columbus, in his younger days at Genoa, often conversed with some of those soldiers who had fought on the shores of the Bosphorus, and whose experience led them to believe that Europe was in peril. It was not an unreasonable fear, for the Moors had not yet been expelled from Spain, and the Turks not long afterwards were laying siege to Vienna and ravaging Bavaria. Columbus had good grounds for imagining that Europe was destined to be overrun by the Mahomedans, and that a "bag-and-baggage" policy was

likely to be enforced against the inhabitants; and when he sailed to the West to discover, as he hoped, an easier way of access to India—the existing highway to it being in the hands of the victorious Saracens—he was, perhaps, actuated by other feelings than the love of adventure. It is, at least, not impossible that the motive power which drove the explorers out of the Iberian Peninsula towards the West and the South—for only six years intervened between the discovery of America and the discovery of the Cape of Good Hope—originated in the shock of the capture of Constantinople slowly transmitted through Europe; just as in mechanics, a blow falling upon one extremity of a beam drives away an unattached body at the other. At the beginning of the sixteenth century no part of Europe, except, perhaps, Great Britain, appeared to be beyond the swing of the Turkish sword; and this period was remarkable for maritime enterprise and exploration. Europe had already recognised the westward tendency of the course of empire; America was discovered by one Italian, and received its name from another Italian who did not discover it.

It cannot be denied that a traveller who arrives in New York with the firmest resolution to allow nothing that he has ever heard, read, or imagined on the subject of America to influence his judgment, is sorely tried at the very doorstep. He may freely acknowledge that the Colonial policy of George III. and Lord North was one of the most foolish blunders recorded in history; that Washington was one of the greatest men the world has ever seen; that rebellion was not only justifiable, but obligatory; and that there is much to be said in favour of a Republican form of government.

Human nature, however, is so constituted that a mere trifle suffices to awaken dormant feelings, and the

old leaven of national prejudice is liable to become operative at the sight of the two objects which first arrest the attention of the traveller entering the United States at New York. One is an hotel on Coney Island built in the form of an elephant; and the other is the most conspicuous feature of a beautiful haven—the Statue of Liberty on Bedloe's Island, the gift of the French Republic to the American people. It is a colossal figure of a woman holding a torch, which is supposed to be enlightening the world with the flame of Liberty. Had it been erected on some lonely headland to be a landmark for ships approaching the continent, its appearance might not have been so jarring; but in the midst of a crowded harbour the massive inartistic figure is strangely out of place. Whether the world needs enlightening with the peculiar blaze of liberty which kindles in America is a question for political philosophers to determine; and certainly, to the majority of persons not American by birth, the effigy will not immediately reveal the intention of the donors and acceptors of the gift. To an Englishman it appears to be an allegorical figure of American Democracy brandishing a clumsy weapon, in the form of an angry woman wielding a bludgeon in her uplifted arm; and when the behaviour of the United States to England—as, for example, in the affairs of Lord Sackville and of the fisheries in Behring's Straits—is considered, this view of the emblematic teaching of the statue on Bedloe's Island is not unjustifiable. Each newly accredited foreign ambassador to the United States should attentively study the figure as he sails up the harbour of New York.

In justice to America, it must be acknowledged that the idea of a statue of Liberty was exotic. It was engendered in the brain of a Frenchman—one of a nation

which has always had a Platonic admiration for the goddess, but which has never cared to woo her for her own sake. It is, however, the largest structure of its kind, and this gives more satisfaction to the American than the symbolic meaning, to which he is too practical to attach much importance. As a work of art it has little merit, but as a wonderful construction it is worthy of notice. It has, moreover, at least this use: it strengthens the fibres of the digestive organs of the mind, and enables a traveller more easily to gulp down many other extraordinary things which he will find in America. It stands at the threshold of the Empire, and it prepares him for what he will meet within the doors. It is his touchstone. If he can behold it with no more intense feeling than a passing sensation of wonder that the monstrous creature of a nightmare should have been set up in such a place, he has proved himself fit to travel in America. If it pains him, he had better engage a passage in the next steamer for Europe.

A fellow-countryman of Columbus is said to have been the first mariner to enter the harbour of New York; but Hudson, a renegade Englishman in the service of the Dutch, made it practically known to Europe. A colony from Holland was founded at the mouth of the river, and named New Amsterdam, and re-named New York when the Dutch were expelled soon afterwards by the English. The pride of ancestry is too deeply embedded in human nature to be uprooted by democratic institutions; and it is now the boast of some New York families to be able to establish their descent from the Dutch pioneers, who are in America what Norman ancestors are in England.

The primitive Dutchman who settled at the mouth of the Hudson, and the East Anglian who landed on the coast of Massachusetts, neither of them belonging to a

community remarkable for genius, intellect, or originality, respectively established two cities in America—New York, the most restless and intense place of commerce in the world, and Boston, which believes itself to be the intellectual centre of one hemisphere at least. New York is more than a mere city: it is a congested nation of people in a hurry, jostling one another on Manhattan Island, a narrow piece of land encompassed by three rivers. The boundaries were long ago stretched to the bursting point—at least, on the southern portion of the island—and swarms from the Manhattan hive are continually settling on the adjoining shores. Both Jersey City, on the opposite side of the Hudson, and Brooklyn, on the western extremity of Long Island, are populous places, the latter being the third largest city in the United States; while smaller towns have sprung up on almost every suitable site in the neighbourhood of the metropolis.

The condition of the streets is the first thing which attracts attention in New York, and it would be thought disgraceful in a small English town of a few thousand inhabitants. Americans themselves acknowledge that it is so, and excuse the neglect by alleging that the rigour of the climate and the extremes of heat and cold to which the city is subject make it difficult to construct a satisfactory roadway, and that the difficulty is further increased by the number of public bodies which have the right to break up the road whenever they think fit. A drive of half a mile in a New York cab—a method of progression costing a dollar, at the least—or a stroll in the streets after a shower of rain, should be attempted by no one except of necessity. The roads, under the control of a frequently corrupt municipality, are matched by the sidewalks. In some parts of the city the maintenance of the footway in front of the houses is left to the

householders, who pave it as they please, or leave it unpaved. Some prefer concrete, others bricks laid on their edges, others flagstones untruly levelled. It is impossible to walk a dozen yards in some of the chief thoroughfares without discomfort, or even without danger. The patched pavement is not the only obstacle to locomotion, though that impedes it sufficiently. The space in front of each house is considered to be part of the tenant's estate. He may do what he likes with it. He may lounge in his rocking-chair there; he may station his dust-bin there; he may block it with crates and boxes and the wares of his trade; he may erect on it a stall for the sale of candy. Even in the most crowded streets waggons or trollies may be seen drawn up across the sidewalk, and discharging their contents into the shop or the cellar. Probably the most barbarous specimen of paving to be seen in any civilised city is along the shore of the Hudson, in rear of the piers. Speaking generally, the appearance of New York conveys the impression to a stranger that the rush of life and pressure of commerce and business are so great that the inhabitants have not had leisure to attend to such small matters as the condition of the streets. In the conflict between personal liberty of action and public convenience, the latter is usually worsted in the United States. It is better that ten thousand foot-passengers should be turned out of the way rather than that one citizen should be deprived of the privilege of encumbering his frontage.

An American is, in fact, the most patient individual under the sun. He will put up with an amount of inconvenience which in another country would excite a revolution. He does not object to being jostled off his sidewalk by a boy on a bicycle, or to being startled by a street Arab letting off fireworks on the pavement on the Fourth of July. The streets of New York make him

wonderfully tolerant of all other inconveniences. Like the law, the American does not concern himself about very small things. His idea of proportion makes him ignore them. His pride is justly gratified by the wealth, scope, and infinite perspective of his country; and with these before his eyes, he can afford to remain unruffled by petty annoyances, which he complacently and contentedly leaves to be remedied by some future generation which shall possess a microscopic mind. His eye is not offended by the sight of wires in festoons attached to poles which are little better than trees, with the roots, the bark, and the branches removed. In America, electricity has become almost as necessary to life as air and water, and therefore it is supplied in all haste. The appearance of the wires and the poles would lead a stranger to believe that there was a time when the American community was in danger of extinction through lack of the mysterious agency, and that the disaster was only averted by the promptest measures—by hewing timber in the primeval forest, and setting up the trunks in New York.

Each street is reticulated for telegraphic, telephonic, and lighting purposes with wires hanging at random from the poles in all varieties of curve; and as the electric light and the telephone are used in most of the shops and places of business, a bundle of ragged wires issues from every house front.

In the busy part of Broadway the number of wires is almost countless. On each side is a line of poles carrying at least a hundred, and each pole sends out suckers in all directions, some wires rising to the roofs or upper floors, others plunging into basements and cellars. The entire electric service is arranged, without regard to appearance, in the rough-and-ready manner peculiar to America; and the street looks as if it were held in

the tangle of an enormous spider's web deranged by a gust of wind. It may be an inconvenient system to carry the wires over the house-tops, as in England ; but in that position they, at least, do not form an eyesore. It is true that a law has been passed to compel all wires to be placed underground ; but in America laws bow to popular sentiment, and it has not been enforced, probably from a very natural fear of creating another encumbrance in the streets. If all the telegraphic, telephonic, and electric lighting companies had the right to exhume their wires for examination whenever they saw fit, a new and still more formidable obstruction to locomotion would appear.

Although the electric light is employed almost universally, New York is not well lighted. A brilliant light here and there, which is effectual over a limited area only, has been substituted for the gas-lamp of Europe, with the result that the chief streets are dependent upon the lights in the shops for the greater part of their illumination ; and when the shops are closed at night, the middle portion between two electric light standards is left almost in darkness. A small circle surrounding the standard is illumined with unnecessary brilliance, but beyond it the gloom of twilight prevails. Another inconvenience has resulted from the adoption of electric lighting. The street names are not inscribed upon the houses, but on the gas-lamps at the corners—an excellent plan. The gas-lamps, however, having fallen into disuse, are not kept in repair, and many of the labels have disappeared, while those that remain cannot easily be read at night unless they happen to be near an electric light. As exemplified in New York, the electric light may be pronounced inefficient for the illumination of a large city.

Towards the middle of the eighteenth century the

practice of numbering the houses in a street instead of distinguishing them by signboards was adopted in London; but several generations passed by before people discovered the natural corollary of numbering the houses: namely, numbering the streets themselves, and in the old and irregularly planned cities of the Eastern hemisphere it would have been impracticable. When, however, a city was laid out upon a geometric plan, it was natural that the streets should be numbered instead of being styled by meaningless names, which gave no indication of locality or of relative position. No person can learn anything of the situation of Waterloo Street with respect to Preston Street by means of their names; but if the former be called Eighth Street and the latter Eleventh Street, it may be inferred that they are near together. Here the practical genius of the American people, unhampered by history, tradition, or ancestral wisdom, is shown. Even in Europe an attempt at scientific nomenclature was sometimes made, if not upon an arithmetical, at least upon a geographical basis. Every English town has its East, West, North, and South Street; and herein lay the germ of the idea successfully developed in America. In New York the streets running across the narrow island of Manhattan are numbered, except in the southern and less modern quarter of the city, which was long overshadowed by European customs. Where the streets begin to be numbered, there modern New York may be said to begin; and at present it ends with One Hundred and Forty-fourth Street.

The streets are crossed by nine Avenues, also numbered, and the position of any street or of any house of which the address is known can be found as readily as a given square on a chess-board. The blocks are equal in width, and the distance between any two streets, of which the numerical difference is identical, is

usually the same. Thus a foot-passenger knows exactly how far he will have to walk to reach Twentieth Street from Thirtieth Street, and that the distance is the same as that between Twenty-seventh and Thirty-seventh Streets. The streets themselves serve the purpose of milestones.

In some cities, not, however, in New York, the system has been ingeniously extended. The numeration of the houses in a street is made with regard to their position relatively to the streets crossing it at right angles, and irrespective of the total number of houses it may contain; with the result of still further facilitating the discovery of any house, especially in a very long street. Thus, for example: Chestnut Street in Philadelphia is intersected by a series of numbered streets. Every house in Chestnut Street which lies between Eighth and Ninth Streets is numbered from 800 upwards, and similarly every house lying on the Chestnut face of the block lying between Sixteenth and Seventeenth Streets bears a number between 1600 and 1700; though, perhaps, there may be only houses enough in the block to take up the first twenty-five numbers of the century. Thus, if the number 2212 appears over the door of a house, it is not to be inferred that there are at least 2212 houses in the street, but only that the house in question lies between Twenty-Second and Twenty-Third Streets. This is called the Philadelphia system.

Another system, differing in detail, but likewise advantageous, especially in a suburban street, is that of numbering the houses according to the position they occupy in it, irrespective of the total number already built. In a long line of detached and semi-detached houses numbers are assigned to the unoccupied gaps. Thus, the house next to 640 may be 650, so that when the nine houses are built to fill the intervening space,

they have numbers already provided for them, and the necessity of renumbering the street is avoided.

When a century shall have mellowed the magnificent mansions which have been erected during the last generation, Fifth Avenue will be one of the most beautiful streets in the world. At present it is an architectural exhibition on a large scale. Every variety of structure which an American architect inspired by dollars can design, is there; from a marble palace in the Italian style to a feudal castle. The splendid edifices are so new and faultless that the eye longs for some sign of decay: but the clear sunshine falling upon the too perfect roofs and walls discovers no flaw in them. It is a wonderful display of all the architectural styles, but the effect is unpleasing, and if some of the houses were not partially covered with green creepers, which lend a grudging touch of nature to the show, it would be almost painful. A portcullis and a postern in the heart of New York without a chip on the masonry or a speck of rust upon the bars is an insult to the Middle Ages.

At the intersection of Fifth Avenue and Broadway stands Madison Square, an open space which compares favourably with a London square. The latter in general needs only a few tombstones to complete its resemblance to a cemetery. It is delightful to sit under the trees in Madison Park after dark, when the electric light falls through the leaves of the maples, making them stand out a transparent green against a darker background of sky, and throws the shadows of their shapes on to the pavement, while the fireflies dart to and fro among the foliage. Like most American cities, New York looks best by night, and the veiling of its defects by the darkness brings many beauties into view. The clear sky sparkles with all the stars that the overhead wires have not hid. The air is

warm but fresh, and the taint of smoke does not float upon the breeze. Yet only a few hundred yards away night has unveiled a foil to the pleasant scene. Between the trees appears the side of a house in the angle of Broadway, covered with the illuminated figure of an electric corset, and underneath is a screen on which a series of advertisements is thrown by a magic lantern from sunset to midnight. It is impossible to escape, either by day or by night, from the intrusive presence of the advertisement. It appears on every vacant space and in many ingeniously adapted positions, and draws attention to every conceivable commodity. Yet one thing is more frequently advertised than any other—with such ubiquity, in fact, that a stranger might be led to suppose that it was the chief necessity of life in America. It is not some recent mechanical invention destined to enrich thousands. It is not some new solution of a vexed moral problem calculated to promote the happiness of mankind. It is not a new book or a new play. It is not a new soap or a new game. It is only a Liver Pill.

Without exaggeration it may be said that the advertisements of liver pills are one of the most remarkable features of the United States of America. Wherever an advertisement is possible, a puff of a liver pill will surely appear. A foreigner would be justified in arriving at the conclusion, after a short survey of the country, that the Liver Pill in its various forms was the staple of commerce in the Eastern States. It is terrible to think of the amount of suffering from dyspepsia which the pill advertisements imply. Ice water, hot cakes, bad cooking, and hasty meals, followed by a strong cigar and a drink at the bar, have created a nation of dyspeptics. Next to the advertisements of Liver Pills, the pictorial advertisements of Corsets are most frequently seen in New York.

Delmonico's stands in the angle formed by the divergence of Broadway from the western side of Madison Square. Here every Englishman thinks it his duty to dine once at least; and here he may obtain a most excellent dinner at a cost more than four times what would be paid for it at a good London club. Huyler's, at a short distance from the Square, affords a characteristic American sight. On a hot afternoon in summer, two long counters are thronged with women of all ages hastily consuming a compound of cream, fruit juice, soda water, and ice, as if there were no leisure in America even for them. Perhaps two or three men may be seen patiently standing outside the serried ranks, but they are present in the capacity of pay-masters, and not as partakers of the feast, and are so greatly outnumbered, and appear to be so out of their element, that a solitary Englishman hesitates to enter alone. Ice-cream soda, for which Huyler's is famous, is certainly the pleasantest form of ice and cream in combination. It is not so solid as the British ice, which too often resembles a chip from an iceberg, and it is an agreeable compromise between a long drink and a sweetmeat.

Madison Square, which, scarcely more than thirty years ago, was the northern limit of New York, now stands in the centre of the city, on the line which roughly divides the commercial from the residential quarter. The chief clubs are in the neighbourhood, the majority of them on Fifth Avenue. The many Englishmen who have received the hospitality of American clubs in New York and elsewhere appreciate all the more fully the kindness with which it is offered because they know that they cannot return it at home. Few English clubs of the better class allow unofficial foreigners to become temporary members; yet in New

York the members of the exclusive Knickerbocker Club can offer the use of it to their non-resident friends for a short period. The other clubs, not only in New York, but also throughout the States, are equally hospitable to strangers who are properly introduced. When a few allowances are made for difference of habits, American clubs will be found fully as comfortable and generally more luxurious than English clubs. During the daytime they are almost deserted. There is no lazy class in America, or, at least, it is not numerous; and there is so little leisure that even weddings are postponed until the evening. Every man has some occupation, and the club lounger is almost unknown. The rooms are more liberally supplied with books and newspapers than in England; the chief English journals are taken in; and the familiar red and gold of "Burke's Peerage" are not absent from the Republican bookshelves.

Perhaps a time may come when English clubs will follow the good example, and that it will be possible to invite American gentlemen to make use of them. They would greatly value the boon, and there is many an English club fossil full of prejudice, to whom an hour of their society would do much good, and several committees to whom they could give some useful hints in club management.

For the first three miles of its course Fifth Avenue is lined on either side by houses which shelter a greater aggregate of luxury and wealth than any other residential street in the world. It then forms the eastern side of Central Park, a public place of which New York has good reason to be proud. The long and narrow strip of marsh and rock, which stood greatly in the way as the increasing city approached, would not now be recognised by a middle-aged citizen who sauntered in

the pleasant walks and drives and woods of Central Park. Many have been the misdeeds of the New York municipality, but in this instance it has done well; and that an unpromising tract should have been converted into such an agreeable place of recreation is greatly to its credit. New York is rapidly closing in upon Central Park, and in a few years it will be entirely surrounded by houses. A portion of the area is occupied by the reservoirs which supply the city with water, and the rest is covered with groves, lakes, lawns, and gardens, all of them artificial, but all so artistically arranged that they appear to have been placed there by Nature. There are delightful rambles in hilly copses overlooking sheets of water; benches for the weary in the midst of flowering shrubs; fields for baseball and lawn-tennis; rides and trotting tracks; fountains and statues; retreats for the romantic; parades for the worldly; all kept in admirable order. The dowdy shrubs and smoke-dried grass and trees which give such a melancholy look to a London park during the greater part of the year are not found in Central Park. The flowers are liberally bestowed, and not dealt out in niggardly units; and if the trees are not so fine nor the expanse of turf so wide as in London, there is far greater variety of scenery. There are spots in Central Park where it is possible to imagine oneself, without a violent stretch of fancy, in a woodland district of the South of England; there are dingles which recall Pembrokeshire. Nor have the associations of the place been spoilt by the intrusion of unpleasing objects. No shooting-gallery or merry-go-round is there. Central Park is a sanctuary from which even advertisements have been excluded. It is possible to stroll for hours without seeing the notice of a corset or a liver pill except perhaps half a mile away on some lofty hoarding in the city. An

Egyptian obelisk of the time of Thothmes III., inscribed with the victories of Rameses II., stands on an eminence, and reminds the American of the strange destiny which overtakes monumental records. It would be rash to predict the ultimate fate of the Statue of Liberty, or of the pile on Bunker's Hill, or of the Eiffel Tower. Perhaps in a few thousand years they may be adorning the capital of an African Empire on the banks of the Congo, or the chief city of an Australian Republic on the shores of Port Phillip.

The regulations imposed upon persons frequenting the park are strict but not unreasonable: for example, pedestrians are not allowed to walk upon the track set apart for driving, and foot and mounted policemen are stationed at various points to enforce the rule.

It is only in Central Park, when he tries to claim the right of man to walk upon a road reserved for quadrupeds, that a well-conducted traveller in America is likely to be brought into personal relations with the police, and therefore his opportunities of studying them are few. To a superficial observer the American patrolman appears to differ greatly from the English constable. The latter is a machine wound up to walk the streets in a plain but handsome uniform, to enter an occasional memorandum in a notebook, to preserve order to the best of his ability, and to answer the questions of countrymen. A smile seldom lights up his solemn face; and if not quick, he is fairly intelligent.

The New York patrolman, on the other hand, is a sprightly individual in an ugly grey helmet, blue tunic, and brown trousers, with a metal badge upon his breast. He lounges airily through the streets, toys with his truncheon, chats pleasantly with a friend, and, when tired, leans comfortably against a lamp-post. If the American papers are worthy of credit, his look of

intelligence is but an assumed pretence, and he is in reality an addleheaded simpleton.

The New York patrolman naturally suggests another official, the Custom House officer, who is usually the first American encountered on his native land by the traveller. He is the guardian of the revenue, and by rights his mental qualities should be far above the common, for he is constantly engaged in defeating the attempts of the acutest nation upon earth to evade their own laws. Yet his disposition has not been altogether soured. Many traces of human nature are still found in him. He is not only open to bribery, but he also abates the rigour of his examination as the afternoon wears on and his supper-time approaches; though, when the day is young, he often struggles, with final success, to bring a doubtful article within the mischief of a preposterous tariff. Female Custom officials have been recently appointed in New York, and they are by no means popular with travellers of their own sex, as they are quick to detect an awkward arrangement of dress—such as an unconscionable bustle, or a padded garment which may contain a whole treasure liable to duty.

Although New York is the largest city on the American continent, it is not the capital of the United States, nor even of the State of New York; and the public buildings are therefore not numerous. They are, however, among the most costly that have ever been erected. The city municipality is mainly in the hands of the residuum of Irish emigrants which has never percolated into the interior of the country, and it has often regarded itself as a dollar-distributing and dollar-retaining machine, and has spared no expense in acting on this principle. Of its productions, the most remarkable is the Court House, which was begun nearly thirty years ago, and is not yet finished, though no less than £2,400,000 have

been ostensibly devoted to the fabric, its ornamentation and furniture. The cost of an American public building is usually its most noticeable feature.

Of the structures erected for other purposes the most remarkable is the wonderful suspension bridge over the East River, connecting New York with its Long Island suburb, Brooklyn. The cost of it was £3,000,000, a sum sufficient to build and equip 300 miles or more of railway in many countries. It is the longest suspension bridge in the world, being, with its approaches, more than a mile in length. It rises to a height of 135 feet above the water. Besides footpaths and carriage roads, two tracks convey trains drawn by ropes constantly to and fro, like a shuttle in a loom. The cars are shunted at each end by locomotives, which do not cross the bridge. The wonder is that it should have been found profitable to spend such a sum in slightly reducing the time and the inconvenience of the transit between New York and Brooklyn. To an unadvanced European mind the ferries would appear to be sufficient under the circumstances to accommodate the traffic.

The condition of the streets of New York having rendered carriage and pedestrian traffic difficult, it became necessary to adopt other means of intercommunication. The chief thoroughfares are traversed throughout their length either by the Elevated Railway or by tramways, or by both. The city is a narrow oblong in shape, and is thus peculiarly well adapted for either of these methods. Some of the streets—as, for example, Bowery—have no less than four lines of horse-cars running side by side, in addition to the Elevated Railway; and at short intervals these are crossed by transverse lines running from the East River to the North River, so that there are scarcely any two points south of Central Park which are not in connection. The

horse-car is essentially a democratic conveyance. The millionaire from Fifth Avenue goes Down Town in it side by side with the artisan or Irish labourer, and the judge steps out of it to open Court. Private carriages are rarely seen in the business quarters, and without its horse-cars New York would be paralysed. The tinkle of the bells on the harness is heard everywhere, and never ceases except during a few hours of the night. The switches at the junctions are ingeniously worked by the horses' feet treading on a plate controlling a lever. The cars are a comfortable and a convenient haven of refuge for the European traveller bewildered by the bustle and dismayed by the difficulty of foot locomotion in the crowded streets. However, the stranger in Paris who complained that he had never been able to visit that part of the city called "Complet," because the cars running to it were invariably full, would not be able to say the same in New York; for, technically, an American horse-car is never crowded, and always holds as many passengers as care to get on to it. It is the most elastic body in mechanics.

The Elevated Railway of New York has four parallel lines, which converge, like the fingers of a hand, at the Battery, the southern extremity of the city. One terminates at Central Park, and the other three run, two of them along adjoining streets, as far as the Haarlem river, the northern boundary of the city. In addition to these main lines there are loops and short shuttle lines, which respectively serve the business centre, the New York Central Depôt, and one of the ferries to Long Island. The Elevated appears to be an extraordinary construction to those whose ideas of railway engineering are derived from the European practice. It follows the line of the streets, and scarcely a house was pulled down to make room for it; and it turns corners

and curves of a radius that would drive an inspector of the British Board of Trade out of his mind. Pillars rising from the middle of the road or from the kerbstone support the girders which carry the rails. The railway is in fact a continuous viaduct. The erection is not an ornament to the City, but the appearance of the streets of New York hardly admits of being spoilt. The line for the greater part of the distance is at the level of the first floor of the houses, and in many places, especially at the corners, where it approaches as near as possible to the angles in order to increase the radius of the curves, the house windows are but a few feet from the passing train. In the wider streets the tracks are separated and run along opposite sides, each supported by a single row of pillars; and even when the two tracks are contiguous and require a double row the traffic in the street below is hardly interfered with. The trains run at very short intervals, and constantly one train is seen approaching a station as another is leaving it on the same line. Except at the terminal points, the junctions, and the curves where the line runs round a blind corner, there are no signals. The cars are clean and comfortable, and the fare is but five cents, irrespective of distance. No time is wasted at the station exits in collecting tickets, which as soon as they are taken are dropped into a glass box under the eye of an inspector at the platform entrance.

The New York Elevated is an improvement on its antithesis, the Underground Railway of London. It runs in daylight instead of through tunnels filled with sulphurous fumes; the trains are more frequent and the fares lower; and to a stranger it affords an excellent means of seeing the outward aspect of the city. An elevated railway running down the Edgware Road through Oxford Street and Holborn to the City, with a

branch line to Charing Cross by way of Regent Street, would be a boon to London, and one that perhaps some day may be granted.

The harbour of New York is protected from the Atlantic by Long Island, which lies like some huge whale stranded on the coast of Connecticut, with its head at the mouth of the Hudson. A narrow sound, wrongly called the East River, separates the Island from the mainland, and on the island in the channel are placed those institutions which are usually seen outside the limits of a crowded city. Penitentiaries, Asylums, Hospitals, Almshouses, and the like, here find an appropriate site apart from the hive on the mainland. At the northern end of the passage was Hell Gate, a cluster of rocks which greatly endangered navigation, but mining on an enormous scale has lately removed the obstruction. When many miles of galleries had been excavated, and the honeycombed rock had been filled with explosives, a little child touched an electric key and the terror vanished away.

Long Island is the popular playground of New York. It contains the city's Gravesend and Margate, but not its Brighton, although one of the seaside resorts bears that name. Coney Island, detached from Long Island by a narrow creek, is the most frequented bathing place. The water along the shore is shallow, and a reef breaks the full force of the ocean waves and forms a quiet lagoon. The three chief resorts are West Brighton, Brighton Beach and Manhattan Beach; and each of these ministers to the amusement of a different class. Though lying side by side, they have as little to do with one another as possible. The common people who come down to West Brighton cannot stroll on to the other resorts at their pleasure. A palisade running

down into the water separates Brighton Beach from Manhattan Beach, and the only means of access from the former to the latter is a short line of railway built on piles.

Each has independent railway communication with Brooklyn. Manhattan Beach exists for the classes, West Brighton for the masses; while Brighton Beach occupies a middle position. The first object which catches the eye at West Brighton is an hotel built in the form of an elephant; and this also is often the first object distinctly seen on shore at the end of a voyage across the Atlantic. The legs contain the stairs, and the flanks are pierced with windows; and from this the character of the place may be inferred. It exists for those who require a stimulating and violent form of relaxation, and for whom the usual attractions of a sea-side place do not suffice. The New Yorker is gratified by being able to feed and to lodge within the simulated carcase of a huge beast. Close by stands an iron tower three hundred feet in height, giving an extensive view over sea and land; and there is a merry-go-round which revolves faster than any other on the continent. But the unique feature of West Brighton is a wooden cow which gives milk through a tap placed in the proper place. A traveller from Europe who happened to be wrecked upon the shore of Coney Island would at first have difficulty in conjecturing by what kind of human beings it was inhabited, and, if he judged from appearances, he would probably come to the conclusion that the natives were descendants of some race of giants deficient in intellectual resources. In his love for the grotesque the lower-class American has much in common with a Pacific Islander.

Brighton Beach closely adjoins West Brighton, and is reached by a drive which for some reason or

other is called the Concourse. Here the amusements are of a somewhat higher class, but are deficient in variety: to have one's photograph taken cheaply, to listen to music, and to eat clam chowder, is the extent of them. The place is no more than a large hotel with a wooden promenade in front of it. It happened lately that the encroachment of the Atlantic endangered the safety of the hotel, which was without delay placed upon wheels and drawn inland by locomotives.

Manhattan Beach, half a mile east of Brighton Beach, is for persons of some degree of culture. It consists of a large hotel with gardens and bathing lodges attached. The short line of railway, by which alone it is accessible from West Brighton and Brighton Beach, acts as a filter to exclude the dregs of the mob, and keeps it select. The space between the hotel piazza and the shore has been laid out as a garden, in which the turf is always green and the flowers are always bright, and an idle hour or two may be agreeably spent in listening to the excellent orchestra in the music rotunda. But even with the comparative repose of Manhattan Beach to act as a corrective of the barbarous, vulgar, rude and grotesque display of West Brighton, Coney Island does not leave a pleasant impression, and few persons would care to revisit it. It is a spot where a city in a hurry undergoes a feverish spasm of enjoyment. There is nothing resembling it to be seen in Europe. An elephant hotel and a wooden cow yielding milk through a tap would be jeered at even in Rosherville. In justice to Coney Island, it must be acknowledged that it is not a rowdy place. The crowds who visit it during the summer are well conducted. It seems as if the desire to contemplate grotesque objects and the enjoyment of rude pleasures have taken the place of Anglo-Saxon riotous instincts in

the American people. Every nation requires a safety valve for the discharge of the turbulent elements of its nature, and there is no nation which makes use of one with less explosion, or which behaves on most occasions with more self-control, than the American. Whether this is in consequence of or in spite of the large measure of personal liberty entrusted to each individual, is a question not easily answered.

If a New York popular resort is a place that depresses rather than exhilarates, there are not a few attractive and quiet spots within reach of the Great City. He who now writes these lines will not soon forget some delightful days spent in a certain villa at Marmaroneck. The little town is a score of miles from New York, on the northern shore of Long Island Sound, where a narrow tongue of land stretches out into the water, and encloses a creek which is crossed by a causeway. Here the tide ebbs and flows through the ruins of an old tide-mill. A few villas stand upon the rocky shore, so close to the water that at night the little waves seem to be plashing against the piazza; tiny bays and slender promontories line the strand, where seaweed and coarse grass grow almost side by side; and as the tide falls a few islets are uncovered, and the sun at noon sparkles on the quartz of the crags. After a week spent in the City of Perpetual Motion, with voices everywhere crying out "Move on! Move on!" it seemed like paradise to be sitting under the shade of trees at Marmaroneck, fanned by a gentle breeze that scarcely filled the white sails of the drifting schooners in the Sound. The low hills of Long Island rose on the further shore of the calm haven; all the din of America was hushed; and when the sun sank into the west the surface of the water was covered with a lovely tinge of red, and the rising moon gave the finishing touch of repose to the scene. Not a sound struck the ear, except the dull thud

of paddles far away, or the rattle of the oars of the little boat that was exploring the sequestered bays and inlets; and when the serene and balmy night overspread the sky, it proved, in the most delightful manner, that peace had not yet been driven out of America, and that there was at least one oasis of rest in the land of turmoil.

CHAPTER IV.

THROUGH NINE STATES TO CHICAGO.

THERE are no railways in the United States.

This apparently paradoxical assertion is explained by the difference between English and American terminology of travel by land. Though it is perfectly true that there are no railways in the United States, there are, nevertheless, more than one hundred thousand miles of railroads: the older word which has become obsolete in the land of its mintage being retained in full use in the newer country. There are no Booking Offices, but there is a sufficiency of Ticket Offices; the former inaccurate expression, a relic of the coaching days when travellers' names were entered in a book, having given place to the latter. There are no guards in the trains, though in the wilder and more unsettled States protective services are no less necessary than they were in Great Britain when the main roads were infested by highwaymen; but each train, like each omnibus in London, is in charge of a conductor. The trains are never "punctual," but they are frequently "on time." No time-tables are issued; but ornamental folders, well printed on good paper, and containing maps ingeniously, if not ingenuously, designed, so as to make it appear that the company's line is the shortest distance between the chief points to which it runs, are distributed gratuitously. Tickets are not only transferable, but a considerable business is done in them by ticket agents. To

"stop over" is to break the journey on the way; a return ticket is styled a "round trip;" and an "air line" is not a new kind of track which requires no earthly foundation for the permanent way, but merely the shortest possible route between two places.

The great ambition, the final objective point of all the important railroads which have a terminus on the Atlantic seaboard, is to get to Chicago, directly if possible; but, if not, by some means or other.

The Hudson separates the State of New York from the State of New Jersey, and the city of New York from its suburb Jersey City. Here the river is about a mile in width, and each bank is lined with piers jutting out into the stream, which is alive with traffic both by night and by day. The Thames is a comparatively unfrequented river when compared with the Hudson. As New York, the commercial metropolis of America, is cut off by the Hudson from all but six of the forty and more States of the Union, the railways from the south and west terminate on the right bank of the river; and Jersey City, containing as large a population as Sunderland or Leicester, is in fact a huge railway terminus and dockyard.

Each State is governed by a different code of laws, and among the statutes still in force in New Jersey is one that will give peculiar satisfaction to a confirmed misogynist. It is to this effect:—

"All women who betray into matrimony (*sic*) any of his Majesty's subjects by virtue of scents, cosmetics, artificial teeth, false hair, or high-heeled shoes, shall incur the penalty of the law now in force against witchcraft and like misdemeanours."

The law was passed in the last century, while New Jersey was still a colony of Great Britain. It has never been repealed, and though not enforced, it is not obsolete. A male traveller can therefore cross the Hudson

into New Jersey with a comfortable feeling that in this State, if nowhere else, he is protected against the wiles of the unscrupulous sex, and that he must go to America to find the weak fully protected against the strong by legislation.

The distance between New York and Philadelphia is ninety miles, and the excellent express trains of the Pennsylvania railroad cover it in two hours. The scenery of New Jersey had at one time some pastoral and woodland beauty, but this has disappeared, and the existing characteristics of the landscape are a profusion of small trees planted over a flat country, variegated with ragged wire fences, telegraph poles, wooden houses and shanties, some of them covered with roses, others with advertisements of liver pills.

An excellent dinner, beginning with *paté de foie gras* and ending with strawberries and cream, is served in the dining car, which is now an integral part of all through trains to the West.

The kindly Quakers who, under the leadership of Penn, emigrated to the banks of the Delaware, and purchased from the Indians a site for a town, to which they gave a name indicative of the principles of their religion, accomplished more than any other founders of cities had hitherto done; for Philadelphia, although it has recently been outstripped by Chicago, was the first city in the world to attain a population not far short of a million before the bi-centenary of its foundation. It lies on the right bank of the Delaware, a few miles above the junction of that river with the Schuylkill. None of the streets are remarkably handsome, but, if two centuries can constitute antiquity, the city is interesting from an antiquarian point of view. The old red-brick houses of the last century, which are intimately interwoven with

the history of the country, give a staid and sober appearance, very uncommon in America, to the thoroughfares.

Independence Hall, in which the Declaration of Independence was adopted, is the most fondly cherished edifice in America. It is now used as a museum of the properties of that drama, and the revolutionary relics, pictures, and documents are arranged as far as possible in the positions which they occupied in the rooms when the first American Congress met within the walls. It is hard to find history in America, but the Americans are careful to preserve the rare plant from extinction.

The coast of New Jersey is a popular resort during the summer, and the low shore extending from Sandy Hook to the mouth of the Delaware is lined with bathing towns. The places towards the north of the State are visited chiefly by New Yorkers, and what Long Branch is to New York, Cape May is to Philadelphia and Baltimore. It is a watering place named after the adjacent promontory, which encloses Delaware Bay and lies open to the Atlantic about eighty miles distant from Philadelphia. An American usually uses the word Ocean where an Englishman would speak of the sea-side, and talks grandly of his excursion to some obscure village washed by muddy waves as a trip to the Ocean.

A detour to Cape May makes a pleasant break in the long journey from New York to Chicago. The railway starts from Camden, a suburb of Philadelphia on the further side of the Delaware, and passes through a flat but rather pleasing district, thickly wooded in places. Fields covered with handsome plants of Indian corn, or with tomato bushes red with fruit, border the track, and though the line is single, no time is wasted on the journey.

Whether or no Cape May is a pleasant place depends less upon social conditions than upon the direction of

the wind. When the wind is from the sea it is a delightful spot; and then to feel the fresh ocean breeze fanning the jaded land, to hear the mutter of the Atlantic surf on the sands at night, and to listen to the chirp of the crickets and katydids in the grass, are sensations as agreeable in their own way as any that can be engendered elsewhere. If, on the other hand, the wind is from the land, the mosquitoes, who are ever on the look-out for a change in diet and are as bloodthirsty as any Indian tribe, will come down with the western breeze from the creeks and marshes and pounce upon the newcomer, and make him declare that Cape May is the most detestable place in America.

The beach of Cape May is more than five miles in length. On a summer morning hundreds of grown-up people are seen disporting themselves by the margin of the ocean and frolicking like children on the sands. In England a sea bath is considered to be a ceremony that must be performed shyly and coyly: a primitive structure resembling the Noah's Ark of the toy-shops, is led down to the water's edge, and the bathers (looking half-ashamed of themselves) carefully descend the steps into the waves. At Cape May every one performs his or her maritime ablutions in full gaze of the public, who mix freely in the throng. The sight of America playing at water-babies is one that can only be seen to perfection on the coast of New Jersey.

There are two Baltimores mentioned in the Gazetteers, but few people have heard of the older Baltimore, the little Irish village which is the last inhabited place seen by the Atlantic steamers on the outward voyage. From it the Maryland Baltimore, a city larger than Sheffield, derives its name, through an Irish peer who founded a colony in America. Baltimore is quieter, cleaner, and more orderly than the great northern cities. It has

a more comfortable and homelike appearance; the streets and side-walks are well paved, and the houses are handsome. In the artisans' quarters the neatness and substantial look of the houses is a striking contrast to the corresponding parts of New York.

Mount Vernon, a hill in the heart of the city, is occupied by a small public garden, shaded by trees and kept green by fountains. A monument to Washington in the centre has little merit, as the absence of entasis in the shaft gives it a harsh appearance. White marble buildings, very elaborately decorated churches, and fine private mansions, fill the sides of the square, which, inasmuch as it stands at a higher elevation than the rest of the city, affords a good view of the celebrated monuments and public edifices of Baltimore. Eutaw Place would be an ornament to any city on the Continent of Europe. It is a broad avenue with gardens running down the centre line, and flanked on each side by houses of moderate size, built of red brick faced with white stone, and it is more pleasing to the eye than any street in New York or Philadelphia.

In Baltimore leisure has not been wholly squeezed out of existence, and some of the conveniences of life are permitted to thrive. The roads leading out of the city are excellent, especially the old western turnpike highway. It is composed of crushed oyster-shells, a material which affords a luxury not often met with in the United States—a clean and even road-bed. It runs for some miles through dense woods, and at a very short distance from the city all signs of habitation disappear. Thick hedges, an unusual feature in America, are seen; and country houses in the rear of parks are passed at intervals. The entrance gates are commonly fitted with a contrivance by means of which the carriage wheels pressing down a lever open them mechanically.

The English traveller notices with pleasure that cricket has taken root in Baltimore. At Mount Washington, a few miles west of the city, a meadow in a little valley has been converted into a cricket field. It is a charming spot sheltered by green hillsides, and the exotic pastime appears to flourish on the strange soil.

No traveller ever leaves Baltimore without wishing to return to it. Many other American cities are more astonishing, more luxurious, and more thriving; but few of them are so pleasing. It is hard to say exactly what is its peculiar charm. It may be the place itself; it may be the people; it may be the clear skies and bright sunshine of Maryland; but, whatever it be, the namesake of the little Irish village is one of the pleasantest places in America, and the days spent in it are marked with a white stone.

When the American colonies had attained their freedom, it was necessary to establish a metropolis for the new nation. The mutual jealousy of the States stood in the way of any existing city being chosen, and with a becoming instinct, a site was selected on the banks of the Potomac near the birthplace and the home of the statesman who had brought the rebellion to a successful issue, and the Indian village of Conocoheague was raised to the rank of the capital of the United States by the title of the City of Washington. It is, however, easier to found a city than to ensure its development, and even in America a city's growth cannot be artificially stimulated by social fertilisers. A few wooden shanties built by a handful of pioneers who chance to settle upon the shores of a lake or the banks of a river may in time attract a population of half a million. Within the memory of living persons, Fort Dearborn, on Lake Michigan, contained scarcely one



CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON

hundred inhabitants, who ran the risk of being scalped every time they ventured outside its precincts. Pork and wheat have converted Fort Dearborn into Chicago. In the early years of the century there was a small trading post at the confluence of the Missouri and the Mississippi. Every English county could boast fifty villages more populous; but now St. Louis contains more inhabitants than Leeds.

Whatever may be the cause—whether it be the blighting presence of the American Congress in session for several months in each year within its boundaries, or the savage nature of the mosquito of the Potomac—the maturity of Washington has been long delayed. It has sulked and lagged behind unaccountably; and its growth, in view of all the agencies at work, has been comparatively slow. No doubt it has steadily increased in size, but there has been no sudden expansion such as the founders had too hastily anticipated. It was laid out upon a scale so magnificent that at the present time, in the ninth decade of its existence, it is not likely for many years to fill the area assigned to it. An American writer has styled Washington a Philadelphia griddled across a Versailles, which is not complimentary to Versailles. It is included in the long list of capitals in various parts of the world which have been occupied or taken during the present century by British troops.

The streets are laid out in rectangular blocks, crossed by avenues radiating from several centres, of which the chief are the Capitol and the White House; and thus whenever the American citizen walks abroad he is constantly reminded of the Legislative and Executive authorities of his country, which, though deriving their power from the same source, the will of the people, are not seldom at variance. The streets running east and west are distinguished by letters, while those

running north and south are numbered. The intersecting avenues are named after the various States of the Union.

Although Washington is a well-planned city, its appearance, except in certain portions of the residential quarter, is poor. Pennsylvania Avenue, a wide thoroughfare over a mile in length, extending from the Capitol to the White House, is unfinished and lacking in uniformity. In one place a warehouse of six stories stands next to the wooden hovel of a Chinese laundryman. The profile of the roofs is irregular, the surface of the road is uneven, the side-walks are ill-paved, and, though the street is at once the Bond Street and the Piccadilly of Washington, the shops are inferior.

The Capitol is a noble and splendid edifice. Its design is so harmonious and well-balanced that no single detail of the pile unduly attracts the eye, which, in common with a few of the cathedrals of Europe, it charms with an impression of unity and repose; and although half-finished blocks and an incomplete terrace lie almost under its shadow, it is hard to find any fault in the exterior of the magnificent range of white marble and freestone. The interior is not so satisfactory. In spite of marble corridors and stairways, bronze doors from Munich, *alti relievi* and frescoes from Italy, pictures and statues by Italian artists, and costly decorations and painted walls and ceilings, something of dignity and grandeur is lacking in the general effect. The halls and lobbies savour of the palatial hotel or restaurant.

The Capitol is placed on an eminence at a distance of over a mile from the banks of the Potomac. A belt of land extending from the terrace to the river has been partially reserved for public purposes. Probably the intention of the founders of the city was that it should be wholly so reserved; but the utilitarian destiny of

America interposed its veto. There are, it is true, gardens and public places on the belt; but a railway has wriggled in between them, the shunting of trains goes on in the midst, and the long, plain roof of the terminus divides the space, as seen from the terrace, into two portions. A line of telegraph and telephone wires, supported on untrimmed poles, passes down an avenue of fine young trees, and the handsome Smithsonian Institute on one side is balanced by a massive pile of timber on the other. The Washington Monument stands in a small wilderness close to the river. It is a simple and effective obelisk of white marble, and if it were placed on the Thames Embankment the apex would stand at a higher level than two-thirds of England. It has lately been deposed from its position as the loftiest structure in the world by the Eiffel Tower.

At the foot of a hanging wood on the Virginian shore the Potomac bends round from the north, and grows wider as it flows over the shallows in front of the city. On the crest of the hill overlooking the river from the south stands Arlington, a plainly built house with a romantic history. The ground falls steeply from the terrace to the Potomac, whose lustrous expanse is seen over the trees on the hillside, and the Monument and the Capitol gleam in the sunshine beyond. There are few scenes so full of variety and charm as a city lying under a cloudless sky, with the red foliage of the American autumn in the foreground, and the broadened reach of a calmly flowing river in the middle distance.

Arlington lies in the State of Virginia, within a short distance of Washington. The Potomac is crossed by a wooden bridge, whence a rough but pretty road leads to the entrance gates of the park, and a winding drive through the trees on the hillside ascends to a mansion which, hardly a generation ago, was the country seat of

a Virginian gentleman whose name stands out with almost solitary lustre in the dark pages of the history of the Confederacy.

When the last act of the drama was played at Appomattox, Robert Lee, the champion of the South, emerged from the conflict with more military reputation than his conquerors; and even his enemies have learnt to respect his memory. But Arlington had passed away from him, and at the conclusion of the war it was converted into a national cemetery. The bones of soldiers—and also, it is said, of other animals—were collected from a hundred battle-fields, on many of which Lee had been victorious, and buried again on the slopes of Arlington and in the gardens where his children used to play. Of the fifteen thousand graves lying in groups scattered over the park, the majority are nameless, and bear only a number for reference. Near the house, and in an enclosure containing the last resting-place of the Northern chiefs who perished by land and sea, stands a rostrum, from which commemorative speeches are delivered on Decoration Day. A curious vein of romance traverses the matter-of-fact strata of the American character, and is especially noticeable in the veneration paid to the dead.

On the last day of May pilgrims from all parts of the Union bring flowers to deck the graves of the fallen at Arlington. On one occasion the only undecorated tombs were those of the few Southern soldiers who lie there. When the sun rose next morning—so the story goes—it was found that the night wind had stolen some of the flowers which had been so partially bestowed, and had laid them gently on the graves of the poor outcasts.

There could not be a fitter subject for a romance than Arlington, where all the materials for a transatlantic

Woodstock or Waverley are lying ready to be fashioned by the hand of an American Walter Scott.

Many towns and cities in the United States are named after a former President, but, with the exception of Washington, none of them has emerged from obscurity. It would seem that the Chief Magistrates of the Republic have a blighting influence on the places which bear their names, and that the latter have as much difficulty in retaining the notice of the community as the former when their brief term of office has expired. The term "extinct volcano," which was once applied by a great English statesman to a political opponent, is still more applicable to an ex-President of the United States, who after discharging for the space of a few years lava and asphyxiating vapour in the form of presidential messages and vetoes, is suddenly quenched, and stands inert and disregarded by all save occasional students of political geology.

Cleveland, a populous city in the State of Ohio, is not an exception to the rule, as it existed under its present appellation long before Grover Cleveland entered the White House. Every large city in America has an alias; and Cleveland is also known as the Forest City, not on account of its proximity to a forest, but from the trees which have been liberally planted in the streets, though hardly to an extent sufficient to justify the somewhat extravagant title.

Cleveland lies on the southern shore of Lake Erie, at the mouth of the river Cuyahoga. It is in some respects a handsome city, but the frontage on the lake shore is occupied by the railways and the harbour, while the landward side is wholly taken up with oil refineries, which, when the wind blows from the south, waft the perfume of the petroleum into every part. Euclid Avenue

is reputed to be the most beautiful residential thoroughfare in the United States, and its only plain feature is its name. Most of the houses are detached, and surrounded by lawns and gardens reaching down to the side-walks. The general absence of hedges, fences, and walls between the houses and the roadway gives a spacious and hospitable appearance to the Avenue. An Englishman's house is his castle, and frequently his hermitage. An American interposes as few obstacles as he can to the ingress of his friends. What he loses in privacy he regains in social enjoyment. The cool green lawns, the verandahs, the bright-coloured rocking-chairs hospitably placed on the doorstep, seem to invite every passer-by to walk in and make himself at home. The carriage road and the side-walks are moreover maintained in excellent order. Euclid Avenue is a street of which any city might be proud. It is handsome and gay, and well ordered ; and no fault could be found with it except the fashion of stationing artificial dogs upon the lawns. An iron hound reposing for ever on the turf is not in accordance with the fitness of things.

Cleveland possesses two remarkable monuments. One is the only existing monument on which the defeat of a British fleet is recorded. A statue of Commodore Perry, the victorious commander in the battle of Lake Erie, stands in Monumental Park in the heart of the city. The familiar sparrows of the place perch upon the sword-hilt; and every Englishman, though many cannot do so, should look upon the effigy without chagrin. The monument to President Garfield, the second Chief Citizen of the Republic who suffered a fate supposed to be reserved for despotic monarchs, stands outside the city in Lake View Cemetery. It is a lofty tower, resembling a windmill without sails, and it is altogether unworthy of the dead.

The first sight of one of the great American lakes is awaited with interest, but they differ little from the sea in appearance. The colour is the same, and when the opposite coast is beneath the horizon the deficiency of breadth does not destroy the illusion. No one could tell that the waves breaking at the foot of the low cliffs of Ohio had not a fetch of a thousand miles, and whether the spectator looks across the waters from the shore of the Atlantic or from the shore of Lake Erie no land can be seen, and one surface is seemingly as boundless as the other. Only the absence of fully rigged ships indicates that the Forest City is not a seaport having access to all the oceans, for two piers run out from the mouth of the Cuyahoga, and a breakwater outside encloses a harbour of refuge. The shore maintains its uniformity of direction on either side, and shows no sign of trending round towards the north to enclose the waters of the lake.

The more direct way of reaching Chicago from the Forest City of Ohio is by railway throughout; but if a detour is made across the lake to Detroit, a pleasant voyage and a glimpse of the straits connecting Lakes Huron and Erie will be cheaply purchased at the cost of a few hours' delay. A clean, comfortable, and well-furnished steamer plies between Cleveland and Detroit. As her paddles begin to churn the Cuyahoga at the wharf the odour of the petroleum, which is largely intermingled with the river water, becomes more pungent, and is discernible until the vessel has left the harbour. On a moonlight night the voyage of six to eight hours across the lake is especially delightful, and at any time except when the wind is blowing strongly from the north it is preferable to a night journey by railway. The lights of Cleveland group themselves above the

shore, and gradually come nearer together as the ship recedes from the coast. The red and white flashing lights on the pier-head are soon hidden by the horizon, but the electric sparks blazing on tall standards above the trees and roofs remain in view long after the other lights have disappeared.

The city of Detroit stands upon the western shore of the river which under various appellations separates the Eastern States from Canada. Its identity and continuity are destroyed by the great lakes which are threaded on to it, and lower down in its course it is called the Niagara and the St. Lawrence. The Detroit River, as well as many of the islands and promontories, testify with their names to the zeal of the French missionary explorers of the 17th century, by whom not only the great lakes were discovered, but also the course of the great rivers falling into the Gulf of Mexico. A chain of French names extends from Superior to New Orleans, but except in the southern links the nation itself has disappeared. The Germans at the present time form a considerable element in the population of Detroit.

The difference between the levels of Huron and Erie is ten feet, and the current at Detroit is very swift; and although, moreover, the river is navigable only during eight months of the year, yet it conveys an amount of tonnage greater by three millions than the combined foreign and coastwise shipping of London and Liverpool. The water is blue-grey in colour, and the red buildings of Detroit appear to advantage above it when seen from the Canadian shore. A stroll through the streets while waiting for the Chicago train reveals the existence of an admirable municipal regulation that the occupier of any house in which a case of infectious disease has occurred shall notify the fact on a placard affixed to the door.

On the further bank of the river stands the Canadian town of Windsor, a primitive, unattractive place. If its life-blood were not constantly being sucked away by the prosperous American city, its situation might some day make it an important place. At present it is but a mean suburb of Detroit, which happens to be in British territory.

The position of New York, with regard to Chicago, has made it possible to utilise Canada as a highway between those cities, and the route by way of Detroit through Ontario is shorter than some of the lines running wholly through the United States. The train from New York crosses into Canada at Niagara, and passes through British territory on to Windsor, where it is carried bodily across the river in a transport, and resumes its land journey in the State of Michigan with so little disturbance that a passenger might well fall asleep in Canada and not awake until long after the train had left the wharf at Detroit. The Customs examination is made in the baggage cars while the train is afloat, but luggage from United States' stations passes through Canada in bond.

The line from Detroit to Chicago traverses a flat country, partly tilled, but generally covered with dense woods. The southern shore of Lake Michigan is skirted for some distance. It is low and sandy, and fringed with trees, in the openings of which are seen glimpses of a blue sheet of water stretching far away to the north. Those travellers who have chanced to see the lake not only by day, but also on a summer's night under the blaze of almost continuous lightning, when the surface is illumined and the sands of the shore stand white in the gaps, and the landscape is revealed for a moment like a phantom out of the darkness by a flash so transient that the trees hurrying by seem to be standing still, will not soon forget the sight.

All the great railways running westward from New York look upon Chicago as their objective point, and there are in consequence several routes by which the chief city of the Central States can be reached from the Atlantic seaboard. To have the power of running solid trains from the banks of the Hudson or the Delaware to the western shore of Lake Michigan is the ambition of half a dozen lines. The rivalry of the companies has not, however, lowered the time of the journey to the irreducible minimum, and even the fastest trains would not pass muster as expresses in England. The greater part of the track on each road is single, and high speeds are impracticable. Five or more lines enter Chicago from the east, all of them on single tracks. In a country where competition was not so keen, and where railways did not regard one another as two hostile States regard each other in Europe, arrangements would have been made for the construction of a double track, which could accommodate at least as much traffic as five or six single tracks, to be used in common by all the railways approaching Chicago from the east; but, instead of this obvious expedient, each line has built an insufficient and imperfect road of its own. Yet the balance of safety is possibly on the side of the existing method of independent access; for the relations between rival companies in the United States are sometimes so tightly strained that there is no saying what might not happen if the trains of competing lines approached and quitted the goal of their ambition on the same pair of tracks.

Chicago has many claims to distinction. It is the largest sexagenarian city in the world; it has been devastated by the most destructive fire that ever raged, in which £40,000,000 of property was destroyed, and which broke many of the chief insurance companies of America. Yet in a few years, in spite of another

conflagration, the elasticity of the corn and pork trade had restored to it more than its former prosperity, and at the present time it wears no sign of the disaster. In each year within its boundaries several millions of pigs utter their last grunt, and are converted into pork without delay. Finally, it shares with Timbuctoo the honour of having been once chosen as the subject of a Cambridge Prize Poem, on which occasion the successful competitor was the only bard who had had the self-control to avoid using the simile of the Phœnix in connection with the rebuilding of the city after the great fire.

Chicago is a typical modern American city. The greater portion of it has been reconstructed since the conflagration of 1871, and it therefore embodies all the most recent developments of American ideas and methods. It is, in fact, a city not twenty years old, but containing a million inhabitants.

The value of time in Chicago may be estimated by the fact that two adjacent streets are connected by tunnels with the corresponding sections lying on the farther side of the river. In any other country one tunnel would have been considered sufficient to accommodate the traffic of both streets, especially as bridges span the river within a short distance both above and below. In the space of a very few hundred yards two bridges and two tunnels cross the stream.

CHAPTER V.

THE NIAGARA SHOW.

IT is probably true that the majority of foreign travellers in America go to Niagara reluctantly, and more for the sake of saving their own reputation than of deriving any pleasurable sensation from the contemplation of the scene. No one could bear up against the accusation that he had willingly passed it by, and the cataract is in consequence visited by all, and revisited by few. The feeling of resentment engendered by the enforced pilgrimage relieves itself in disparagement. By almost general consent, Niagara has been pronounced disappointing. As a majestic and awe-inspiring sight, it is certainly inferior to an Atlantic gale pursuing and tossing a ship of a myriad of tons like a straw in a millstream.

The notoriety of Niagara has apparently discounted its power of astonishing, and its environments are moreover unpleasing. The first European who saw it was doubtless bewildered with amazement, and all his successors wish that they could have seen it as he did, before the mischievous Anglo-Saxon had settled upon its banks. In the town of Niagara on the American, and in Clifton on the Canadian side, there is scarcely a building which is not a disfigurement to the scene. A suspension bridge crosses the gorge below the cataract: mills taking their waters from the rapids above stand upon the brink of the precipice overhanging the lower

stream: a switchback occupies a commanding position on the Canadian side: an inclined railway on the American side leads down from the edge of the Falls to the rocks washed by the spray of the cataract. Outdoor photographers tout for patronage, and offer as a background the curtain of the descending waters. Wooden shanties and other structures of various degrees of plainness have been placed in all possible positions, and on an islet in the rapids stands a board bearing the inscription "Go East by Erie Railroad."

The State of New York and the Canadian Government have lately taken steps to end the former scandal of Niagara, and now each side of the Falls is reserved as a public park. A few years ago scarcely any part could be visited without payment of a fee or toll, but now every spot is open free to all. The paper-mill which once stood above the cataract between Goat Island and the American shore has been removed, and it is no longer necessary to pay a toll of 50 cents to cross the bridge over the rapids. The payment of fees at every point no doubt tended to draw out any latent disappointment that might have been felt with Niagara, and now that these are abolished the cataract will have a chance of taking its place among the wonders of the world; for there are persons so constituted that they would consider a sight of the most lovely sunset that ever was seen upon the Indian Ocean dearly purchased at sixpence. If the clearing process could proceed a step further, and destroy and obliterate everything that has been erected within sight of the Falls during the last century, Niagara would no longer be in danger of being regarded as a colossal water engine which discharges so many million tons every minute into Lake Ontario and is capable of supplying the entire continent with motive power. A very great advance has been made in a few years: Nature, after

long eclipse, has been suffered to emerge a little into view; and, though no future traveller will see Niagara as the Indian saw it two centuries ago, perhaps the summit level of vulgarisation has been attained, and the pert civilisation of America will have the grace not to put itself so much in evidence.

The Falls of Niagara, the most popular show in America, are the result of Lake Ontario lying more than three hundred feet below the level of Lake Erie. The descent is made in a distance of less than forty miles, but one half of it is accomplished in a single plunge over a ledge situated midway between the lakes.

Goat Island stands on the brink of the cataract, like a mass of floatage that has been carried down by the rapids, and arrested ere it fell into the abyss. It separates the American from the Canadian Fall, and is reached by a bridge spanning a stream running at the rate of thirty miles an hour. The rapids pour down upon it, and as the water-level at a short distance above is higher than the island itself, the latter appears as though it must be inevitably overwhelmed or thrust over the edge.

The island is almost entirely covered with trees. Close beside it is the Luna islet, which derives its name from the lunar rainbows formed in the mist rising out of the abyss. On the other side are the Three Sisters Islets, lying in the rapids, and on the water's edge are many spots bearing the names of persons who have done brave or foolhardy acts in the presence of the cataract. Looking upwards and across from the shore of Goat Island an extraordinary scene of mad waters meets the eye. Rocks encumber the bed of the river, and the drainage of Michigan, Superior, Huron and Erie is struggling with them in a wild desire to reach the lower pool of Ontario.

The corner of land at the western side of the

American Fall is called Prospect Park. A low wall has been built at the angle, with a parapet only a few feet from the shoulder of the cataract, and it is almost possible to put forth the hand and touch the water as it curls over the brink. The American Fall, being on the inner side of the river curve, is comparatively shallow, and but a small proportion of the river is carried over it. The Horseshoe, or Canadian Fall, sends down a mass of water twenty feet in thickness, and is by far the most impressive sight of Niagara. The momentum of the stream carries the water over the brink in a grand curve which does not immediately break into foam, while elsewhere the white veil is formed almost at the edge. The actual spot of the plunge into the chasm below is for ever hidden by the impenetrable spray, from which a lighter and more tenuous mist, very lovely and ethereal, soars to heaven and mingles with the clouds; and sometimes a column of mist, easily distinguishable from the established mist-veil, is seen rising suddenly to the shoulder of the cataract. The river below the Falls shows a tolerably smooth surface of almost pure white, slightly tinged with pale blue and green where it emerges from the cloud obscuring the caldron, but as the foam dissolves it gradually assumes a dark-blue colour beautifully streaked with white. From this comparatively quiet pool the river passes down through a deep gorge without disturbance for a few miles until the ravine changes its direction and is suddenly contracted. Here the rebellious stream, every drop of which in an instant is seized with a mad desire to wrangle and wrestle and struggle and quarrel with its neighbour, impinges violently against the side and forms the whirlpool; where the water, in its wild efforts to free itself from restraint, is piled up to a height of thirty feet in the centre. Two

ugly railway bridges span the ravine a short distance above the whirlpool, but though they mar the grandeur of the scene, one of them, under which a carriage road is suspended, affords the best position for gazing at the turmoil of the whirlpool and the gorge.

The roar of Niagara is not so loud as might be expected. Its intensity depends on the direction of the wind and on the state of the atmosphere, which act now as a sourdine and now as a swell upon the great diapason. The tremor produced by the fall of so many million tons of water into the chasm is distinctly perceptible in the houses of Niagara and Clifton.

Niagara is a favourite place of retirement for newly married couples, and of the American visitors to the Falls a very large proportion will be brides and bridegrooms. There appears to be a feeling in America that the sight of angry waters is good for those who have lately entered the too often turbulent ocean of married life, and that the beauty of domestic felicity is more likely to be appreciated in the presence of such strife. Perhaps the custom may be accounted for in another way. Women in America are usually allowed to follow their own wishes whithersoever the latter may tend, and it is possible that it is they, rather than their humble servants the men, who are responsible for the conversion of Niagara into a honeymoon resort. An American woman is as restless as a swallow, and she instinctively flies to places where Nature also is restless.

CHAPTER VI.

A VOYAGE ON INLAND WATERS.

FROM Lewiston, a little village lying on the United States' shore of the Niagara River, where the current, though swift, is sufficiently free from eddies and whirlpools for safe navigation, a steamer runs across the head of Ontario to Toronto. No land is visible at first either ahead or on the starboard beam, and there is nothing in the aspect of the lake to distinguish it from the open sea; but soon after leaving the mouth of the Niagara a hill appears like a faint cloud upon the horizon, and in an hour the indications of a city show themselves above the water-line. Toronto lies on the shore of a bay formed by a tongue projecting into the lake. The promontory is low but pretty, and somewhat Dutch in appearance. From Toronto to the St. Lawrence is a voyage of sixteen hours along the northern shore of the lake, during which the steamer calls occasionally at small towns bearing the familiar names of Scarborough, Whitby, and Newcastle.

The steamer enters the St. Lawrence shortly after leaving Kingston, and for some hours is threading her way through the Thousand Islands. The beauty of the scenery has been greatly over-praised, as is usually the case when American scenery is described by native writers, but it is certainly pleasing. The boat glides down through narrow channels in the midst of rocky

isles and islets, most of which are covered with trees. Many of them are inhabited, some being in the possession of New York plutocrats, who on the St. Lawrence, if nowhere else, are enabled to live like Juan Fernandez in a tiny empire of their own. Here and there an entire islet is taken up by a large hotel and its appurtenances. The fishing is excellent, and no pleasanter retreat during an American summer could be desired. Little lighthouses, built on rocks only large enough for the keeper's cottage with its lantern rising out of the roof, are constantly passed. Private boat-sheds and bathing places are seen on the shore under the trees, and the wooden villas, as a rule, are not a disfigurement to the river. In autumn especially, when the first frosts have chilled the foliage and the leaves are yellow and red, the colouring upon the bright blue stream is very beautiful. But a journey through 1,692 islands, strewn over forty miles of narrow water, is necessarily deficient in variety, and when the steamer emerges upon the unencumbered stream most people will have had enough of them.

The lower reaches of the St. Lawrence sometimes expand into lakes, sometimes contract into rapids. The small, clean Canadian town of Prescott is the terminus of the short railway connecting the St. Lawrence with Ottawa, and opposite to it is the attractive town of Ogdensburg, in the State of New York, which, at least across the broad river, appears to advantage. An Indian pilot takes charge of the wheel when the steamer is shooting the Rapids between Prescott and Montreal.

The little village of Lachine, which is a few miles above Montreal, owes its name to a blunder of the French missionaries who explored the country in the 16th century. Geographical science was at that time in its infancy. They knew that "the merry world was

round," and that was almost all that they did know. When they came to the St. Lawrence, they imagined that they had reached China from the East, and the error was not discovered until they had called the place La Chine, which name survives to bear witness to their mistake. Here the Ottawa joins the St. Lawrence, but the dark waters of the former flow for some distance side by side with the more abundant stream, and the line of demarcation is distinctly visible as far as the rapids of Lachine, which blend the two rivers into indissoluble union.

It might be supposed from the terms in which the guide-books describe the act of shooting the rapids of Lachine that it was as perilous a feat as shooting the whirlpool at Niagara. It would certainly be so if the graphic pictures of a vessel rushing down an incline of seething waters between beetling crags were accurate; but, in reality, it is quite possible for a not very observant traveller to fail to notice that he and his ship were in an unusual situation. The passage is performed twice a day by the steamers of the St. Lawrence. The vessel glides through a disturbed channel, and a rock appears above the surface on either side. The vertical descent is not very great, but the current is strong; and the feat is chiefly remarkable, not because of its visible terrors, but as an admirable piece of steering, requiring great nerve and accuracy. If the tiller ropes gave way, or the engines failed at the critical moment, the result would be fatal. The observation most commonly heard as the vessel glides into calmer waters is, "When are we going to shoot the rapids?"

The distance between Montreal—the chief city though not the capital of Canada—and New York is about four hundred miles. The express, soon after leaving the mean terminus of the Grand Trunk Railway, bears away

to the left, and enters the tubular bridge crossing the St. Lawrence. At this point the river is two miles wide, and the cars are buried in the iron tunnel for fully six minutes. The country between Montreal and the head of Lake Champlain is flat and unattractive; but from Plattsburg, a port near the northern end of the lake, the greater part of the journey to New York can be made by water. The country traversed possesses not a little historical interest, as up to the time of the Civil War it was the battle-field of America. In the war of 1756, as well as in the Revolution and the war of 1813, the shores of Lakes Champlain and George saw much of the strife. Beyond the headland which partly encloses the harbour of Plattsburg a British fleet was defeated more than three-quarters of a century ago.

Champlain is a true lake, and not a sea in bondage, like Huron or Michigan; for though in some places a water horizon only is visible to the north and south, yet the lake is narrow, and while a yacht could sail for a day without greatly altering her course, she would never be more than a few miles from land. The surface of the lake is usually tranquil, and its depth, amounting in some places to sixty fathoms, gives a pure tone to the colour of the water. Distant hills, islands of all sizes and shapes, hanging woods, open sheets of water, narrow channels and sounds, each tinted with a hue of its own, compose the picture; and the towns and villages on the shore are seen at a distance sufficient to idealise the commonplace appearance of an American town. One side of the lake is sheltered by the wild Adirondacks, the other by the terraces of the green hills from which the State of Vermont derives its name. The pure, clear air induces very beautiful and delicate effects of light and shade. The hillsides on which the sun directly falls are imbued with a purple tint, while those which face

towards the north are a pale, smoky grey. Meadows gleaming in the sunlight slope down to the water, with a background of dark green on the higher land: a brilliant copse, clothed with the autumn tints of crimson and orange, intervenes between a pale blue sky and the steel-grey lake, the colour of which is in places transmuted by the reflection of the sky into an olive green: and as the steamer glides past a promontory, the vivid hues contrast with marvellous beauty with the subdued colouring of the more distant landscape.

The Seven Years' War, as far as England was concerned in it, was fought out mainly in America; and on the shores of Champlain, in the heart of the Eastern States, is the hill which was the most important strategic position in a campaign between two adjoining European Powers. Fort Ticonderoga stood midway between the French colonies in Canada and the British colonies on the Atlantic, and immense sums were spent by each side in strengthening it. It was held by a British garrison until the close of the Revolutionary War, but it is now in ruins.

History records no more curious changes than those which occurred during the third quarter of the 18th century. In the early years of that period England and France were contending for supremacy on the shores of Lakes Champlain and George, a struggle which resulted in France losing all her American possessions except her plantation at the mouth of the Mississippi. A few years after, England was endeavouring to suppress a rebellion caused by her attempt to make her American colonies pay a share of the cost of delivering them from France. She failed to do so, and was expelled from the English-speaking colonies; while the settlements on the St. Lawrence, which had but lately come into her possession, and in which settlers of French nationality were an

overwhelming majority, remained contentedly loyal to her, though their fellow-countrymen in France were actively aiding the revolutionary party. That the last quarter of the 18th century should see England dispossessed of the colonies which she had herself founded, yet retaining those of a rival European Power dissimilar in habits, language, and religion, was a solution of the American problem which no one would have thought possible in 1750; but such is the caprice of history. It is difficult to account for the persistent adherence of the French colonies to the hereditary foe of France, except on the supposition that either the lower orders at that time were deficient in patriotism, the sublimest form of selfishness, or that they had been so demoralised by centuries of Bourbon misrule that they gladly submitted to any alien Government which treated them well.*

The water journey from Montreal to New York is broken at Ticonderoga by the neck of land which separates Lake Champlain from Lake George. It is hardly five miles in width, and the voyage is resumed at Baldwin, a port at the northern extremity of Lake George. To the Indians the lake was known by the name of Horicon, or the Silvery Waters, but it was re-named Lake George in honour of the King by some unimaginative British officer during the Seven Years' War. Its waters have more than once been reddened by the blood of English soldiers, and in 1758 an army of 15,000 men traversed it from end to end in a flotilla of a thousand keels.

The lake section of the journey from Montreal to New York terminates at Caldwell, a village mainly composed of hotels, and thence to the Hudson another

* It is a remarkable fact, which any traveller in the United States may verify, that the citizens of a republic are far more patriotic than the subjects of a monarchy, limited or absolute.

land gap of seventy miles must be crossed by train. Only the first few miles are attractive, where the line, having quitted the lake shore, passes through a woodland belt clothed in all shades of red, carmine, brown, purple, and yellow, and skirts a placid tarn into which the birches dip their boughs.

The splendid autumn foliage of the Northern States of America is absolutely the most beautiful sight in the world. Dark brown, purple, old gold, crimson, blood-red, orange and brick-red are but a few of the colours with which the maples deck themselves; while the lingering greens, which the first frosts of September have not yet wholly destroyed, are mingled with all imaginable brilliant hues of yellow and carmine. The bronze and copper of the oak contrasts with the golden and amber brown of the chestnuts, with the rich verdure of the evergreen trees and with the fiery red of the maples, through which the sunlight streams and reaches the fallen leaves on the ground with ensanguined rays. There are whole breadths of hillside where the predominating colour is crimson, yet every tree appears to wear a peculiar tint of its own. Some of the maples are still vividly green, with here and there a bright red branch, or it may be only a single leaf, while others are wholly a rosy gold. There is no limit to the variety of the hues. While the maple affects the bright colours when it puts off its summer vesture, the oak at the approach of winter clothes itself in a garment of sober madder-brown before shedding its leaves, and the pale yellow foliage of the white birch is seen soaring above a clump of dark green hemlock. The brilliancy of the colouring in the sunshine cannot be adequately described, and even when the sky is overcast the bright hues on the earth seem to supply the place of the sunshine, and the picture is almost as glowing as ever. It is

a rare delight to tread a carpet of golden leaves in avenues of crimson trees, and to gaze at bright colours on every side; for where the trees are not, there are red shumac and purple dogwood, and fields littered with huge orange pumpkins. An autumn landscape in America is alone worth a voyage across the Atlantic; and if it were faithfully reproduced on canvas, with all its rich dyes, no one who had not seen the original would believe that Nature could array herself in such splendour. Nothing like it is ever witnessed in Europe or even in the tropics, and it can, in fact, occur only in a country where the alternations of climate are violent and extreme, and where the rich growths of a hot summer are suddenly chilled by the first frosts of the coming rigorous winter. Such is the September environment of a village in Massachusetts or Vermont.

The famous City of Saratoga, one of the chief Vanity Fairs of America, lies on the route from Horicon to the Hudson. Here, as in Europe, the presence of mineral springs has been made an excuse for the assemblage of fashion. Saratoga is at the present day to America what in the last century Bath and Tunbridge Wells were to Great Britain, an asylum for the jaded; and if *ennui* has not yet established itself across the Atlantic as a national ailment, the liver reigns in its stead. There is no reason, except the medicinal springs, why Saratoga should be a place of popular resort, for it lies on a generally level country, and many other places excel it in beauty. The surrounding scenery is pleasing but no more. The streets are unkempt, but well shaded with trees. The springs are in Congress Park, a small public place in the heart of the town, laid out with terraces, gardens, ornamental water, drinking halls, band-stands, and a few pens of wild animals. The hotels are large and unsightly. Many of the private houses are excellent

examples of domestic architecture, and in their way cannot be surpassed. But, on the whole, Saratoga does not appear to be a comfortable place. It is a Ramsgate or Margate frequented by American belles and American millionaires. It is a great *al fresco* hotel and little more. Dancing, (water-)drinking, and dressing are its chief occupations; and when the season is over no country town in England is more dull. The hotels are closed, the streets are deserted, and then the poverty of the natural attractions of Saratoga becomes manifest.

The undulating country between Saratoga and the Hudson is occupied by small and busy towns. The river Mohawk is crossed shortly before the train enters Albany, the capital of the State of New York, and almost the oldest city in the Eastern States. As in the case of the county towns of Great Britain, so also the capital of an American State is often not the most populous place in it. The Legislature is, therefore, removed from the pernicious influence of the purely local politics of a large city. In a perfectly ordered community the Legislature would meet in a wilderness; but as this would be inconvenient, it is well to choose a small town for the place of assembly. Not that Albany is a small town, but it would take twelve Albanys at least to make up one New York, and therefore the intensity of the influence of local politics may be estimated to be less than one-twelfth.

The voyage from Albany to New York occupies nine hours in those magnificent saloon steamers which have achieved a world-wide reputation. The upper reaches of the river are pretty, but not to be compared with Lakes Champlain and George, or even with the St. Lawrence. The surface is calm and bright. Low islands covered with grass stand in the way, many of them having a lighthouse, or rather a lantern rising out of

a cottage roof. The shores are greatly disfigured by ice stores and inclines for hoisting the ice out of the water. Shortly before the steamer reaches the city of Hudson, the first view of the Kaatskills, or Wild Cat Mountains, is obtained. The range lies to the west of the river, beyond a flat belt ten miles in width. It is a striking and compact mass, smoky blue in colour, and, though hidden at one place by some intervening hills, it remains in sight for some hours.

The Kaatskills, in the quaint and graphic language of America, are termed one of the "side shows" of the Hudson, and are much frequented. A white speck seen on the mountains is the Mountain House, a large hotel which offers to its visitors one of the finest views in America. It is reached from the Hudson by a short branch line, on which there is a station called Cairo. The sense of geographical unity is not acute in the United States. Not far from the Mountain House is a dingle or gorge which may be explored for twenty-five cents. A small stream runs through the ravine, but, as the water supply is insufficient to supply a constant cascade of sufficient volume, it is dammed at the upper end and turned on like a stage waterfall for the benefit of the twenty-five-cent visitors. In this simple manner the deficiencies of Nature are rectified.

Below the city of Hudson the scenery changes; the reaches of the river broaden, islands are less frequent. The effects of light and shade upon the Hudson, its banks and its hills, are very beautiful. The whole colour of a landscape is often modified in a few minutes. Spots that were gleaming in the light are suddenly darkened, and hills that were pale are made purple. Part of a wood is a rich dark green where a passing cloud intercepts the sunshine, while the rest of it is a brilliant emerald. Here the region explored and colonised by

the Dutch is entered, but the names of a few towns and villages on the banks of the Hudson are almost the only relics of the nation which once was in a fair way to add America to the list of its colonial possessions. The sedate river, never hurrying to the ocean, but tranquilly pursuing its course, was more appropriately navigated by Hudson and his quaint galliots than by the steamboats which now disturb its current. The sleep of Rip van Winkle was not sufficiently prolonged. If he could have seen a railway lining each bank, if he could have heard the whistle of the New York Central Lightning Express answered by the engine bell of the West Shore, while the *Vibbard* or the *Albany* were rushing down the stream and overtaking a flotilla of twenty or more barges, he would have had still more reason for bewilderment.

A great American city is an unlovely thing, a village or town is a shabby ; but scattered at wide intervals over the United States are small settlements which leave nothing to be desired in the way of order, and in which the roads are well graded and properly tended, the public places neat and clean, and the impress of a regular mind evident. These oases are the military establishments of the United States, and, standing as they do in the midst of a rough-and-ready country, they offer a welcome relief to the eye of a European traveller made giddy by the whirl and turmoil of the great machine which is called America. The Hudson has not been fortunate in the towns and cities which have been built upon its banks, and one of the noblest and stateliest rivers in the world resembles a handsome but badly dressed woman. One spot, however, upon its shores is not unworthy of its honourable position, namely, West Point, the Sandhurst as well as the Woolwich of the United States. It stands on the plateau of a rocky

promontory jutting out from the western bank a few miles down the ravine by which the river makes its way through the Highlands. The northward view from the West Point promontory is very fine. In the foreground densely wooded and rocky hills rise out of the water on either side. One of them, now called the Storm King, was formerly known by the name of Butterhill, a title which its swelling sides suggested to the fat and unimaginative Dutchmen of the 17th century. Here the stream impinges upon the side of the headland, and is deflected across to Constitution Island on the east shore; the water is very blue, and is streaked with satin patches of calm where the wind coming down from the glens has not touched it, and the hills slanting from the river enclose a bright picture of the country above. Pollock's Island stands near the entrance of the ravine, with the gleaming city of Newburgh beyond it, and in the far distance the faint outline of the Kaatskills may be discerned. The hills for the most part are cleared only at their bases. Towards sunset, when the shadows have fallen over the plateau but have not yet reached the east shore, the contrast of light and shadow is very fine. The hills are darkened, but the further bank is still glowing in the sunshine, while the river remains almost as luminous as the sky above it.

It is not in architecture that the merit of West Point lies, for all the buildings are of the American Gothic or the American Classic order. It is rather its superb situation above the noble river, and the uncommon neatness and order of the whole place, which strike travellers so pleasantly. There is no din of traffic along bad roads, no shabby wooden houses, no shops vying with each other to attract attention, no promiscuous crowds rushing to and fro. Even the railway is kept out of sight in a tunnel running under the plateau. The chief military

institution of the United States is not the place where one would expect to find repose and quiet; yet for the greater part of the day it is as peaceful as an English country village. The hush of it is weird. It is quite unique, and seems out of its element on the banks of the chief river and highway of the Eastern States. As a resting-place from which the Hudson may be contemplated at the most attractive part of its course, it is above praise. Every traveller should halt for a day or two at West Point, and revel in its quiet, order, and natural beauty; for there are few spots in the more densely populated States in which these qualities coexist.

The military buildings and schools are placed by the side of a spacious parade ground on the plateau, and are not remarkable in any way. The artillery trophies of the United States army lie under the elms at the edge of the table-land. Quaint Spanish mortars, green with age, and siege guns marked with the arms of Bourbon kings, are reposing on the turf, many of them inscribed with names—such as *El Titan*, *El Gabitan*, or *El Tonante*. The latter is a handsome piece, belonging to the period when art was applied to artillery; the chase is tastefully ornamented with *fleur-de-lis*, and the cascable is formed of a bunch of grapes. Close at hand are some French field-pieces, brought over by La Fayette at the time of the Revolutionary War. Many of these also bear names, and the words *Le Paon*, *La Choquante*, *L'Aurore*, *Gyges*, and others, are still discernible at the touch-hole, as well as the motto *Ultima ratio regum*. There are a few British guns marked with the Royal arms; one of them, which bears the date 1744, with a ducal coronet and the letter M, was no doubt cast under the second Duke of Marlborough, at that time Master of the Ordnance. A link of the chain which was stretched aross the river to prevent the ascent of the

British gun-boats is also preserved. One or two captured British colours are hung up in the chapel, the only place in the world in which such a trophy may be found.

Half-way down the face of the northern slope is placed the siege battery of breechloading guns used for the instruction of the cadets. It stands immediately over the mouth of the tunnel, and as the railway runs across a shallow bend of the river towards the targets on the face of the opposite hill, the line and the range are almost parallel, and not very far apart. On the plateau is a field battery of antiquated type. The guns are dirty, and even a civilian notices the absence of the Woolwich polish and smartness. The signal-gun on the pier-head of an English seaport is usually cleaner.

All West Point—that is to say, the ladies and officers of the garrison, and a stray traveller or two from the hotel—assembles on the plateau at the time of evening parade. The band, headed by a drum-major whose busby and plumes are the only magnificent things in a somewhat plainly dressed army, strikes up; and in presence of an unmounted colonel, who stands silent, motionless, and with folded arms, the battalion of cadets, in light blue coatees, cut after the fashion of the pre-Crimean period, goes through a few movements with mechanical precision. In contrast with the excellence of the cadets' drill is the careless deportment of the sentries belonging to the infantry detachment which is stationed at West Point for duty. An American sentry lounges in front of his post, or often at a considerable distance from it, in a free-and-easy manner, sometimes turning round to see what is going on, sometimes taking a step or two backwards in zigzag. The soldiers at the guard-house may be seen lying in chairs outside the building, reading newspapers or smoking pipes. The ways of

an American Thomas Atkins would drive an English adjutant wild.

In the evening, after sunset, perfect stillness reigns in the place. The lights of Newburgh glimmer faintly in the distance in the angle of the V formed by the hills sloping down to the water. Long lines of lights slowly ascending or descending the stream show that a train of barges is winding round the headland; the twilight falls upon the white sails of the schooners trying to beat to windward against the current, and Mount Taunus and the Storm King loom above the strand. All the sounds come from afar, and are mellowed by the distance; the throb of the engines of the passing steamers is subdued, and even the rumble of a freight-train on the further shore does not strike unpleasantly upon the ear.

After emerging from the gorge of the Highlands, the Hudson broadens out in many places to the width of a lake; and the Tappan Zee is a wider sheet of water than any lake in Great Britain or Switzerland. Tarrytown, at its northern end, is said to have derived its name from the dilatory habits of the husbands of the place in former days. The most interesting feature of the lower Hudson is the Palisades, a cliff-line extending for many miles along the west shore between Yonkers and Hoboken. It is a range of natural columns rising out of the water to an elevation of two or three hundred feet. The lower portion is a steep slope formed by débris, and covered with trees; but above this the precipice is absolutely perpendicular. Here Nature asserts herself with a last effort, for at the southern end of the Palisades the suburbs of New York begin, and under the very shadow of the lonely cliffs, on the summit of which not a sign of life appears, a sloop with a mainsail inscribed with the legend "Smoke Blackwell's Mixture" is usually cruising.

The Hudson by night is more beautiful than the

Hudson by day, because the darkness hides the warts and moles with which American civilisation has disfigured the fair banks of the river. The water is so calm that a rose would cover the mirrored image of the moon, and each bright star is reflected; the village lights sparkle everywhere, and even the chirp of the crickets can be heard; the air is soft and balmy, and filled with a soft, ethereal haze, in which the retreating hills fade away: —In spite of the Americans, the Hudson is a beautiful river

CHAPTER VII.

THE CANADIAN PACIFIC.

EVERY nation, as well as every individual, has its price. When Canada complained that her interests had been neglected in the negotiations preceding the Treaty of Washington, the British Government tacitly acknowledged the justice of the complaint, and offered to settle the matter by guaranteeing the interest on a portion of the money required to build a railway on Canadian territory from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The construction of the railway was one of the conditions under which British Columbia had consented to enter the Dominion; and, without assistance from Great Britain, Canada would have had difficulty in fulfilling her part in the bargain. The proffered solatium was therefore willingly accepted, and in fifteen years the Canadian Pacific Railway was completed from ocean to ocean.

In construction and equipment it compares favourably with other pioneer railways on the continent. The track is well laid; and as, moreover, the speed of the trains is not great, the motion is as easy as that of a sailing vessel in a calm sea, and the journey of nearly a week by day and night, from the St. Lawrence to the Straits of Georgia, is less irksome than might be expected. The stations are buildings of good design, which do not outrage the eye in the midst of forest,

prairie, and mountain scenery; the sleeping-cars are comfortable, some of them being fitted with baths; and restaurant-cars, attached to the trains during the day, provide fairly well-cooked and fairly well-served meals. The conductors are always intelligent, and often agreeable. The line is worked under the block system—a refinement of caution on a railway over the greater part of which but one passenger train passes in each direction in twenty-four hours.

It is hoped that the Canadian Pacific Railway, which owes its existence to a not very honourable compact between Great Britain and her most populous colony, may eventually become the established mail route between England and China, Japan, and even Australia. Whatever its imperial and commercial advantages may hereafter prove to be, few other lines have so much to offer to the mere tourist. It traverses backwoods and forests by the side of rivers and lakes, and passes through some of the oldest cities of the North American continent, as well as cities which have sprung up during the last few months. It skirts the northern shore of an inland sea, Lake Superior, and threads its way through a chain of lochs lying eastward of the Lake of the Woods. It skims over a thousand miles of hot and dusty prairie before it climbs into the Rockies, yet snow lies at midsummer in the pass by which it crosses their summits; and the cañons of the salmon rivers falling into the Pacific lead it down to the sea at Vancouver. It also affords a glimpse of almost as many varieties of social existence. In one district every inhabited place is a French village; in another the only habitations are the log huts of the backwoodsmen. In the prairies the broad wheat-fields of Scotch colonies of crofters lie on either hand, and cattle-runs, planted here and there with an Indian

encampment. In the mountain district the clear surface of a lake by the side of the railway is often wrinkled by the prow of an Indian canoe; mining camps are frequently passed in the cañons of the Pacific slope, and gangs of Chinamen are seen at work.

There are but two regularly fortified towns in North America, and Quebec is one of them. The citadel and the walls had been standing for many generations, and had not heard a hostile shot for more than a century, when the Canadian Pacific Railway chose for its terminus a strip of low ground under the cliffs overhanging the river St. Charles, near its junction with the St. Lawrence. Quebec is unlike any other American city. It is built upon a wedge of high land in the angle between the rivers, and it is defended by ramparts, gates, martello towers, and ancient batteries. The streets are steep, narrow, and quiet, and the tin tiles with which many of the houses are roofed give them a quaint and mediæval appearance. The churches, convents, and other religious buildings would not seem out of place in a country town of Northern France, and the citadel towers above all like the fortress at Luxemburg. French is spoken almost universally. At first it is difficult to realise that Quebec is in the New World. Even its population is stationary, an unusual circumstance in the life of an American city. Here and there the civilisation of the nineteenth century has intruded, but not sufficiently to destroy the individuality of the place. On the river, where one would look for a barge floating down the stream, a steamboat of the American type, with a walking beam and two tiers of decks, is seen passing rapidly to the wharf under the walls; and to reach the upper town from the shore, it is no longer necessary to climb the steep ascent of Côte de la Montagne, for a hydraulic elevator now runs from

the Market Place up to the eastern end of Dufferin Terrace. In other respects Quebec is as old-fashioned as ever.

There was a time when Quebec was the most important place in North America. During a century and a half the possession of it was disputed by English, French, and Americans. Each nation has besieged it, and has held it in turn: two of them have abandoned it, and it remains in the possession of the third, which is alien to the great majority of the inhabitants. Its day has passed, and it is falling into obscurity. The river is blocked with ice in the winter, and the Canadian Pacific Railway is seeking access to the sea in lower latitudes. As long as the St. Lawrence was too much encumbered with shallows to allow vessels of large tonnage to go up to Montreal, Quebec was the chief sea-port of Canada. Now, however, that the bed of the river has been dredged, there is nothing to prevent an Allan steamer of 6,000 tons from discharging her cargo on to the wharves of Montreal; and Halifax, a port which is seldom closed by ice, has been brought into communication with Canada by the Intercolonial Railway. The loss of commercial importance will not affect the historical interest and old-fashioned aspect of Quebec, but will rather tend to preserve them. There is no cause for regret that the hurry and turmoil of the age have passed by Quebec, and have left one place of repose in America—one little patch of Europe in a vast wilderness of new things.

Montreal, the largest city of British North America, has, like a widow remarried, borne three names. Hochelaga, the Indian name of the original settlement at the junction of the Ottawa and the St. Lawrence, was quickly changed by the French into Ville Marie, which in turn gave place to Montreal. Though it lacks the bustle, fever, and turmoil of a United States' city, Montreal seems to



ICE SHOVE, MONTREAL.

be really and solidly prosperous. The streets are well paved; the houses substantial, and the churches handsome if not altogether pleasing in appearance. McGill College is a severe and learned-looking edifice of grey granite. The French and Scotch elements prevail; the latter in the commercial quarter of the city, the former in the smaller streets, where the names above the shops and the absence of sash windows would almost make the passer-by imagine that he was in a town of Picardy. St. Helen's wooded island, lying in mid-stream in front of the wharves, offers a good view of the spires and domes of the city, with Mount Royal in the background.

From Mount Royal a superb panorama of the surrounding country is obtained, and it would be hard to find a more beautiful scene. The summit can be reached without toil, as an elevator—a machine used almost universally in America—runs up the side of the hill to within a short distance of the top. An observatory at the highest point rises above the level of the trees, and the view is unbroken in every direction. The red city is seen lying at the base, with the towers of Notre Dame displayed upon a background of river, and on the horizon above them are the grey-blue hills of Vermont. The branches of the Ottawa which form the fertile island on which Montreal is placed can clearly be traced in the midst of green fields; the course of the St. Lawrence coming out of the west and widening into a lake where it is joined by the main channel of the Ottawa, is marked out by a blue track, which after many miles is finally lost to sight on the eastern horizon; and the long tubular bridge, which the Canadians, with pardonable vanity, have styled the eighth wonder of the world, is seen spanning the river with a distressingly rigid line. On the slope of a minor hill, overlooking a shallow valley hemmed in by trees on

either side, and enclosing a lovely glimpse of blue distance and near meadows, a toboggan slide, another discordant object which disturbs the harmony of the scene, has been erected, and in a hollow between two spurs of the mountain gleam the white stones of the Cemetery in the midst of brilliant autumn foliage. The entire surface of Mount Royal is thickly wooded and covered with ferns and shrubs, but pathways and zigzag roads give access to every part of it, and at a hundred points are revealed glimpses of forest, tilth, pastures, woodlands, rivers, and plains gradually merging into the blue hills on the horizon as they recede from view.

The Ottawa, which is the chief purely Canadian river, has not yet been thoroughly explored to its source in a little-known part of the country, but the Canadian Pacific Railway follows it from Montreal to Mattawa, a distance of more than 300 miles, passing through the city of Ottawa on the way. The Pacific Express leaves Montreal in the evening, and traverses a flat country, where the fireflies are seen sparkling in the herbage, and the rays of the moonlight glittering on the metal spires of the Roman Catholic churches of the French villages; and as the train stops at the wayside stations the profound stillness is broken only by the occasional bleating of a sheep or by the plash of a distant waterfall.

The City of Ottawa is also accessible from Montreal by water. The steamer starts from Lachine, above the rapids, and enters the lake formed by the confluence of the St. Lawrence with the smaller river, and calls at many a quaint French village on the shores of Ottawa's broad curving reaches bounded by wooded bluffs. The navigation is not continuous, and at the portage round the Carillon Rapids passengers are carried over a short line of railway and transferred to another steamer which runs through to Ottawa.

At the beginning of the second quarter of this century, there was a colonel of the Royal Engineers who was remarkable for having the shortest surname in the language. He was called By, and yet it fell to his lot to lay out a city on the banks of the Ottawa, which, in his honour, was called Bytown.

As Bytown it existed for twenty-seven years, when the fate which overtakes women and Canadian cities came upon it, and it exchanged its name for that of the river on whose banks it was built. In the course of time Ottawa was chosen as the seat of Government of the Dominion of Canada, a vast extent of country extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and bounded on the north by the palæocrystallic fields of the Arctic Ocean.

Ottawa is a clean and prosperous place. All the streets are lined with trees, and all the sidewalks are planked. The houses are usually built of boards, lathed and plastered inside, and often veneered on the outside with bricks. The Houses of Parliament, with the adjacent Public Offices, are a handsome range of buildings standing on a bluff overlooking the river, and in design are rather suggestive of a Clapham hospital or asylum. The grounds are exceedingly well kept, and contain a few specimens of the inevitable Russian guns taken in the Crimea. The Ottawa runs at the foot of the slope, and would be an ornament to the picture if the water were visible. The lumber-stores and saw-mills of Hull, a suburb of the city, discharge all their refuse into it, and convert a beautiful river into a common sewer for chips and sawdust. A narrow streak of dark water may here and there be discerned, but the greater portion of the surface is concealed. The Chaudière Falls, which supply power to the saws, are in like manner disfigured by stacks and flumes and other accessories of the timber trade. Ottawa

is wholly given up to timber. Even the air is laden with the scent of sawn wood, and the river is but a machine for conveying and cutting up fir trees. The logs are hewn in the interior and cast at random into the water, which bears them sometimes two hundred miles to their destination at the Chaudière Falls, and then meekly carries away the refuse. When the river is low the logs are caught by the projecting headlands, or are blocked by the rocks in mid-stream, and in many a lovely, solitary reach the scene is robbed of half its charm by a dam of many thousands of derelict trunks, stripped of their bark, and identical in size and shape. A special service of men and boats is maintained in order to disentangle the logs and send them forth again on their journey to Ottawa. But a far greater eyesore, however, are the skeletons of the burnt trees where a clearing has been remorselessly made in the backwoods. Fire is unfortunately the only practicable method of removing the timber so as to adapt the land to agricultural purposes. After leaving the banks of the Ottawa, the line passes through scores of miles of wildernesses of charred stumps and forests of bare poles standing gauntly above the undergrowth. In the burnt woods a few white birches, which are not so easily set on fire as the firs, alone survive the conflagration. The railway itself is often the only place in which a green thing is seen flourishing, and wild strawberries and blueberries may be gathered almost under the wheels of the engines.

It is probable, however, that one natural feature will remain unchanged until the end of time. Forests may be converted into tracks of wood ashes, but all the mischief of man will never be able to lower the level of the lakes by so much as one inch. They appear constantly in the landscape, and of every size, from the tarn of an acre in extent, and covered with water-lilies,

to the inland sea on which a ship might sail for two days without sighting land.

The line, after approaching but not touching Lake Nipissing, passes through a woodland region, and reaches Lake Superior at Heron Bay. For nearly two hundred miles it runs along the northern shore of the largest of the American lakes; sometimes striking inland for a short distance across the base of a promontory; sometimes winding in a serpentine course by the side of inlets and creeks; sometimes carried on a ledge in the cliffs rising abruptly from the margin, or on a wooden bridge of slender appearance which spans a cleft in the hills. A chain of islands lies near the shore, and between them are caught glimpses of the open lake, which only differs in appearance from the sea in that its waters are bluer and clearer. Many of the islands and hills on the mainland are in shape a high plateau separated from a shelving base by almost perpendicular dark-red cliffs.

In a continent which extends 3,000 miles from east to west, it would be inconvenient to have one universal time, which in extreme cases would make 12 of the clock occur nearly two hours before or after the real noon. For travelling purposes, it would be still more inconvenient if every railway station observed local time. North America has, therefore, been divided into zones or sections, bounded by certain meridian lines, and in each of these the time differs by one hour from the time in the adjacent sections. These are four in number, and in them Eastern, Central, Mountain, or Pacific time is respectively observed. Thus, in travelling from one place to another lying east or west of it, the change of time is not made gradually, but at certain specified places on the journey, just as on board ship the clocks are always altered at a certain time, namely, at

noon. On the Canadian Pacific Railway the first change, from Eastern to Central time, is made at Port Arthur, where the line leaves Lake Superior for the Prairies; and in less than a week the overland traveller to the West is again compelled to alter his habits to the extent of several hours after having already done so while crossing the Atlantic; so that by the time he reaches the Pacific he practically dines, goes to bed, and breakfasts nearly nine hours later than he was accustomed to do less than a fortnight before in England. Thus it happens that most people on arrival in America feel unusually sleepy in the evening, and yet find it difficult to prolong their rest in the morning.

Another radical change is introduced at Port Arthur. It has been left for the Canadian Pacific Railway to do that which the revolutionary American of the United States never ventured to propose, namely, to effect an alteration in the method of counting the hours, and to introduce into America a system long in use in Italy. In the time-tables of the transcontinental trains, which travel for six days and nights, it would be difficult to distinguish readily, several days in advance, the hours a.m. from the hours p.m. if they were numbered in the usual way, and the bold step of numbering them from 1 to 24, beginning at midnight, was taken. Thus 4 o'clock in the afternoon becomes 16 o'clock, and 10 o'clock at night becomes 22 o'clock. At first it is puzzling to be told by a station-master that a certain train is due at 23 minutes past 15, or to read in a time-table that it will leave a certain place at 18.29; but the system has many advantages, and saves much confusion in long journeys. It has also been adopted on the railways of India.

Port Arthur is a harbour on the north-west shore of Lake Superior, sheltered by islands and the pro-

montory of Thunder Cape, which was once an active volcano. At Fort William, a few miles further on, the train halts for an hour to replenish the tanks and refrigerators with water and ice, an operation which is performed once or twice every day during the journey. The sun is sinking towards the plains of the West as the train quits the lake shore and steams away to the prairies through a wooded district traversed by a chain of small lakes lying around the Lake of the Woods, which the line touches at the lumber settlement of Rat Portage. In the cool and quiet evening after sunset it is utterly delightful to stand on the platform between the cars and watch Canada flying past, with its woods looming in the darkness beneath the starry sky, while every now and then the gleaming surface of some solitary lake in which the heavens are mirrored, flashes out of the gloom.

A few miles within the eastern boundary of the prairie lies the brisk and prosperous city of Winnipeg, which in a very few years has grown from log-cabinhood to cityhood; and as the majority of the houses are detached, it covers a large area in proportion to its population. Its most striking feature at present is the large number of telegraph and telephone wires which run along the main street.

Although the prairies extend for many hundred miles, with their wide expanse of herbage seldom raised or depressed more than a few feet above or below the normal level of the plain, they are not monotonous or lonely with the loneliness of a calm ocean. The little things which elsewhere would pass unnoticed here thrust themselves into view. Thus, it is pleasant to observe by the side of a solitary dwelling a swing, to show that the children are not forgotten. The swallows twitter to the travellers in the train from under the eaves of a

coal-shed where they have built their nests. A cluster of Indian tents, with horses grazing around them, is seen near at hand: the children rush out to stare at the train just as they do in all other countries. A handsome brave, spoilt by the cast-off clothes of civilisation, travels on the platform of the car for a dozen miles. Sometimes a line of low trees, curiously raised above the horizon by the mirage, appears in the distance, and where the red lilies and the marigolds grow the prairie is carpeted with bright patches of colour. The little gophers peer inquisitively out of the grass, and the prairie dogs are enthralled for a moment; but fear soon overcomes curiosity, and they scuttle away from the line.

A very shallow valley, in which a few trees are growing, carries the Assiniboine towards the Arctic Ocean, and the next feature in the landscape is Gull Lake, a sheet of water to which all the birds of the continent seem to have flocked. A few rising towns are passed, regularly planned and built, and an agreeable contrast to the random assemblage of slovenly structures which constitutes a new settlement in the United States. On a bend of the Saskatchewan, lined with trees and sheltered by the bluffs which the impinging waters have formed out of a few slight eminences, is a township bearing the quaint name of Medicine Hat. As the train draws up in the midst of the neat and compact little town, the platform is gay with the familiar British red tunics worn by the troopers of the North-West Mounted Police, a small body of men, by whose gentle yet firm control those Indians are restrained who on the other side of the frontier engross the attention of the greater portion of the United States' Army.

The crossing of the plain from Winnipeg to the foot of the Rockies occupies two days. To a native of an undulating country, the prairies are at all times at-

tractive, but they are most beautiful in the evening, when the horizontal rays of the sunset light skim along the surface, imbuing it with a peculiar tinge and lengthening the dwarf shadows.

In the evening of the second day a long, serrated line of mountain-peaks, nearly uniform in height, appears on the horizon, soon to be hidden by the approaching gloom of night. The moon is seen shining once more upon the waste; but next morning, at daybreak, the train is climbing the eastern slope of the Rockies, and has almost reached the summit of the Kicking Horse Pass. Torrents struggle with the rocks by the side of the track; cascades fall almost upon it; icy crags and ridges, intersected by ravines and crevices choked with snow, tower above it. The air is chill at last: the sun dazzles on white peaks. In a little while the Kicking Horse River, racing with the train to the westward, shows that the highest portion of the pass has been surmounted, and a halt is made for breakfast at a pretty Swiss châlet, built by the Canadian Pacific Railway on the side of a hill. The line then descends to a trough—which is, however, some thousands of feet above the level of the sea—separating the main range of the Rockies from the detached spur of the Selkirks, and runs down the valley of the Columbia River. Tall, slender pines—the finest trees in the world—once covered the sides of the mountains, but forest fires, some of them still smouldering, have laid bare the slopes, or have left only the naked trunks. Sometimes a shell of bark is all that remains to show the former stature of the giants, the fire having hollowed out the resinous trunk like a cylinder. It is a melancholy sight. Wherever the railway is, there also is a belt of ruin and destruction. Many of the ravines are so choked with smoke that only the peaks of the opposite hills can be seen. The dim

forms of the maimed cedars loom through the haze, half-charred logs and broken branches meet the eye on every side, and the valleys languish in the fumes of the burning wood. The miner or pioneer lights a fire with a careless hand to boil his kettle, forgets to rake out the ashes, and in a few weeks a stately grove is destroyed; and the railway contractor, who wantonly sets fire to the forest as the easiest method of removing a few trees out of his way, completes the ruin. When the fire has once laid hold of the timber it is inextinguishable, for the meandering torrents will avail neither to quench the flames nor to bar their progress, and it is probable that in a year or two hardly a cedar will be left within sight of the line.

The Beaver is but a mountain-torrent abounding in waterfalls, and hurrying precipitately down the eastward slope of the Selkirks, yet it shows the path by which they can be scaled. The line runs along a ledge on the side of the valley; crosses the intersecting ravines on trestle bridges, one of which is nearly three hundred feet in height; soars above the smoke in the gorge, so that the patches of snow on the further side can be discerned; enters a pass which but three years before the opening of the railway had never been trodden by the foot of man; and, after running under snow-sheds at the base of an almost perpendicular precipice, emerges on to the Pacific slope.

Here the scenery changes; a valley, hemmed in by lofty, snow-clad ridges, is crossed on a looped curve, and the cañon of the Eagle River and brighter wild flowers appear. In many places gangs of Chinamen are seen at work, or cooking their rice by the side of the line. As the day wanes the pure light from the north-west falls from above the dark hills upon Shuswap, a solitary lake, whose calm surface is wrinkled by the evening breeze

and streaked by the lines diverging from the prow of an Indian canoe. The railway runs along the shore for nearly fifty miles, and at the lower end the river which entered the lake so boisterously issues from it a broad and tranquil stream, with trees on its banks and meadows sheltered by the mountains. Soon the Eagle joins the Fraser, where again the railway takes a river as its guide to the Pacific, and runs down the cañon into a green and marshy district bright with flowers. The syringa covered with blossoms of the purest white, the handsome leaves of the wild raspberry, the vivid green of the ferns mingling with the vermilion elder-berries, and the pink flowers of the fireweed line the track until the train emerges from the woods on to an inlet of the Pacific. The smell of the sea is in the air, and the seaweed is growing side by side with the herbage of the land.

The train halts for a few minutes at Port Moody, and brings the journey of three thousand miles from the Atlantic to the Pacific to a close at the western terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railway in the new City of Vancouver, a place which is perhaps destined some day to be the rival of San Francisco. It is inappropriately named, as it is not situated on the island of that ilk, but on the mainland of British Columbia.

CHAPTER VIII.

CALIFORNIA, A LOST JEWEL.

DURING the first quarter of the present century the Pacific coast of North America belonged nominally to two nations occupying the extremities of the European continent. Spain, though separated from Russia by the width of Europe, marched with her in the New World. It is true that Great Britain claimed a portion of the coast-line midway between the Spanish possessions and Russian America; but when Florida was ceded to the United States, the Spanish King made over also all his rights to the Pacific coast north of the 42nd parallel, and the Government of the United States, with its usual policy of claiming more than it expected to obtain, asserted that the territory thus transferred extended as far north as the Russian line. The meekness of the British Foreign Office when dealing with the United States is phenomenal; but a claim which would exclude the British North American colonies from the Pacific seaboard was impossible, and the Oregon boundary question was established as a point of contention between the two nations. Great Britain proposed that the Columbia River, which rises in the Selkirks and flows southward and westward until it reaches the Pacific in Lat. 46° N., should be the dividing line between the United States and British Columbia. The main point of the dispute was arranged by the Treaty of 1846, under which Great

Britain, having abandoned her claim to Oregon, secured the Pacific coast from the Straits of San Juan northward as far as what was then Russian America.

Simultaneously with the loss of Oregon, Great Britain let slip the golden possession of California, which for a time was within her grasp. It belonged nominally to the Mexican Republic, but the hold of that Government upon it, like the hold of all Governments of Spanish origin upon distant possessions, was insecure. The province was ripe for insurrection, and juntas were in session openly proposing to transfer the allegiance of the country to Great Britain. Moreover, an Irish priest named Macnamara, in intimate relations with the British Legation in the City of Mexico, had obtained from the Mexican Government a grant of land to the extent of several square leagues on the Bay of San Francisco, where he proposed to found an Irish colony under the protection of England, and he was landed at Santa Barbara from the British frigate *Juno* in order to carry out his scheme of colonisation. A few bold strokes, a little audacity and good fortune, and California would have been added to the list of British colonies. But suddenly an American explorer, who had already visited the country, swooped down like an eagle from the Rockies upon the Pacific shore and threw all the plans of the British party into confusion.

In the corps of Topographical Engineers of the United States' Army was an officer named Fremont, the son of a Frenchman who had left his country during the convulsions of the Revolution, and whose ship had been captured by an English man-of-war while on passage to San Domingo. The exiled Frenchman spent some years in captivity as a prisoner of war in one of the West Indian Islands, but at length escaped and landed in Virginia. His son avenged his father's captivity by

becoming the instrument by which California was snatched out of the opened hands of Great Britain.

The younger Fremont had already made a name as an explorer. In 1843 he had been in command of an expedition sent to explore the country lying beyond the then existing frontier of the United States, and he had succeeded in crossing the Rockies into Oregon and California. No sooner had he set out on this expedition when orders of recall were sent to him from Washington, on the pretext that he had without authority taken away with him a military equipment for his party which the peaceful nature of his geographical pursuit did not warrant—he had requisitioned a small mountain howitzer in addition to his rifles.

The orders of recall were sent to St. Louis, where his wife was residing. She detained them, and to this act of hers the United States are indebted for the possession and Great Britain for the loss of California; for if Fremont had returned he would not have had an opportunity of displaying those qualities as an explorer which led to his being sent on another expedition to California in the year 1845, which yielded such splendid results. This expedition, like the former one, was wholly of a scientific character, and none of Fremont's men were soldiers.

When he reached California he left his party at a spot two hundred miles from the sea, in order to avoid giving offence to the Mexican authorities at a time when the Texas question had strained the relations between the two countries, and proceeded alone to Monterey, the residence of General Castro, the Mexican commandant, from whom he requested and obtained permission to put his expedition into winter quarters in the San Joaquin valley, between the Sierra Nevada and the coastal range, and to continue his explorations further to the south.

While, however, he was on the march in the Buenaventura valley he received a message from General Castro ordering him to retire at once from the country, and information arrived that troops were being assembled to enforce the order. The Mexican Government were not unnaturally suspicious of the presence of an American officer in a part of their territory which was ripe for revolt.

Fremont thereupon retired to Pico del Gabellan, or Hawk's Peak, a mountain in the Sierra overlooking the plain of Monterey, where he could see Castro making preparations to attack him. He roughly fortified Hawk's Peak and raised the flag of the United States. On the fourth day the flagstaff fell. He accepted the omen, broke up his camp, and retired north into Oregon, being unwilling to do anything that might embarrass his country at such a critical time. A letter from Castro, offering a cessation of hostilities and basely proposing that they should in combination declare the country independent of Mexico, and assume the government of it, reached Hawk's Point only a few hours after Fremont had quitted it, and while the ashes of his camp fires were still glowing. Hitherto he had done nothing likely to lead to the annexation of California to the United States or to prevent its absorption by England. His visits to the country had been solely in the character of an explorer conducting an expedition of civilians. The final impulse had yet to be given to him.

In the middle of March, 1846, he quitted the neighbourhood of Monterey, having been forced by the hostile attitude of the Mexicans to abandon his design of making explorations in the south, and went northwards with the intention of returning to the United States by way of Oregon. He had reached Lake Tlamath, which is just within the southern boundary of Oregon, when his

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further progress was stopped by the wild nature of the mountainous country and by the opposition of the Tlamath Indians. One morning early in May, as he was encamped by the lake shore, he was astonished to see two white men approach. They had only escaped massacre at the hands of the Indians by the fleetness of their horses, and they proved to be part of the escort of a United States' officer of Marines who had been sent with despatches from Washington for Fremont, and who was now encamped within reach of him. A sixty miles' ride along the shore of the lake brought Fremont to Gillespie. The latter's despatches were apparently unimportant, for besides some private letters—the first Fremont had received for nearly a year—there was only an ordinary letter introducing Gillespie to Fremont from Buchanan, Secretary of State and afterwards President of the United States. The letter was expressed in terms which should not excite suspicion if it should fall into hostile hands as the bearer crossed Mexican territory. But very much was written between the lines, and in the private letters from Fremont's father-in-law, Senator Brunton, there were obscure and enigmatical passages. Gillespie, moreover, was charged to impress upon him the necessity of watching and counteracting any foreign scheme in California, and of conciliating the good-will of the people towards the United States.

The chance meeting of Fremont with Gillespie in the wilderness, by the shore of a lake in an almost unknown country, infested by Indians, who that very night killed three of his men and compelled him to retire to his former camp on the northern end of Lake Tlamath, diverted the current of his life, and converted him from an explorer into a soldier. He hurried back into California, and reached the valley of the Sacramento at the end of May. The country was in a state of anarchy. A

powerful clique was agitating for annexation to Great Britain; large portions of the public lands were being transferred to British subjects; a British fleet was expected on the coast; and a massacre of the American colonists was a very probable catastrophe. All these contingencies were averted by the energy and boldness of Fremont. He placed himself at the head of the American settlers, who eagerly took service with him, and in a month all the country north of the Bay of San Francisco had shaken off the yoke of Mexico, and an independent Government was established under the Bear Flag—an emblem chosen on account of the fighting qualities of the White Bear of the Sierra Nevada, which never flies before its enemies, however numerous, and is noted for its courage in extremities. Meanwhile a powerful British fleet was preparing to pounce down upon the prize from its anchorage in the Mexican harbour of Mazatlan; but the American commodore at the same place easily outwitted the English admiral. He weighed and put to sea, steering towards the Sandwich Islands, and was quickly followed by Sir George Seymour. He tacked, however, during the night, and the eluded admiral was left to perform his voyage to Honolulu alone. When, after some weeks, the latter anchored in Monterey Bay, he was astonished to find that the city was in the possession of Commodore Sloat, and that the American flag was floating over it.

Fremont in the meantime was marching towards the coast, and as he approached Monterey he heard that Commodore Sloat was in possession of the town, and that war had been declared between Mexico and the United States. The White Bear flag was hauled down, and the Stars and Stripes hoisted in its place. The accounts differ on the important point whether Sloat knew of the war when he arrived off Monterey. He

certainly offered to salute the town, but the courtesy was declined, on the plea that there was no powder to return it; in reality, because the people were daily expecting the British fleet. It was not until he heard of the approach of Fremont that he ventured to seize it. He certainly hesitated some days before doing so, and he appears to have had misgivings—which were not allayed when he found that Fremont had no positive orders to commence hostilities—as to whether he was justified in taking the place without instructions from his Government. He resigned the command of the fleet almost immediately to Captain Stockton on the plea of ill-health, and returned home. He succeeded in outmanœuvring the British fleet, but after that *coup* he seems to have lacked courage to incur responsibility. Fortunately for the United States, his hesitation did not entail the loss of California, which, at the conclusion of the Mexican war, was formally incorporated into the Republic; and the frontier that had so lately been traced upon the bed of the Missouri and the Mississippi was pushed forward to the Rio Grande and the Pacific.

The year 1846 is, with two exceptions, the most notable epoch in the history of the United States. While Zachary Taylor, under whom served two officers, Jefferson Davis and Robert Lee, who, eighteen years after, became the most conspicuous men of their age, was reducing Vera Cruz and the City of Mexico, Stockton and Fremont subdued California, whither, in a short time, the discovery of gold by a Swiss settler attracted the restless spirits of every nation, and brought the original Thirteen States*—which but seventy years previously had almost all of them been within the sound of

* Surely the wonderful prosperity of those Thirteen States and their progeny should have long ago discredited the superstition that the number is unlucky!

the Atlantic waves—into a commanding position upon the Pacific, while the peaceful acquisition of Oregon extended the shore-line as far north as Cape Flattery. Before 1846 the solitary undisputed possession of the United States on the Pacific was the coast included between the 42nd parallel and the Columbia River, and was separated from the Eastern and Central States by a wide expanse of country, known only to the Indians, and by two ranges of mountains. Now four lines of railway traversing settled districts link the Atlantic seaboard to the Pacific.

The life of Fremont, the virtual conqueror of California, is distinctly a stirring and picturesque life, such as falls to the lot of few Americans. His mother had been married at the age of seventeen to a man forty-five years her senior, from whom, after many years of misery, she was divorced by a special Act of the Legislature of Virginia. His father was her second husband, a French exile. At the age of nineteen he was expelled from Charleston College on account of an honourable but unfortunate affair of the heart. He spent two years and a half as naval instructor on board the United States' sloop *Natchez*, and on his return he was appointed assistant engineer in a railway surveying party. His capacity as an explorer, shown in two expeditions organised by the War Department, gained for him—although he had never graduated at West Point—a commission in the corps of Topographical Engineers. During the next few years, until the outbreak of the Mexican War diverted the current of his life, he was engaged in exploring the unknown country lying on either side of the Rockies. Now he was following the devout example of the pioneers of the 17th century, and engraving upon the granite face of some crag the figure of the Cross; now he was planting the flag of his country upon the highest

peak of the mountains, which still bears his name. At one moment he was fighting for his scalp and his life; at another he was sitting down at a lodge of friendly Indians to a banquet of stewed dog; and once, in Utah, he and his party were in such danger of perishing by starvation that each man took an oath against cannibalism.

While engaged in the subjugation of California he was a victim of the system of dual government which then existed in the newly annexed province. Both Commodore Stockton and General Kearney claimed to be the supreme authority; and Fremont, who adhered to the former, under whom he had placed himself after the departure of Commodore Sloat, became involved in a charge of mutinous conduct towards General Kearney. A duel between him and a certain Colonel Mason, arising out of the affair, was postponed once because his antagonist had chosen double-barrelled fowling-pieces as the weapons of the combat, and but one double-barrelled gun could be found in the country; and again by the peremptory orders of General Kearney. Fremont was sent under arrest to Washington, where he was tried for mutiny and disobedience. The feeling of military men was against him for his deference to a naval rather than a military commander, and he was found guilty on all the charges and sentenced to be dismissed the service, with a recommendation to the clemency of the President on account of the peculiar situation in which he was placed in California. Popular sentiment ran strongly in his favour. President Polk confirmed the finding, but remitted the sentence in consideration of Fremont's public services. However, he resigned his commission without delay, and resumed for a while his old occupation of explorer. When California was admitted to the Union, he fittingly became her representative in the

Senate, and a few years after he was nominated a candidate for the Presidency.

It might have been thought that an officer to whom his country owed a large area of exceedingly rich territory and a commanding position on the Pacific coast could not have outlived the gratitude and esteem of his fellow-citizens. Nations, however, are often no less forgetful of their benefactors than individuals, and shortly before Fremont's death in the summer of 1890, it was announced in a telegram from Washington in the London newspapers that "the Treasury officials have discovered that the United States have, since the year 1850, owed General John C. Fremont the sum of $21,000, and a warrant for that amount has been sent to him. His surprise was so great at this unexpected windfall that he fell fainting on the floor. General Fremont had been living almost in poverty for many years past."

Vancouver, the western terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railway, is on Burrard's Inlet, a creek of the Gulf of Georgia, which is not a gulf but a sound separating the island of Vancouver from the mainland. The voyage from the city of Vancouver on the mainland to Victoria on the island of Vancouver occupies six hours. As the steamer paddles down the inlet, the conical form of Mount Baker, almost entirely covered with snow, is seen right astern, and continues in sight throughout the passage of sixty miles. Other snow-clad peaks of the Cascade Range rise behind the blue-grey hills near the shore, and towards the south the stately forms of the Olympic Range in Oregon loom, nearly ninety miles distant.

After crossing the sound, the steamer's course passes close to the island of San Juan—the stakes lost by Great Britain in her latest contest with American diplomacy—

and is threaded through the wooded islands and islets lying off the eastern shore of Vancouver. A large segment of the horizon is obscured by the smoke of forest fires which also settles in the creeks and sounds, and drifts lazily to leeward over the water, often entirely hiding the numerous rocks; and a pillar of smoke, or even a mass of flame, is seen in almost every island. Although the smoke destroys the beauty of the scene —a calm sound, studded with densely wooded islands, and overlooked on two sides by lofty ranges—it nevertheless produces some very curious effects of colour where it mingles with the mountain clouds and receives the rays of the setting sun under the clear blue vault of the heavens above.

The city of Victoria, the capital of British Columbia, is well situated on the south-eastern extremity of Vancouver Island, where the Straits of San Juan de Fuca join the Gulf of Georgia, opposite to the mouth of Puget Sound, which runs for some distance into Oregon. Here the Straits are about twenty miles in width, and from the further shore rise the massive forms of the Olympic Range, which poise themselves in all their grandeur above the middle belt of water. If the Pyrenees or the Alps could be removed from their own place and built up again upon the French shore of the Straits of Dover, and could be seen from the Lees at Folkestone or the low coast of Romney Marsh as they towered over the Channel, some idea of the stately appearance of the Oregon mountains would be obtained.

Victoria is a cheerful if not a very beautiful place. An English air pervades the streets; the people, though busy, are not in a hurry; and the houses, though built of wood, are tidy and comfortable. Like Winnipeg, it appears to live by electricity; it is lit by the electric light, and, though it has not ten thousand inhabitants, the poles

in the chief thoroughfare support as many wires as there are in the Broadway of New York. Many of the duties of domestic service are performed by Chinese, who, on the Pacific coast, are imported to supply the lack of labour. As in all new countries where land is cheap, the city occupies a large area for its population, the majority of the houses, except in the business quarter, being surrounded by gardens. An Indian reserve adjoining the Chinese quarter brings the two most dissimilar races of mankind into companionship.

Two peculiarities are at once noticed in Victoria. One is that the women's fashions, as might be expected in an island of the Pacific six thousand miles from Paris, are, save in a very few cases, several years in arrear; the other is the custom of placing outside the shops slates on which orders may be written. Even the services of a physician may be bespoken in this primitive manner.

The head-quarters of the British fleet in the Pacific are at Esquimalt, a land-locked harbour three miles from Victoria, from which it is reached by a good though dusty road, through woods of pine, cedar, and flowering shrubs. Cattle with bells on their necks are seen feeding by the wayside, and the only habitations are two or three of the public-houses which flourish so exceedingly in the neighbourhood of a British naval station. Esquimalt—the word is commonly pronounced almost as a monosyllable, thus "'Squim'lt"—is a small haven, accessible from the Straits of San Juan; and since the opening of the Canadian Pacific Railway its strategic importance has greatly increased. It is connected by railway with the Vancouver collieries at Nanaimo, which supply the Pacific coast with coal.

A railway, starting from Puget Sound, and traversing the scene of Fremont's wanderings in Oregon, joins the shores of the Straits of San Juan to the Bay of San

Francisco; but the trains are slow and the journey is tedious, and the majority of travellers will prefer a voyage of sixty hours along the Pacific coast to a land journey of but slightly less duration and involving a larger share of discomforts.

The steamers running under the flag of the United States from Puget Sound to San Francisco are comfortable and of moderate size and speed. The course for the first six hours after leaving Victoria is in the fairway of the Straits. The noble Olympic Range gradually subsides into wooded hills in the direction of the mouth, and the scenery loses its sublimity and grandeur. The steamer rounds the lighthouse on Cape Flattery, standing on a rocky ledge at the extreme north-west corner of the United States, and ambles easily before the fresh north-west trade wind on a due south course along the coast of Oregon, which, though never very far distant, is usually obscured by the mist. The voyage is uneventful. Hardly a ship is seen, and probably the only incident will be the sight of a whale spouting; a puff of spray suddenly rises from the water, resembling the column sent up by a shot striking the surface. If the harbour of San Francisco is entered at night, the constellations of the electric and other lights dotted over the low hills on which the city is built make a very beautiful display. The conditions of existence in some of the newer States of the Union are brought vividly to the notice of a European traveller when he observes that the first inquiry made by a passenger of a friend whom he has recognised on the wharf is whether any more Chinamen have been lately lynched in the Pacific States. The hasty methods of lynch-law, which for a long time was the only authority feared by the early settlers in California, are now put in force chiefly against Chinamen and negroes.

Little more than half a century has elapsed since the first house was built on the site of San Francisco, which is now one of the most important cities in the world, yet which, in spite of its superb position on a commodious haven, might never have attained its present magnitude if its development had not been artificially stimulated by the discovery of gold in the valley of the Sacramento. It is built upon the landward side of the southernmost of two tongues of land which jut out from the coast and enclose a loch having two arms. The tongue, in its original condition, was mainly composed of barren hills of loose sand intersected by ravines and gulches; but these have been filled up and adjusted to a more uniform level, and the city stands for the most part upon a gently undulating surface. It occupies at present about half the width of the tongue, and the sand-hills lying between it and the Pacific shore show what was the appearance of the whole promontory fifty years ago. Soon, however, the firs and gum-trees which have been planted on the dunes will convert them into a pleasing range of green life. The northern side of the Golden Gate—as the entrance to the harbour is called—is formed by precipitous and rocky hills of that pale chocolate or lilac colour so often seen in Sicily and the South of Italy. In California the four seasons prevailing in most parts of the world are reduced to two—the wet and the dry. During the latter season the wind blows continually from the north-west, freshly in the day-time, but sinking to a calm at night; and the haze which it brings with it from the ocean dims the colouring and obscures the more distant details of the beautiful scenery of the harbour.

The city and the transformed sand-spit on which it stands are interesting rather than attractive to a traveller. Some of the streets are wide and lined by handsome

houses, and all the more important thoroughfares are served by lines of cars drawn by an underground cable, which drags them at an even speed over all inequalities of the ground. In the eastern quarter all the side-walks are paved. The two largest hotels are the finest in America, and, when the comforts which they offer are taken into consideration, the most inexpensive; but their colossal dimensions raise misgivings in a country subject to earthquakes. Some of the private houses, in the suburbs, though built of wood and very elaborately decorated, are handsome structures. The extent to which individual liberty of action is carried in America is manifested in the bonfires and fireworks that blaze upon occasion in Market Street; and the owner of a telescope obstructs the foot traffic and earns a competence by setting up the instrument on the side-walk and charging ten cents for a peep at a planet. Though the wharves are crowded with shipping, only a few large steamers such as would be found in an Atlantic port are seen, the foreign trade being chiefly carried in the finest sailing vessels in the world. Opposite to San Francisco, on the shallow mainland shore, is the city of Oakland, the terminus of the continental lines. The trains run to the head of two long piers, which stand in water sufficiently deep to allow the ferry-boats to come up to the cradles. The jetties are more than two miles in length, and reduce the water transit between San Francisco and its continental suburb to three miles.

The most attractive spots in the neighbourhood of San Francisco are the Golden Gate Park, the Presidio, and the Cliff House, all lying between the city and the Pacific. The first does infinite credit to the Californians. What was originally a stretch of low sand-hills has been converted into a very beautiful garden in the midst of newly made park-lands covered with



SEAL ROCKS AT THE GOLDEN GATE.

trees and shrubs. Not far off is the Presidio, a name in which the old Roman military term *Presidium* appropriately survives, as it is the headquarters on the Pacific coast of the United States' Army. Like West Point on the Hudson, it is an oasis in the desert. The grounds are kept in perfect order; the paths and roads are smooth and tidy; the barracks are neat buildings, and the officers' quarters are charming cottages covered with roses and other climbing plants, and standing in the midst of lawns and gardens gleaming with geraniums and fuchsias. The Cliff House is an hotel overlooking the sands near the entrance to the Golden Gate, and is as quiet and solitary as it is possible to be in the neighbourhood of a great American city. Close to the shore is a rock covered with seals, who here have a sanctuary established by law, and proclaim their immunity by grunting incessantly as they bask idly in the sun just out of reach of the gentle waves of the Pacific.

CHAPTER IX.

OBSERVATIONS UNDER THE HAWAIIAN FLAG.

GREAT BRITAIN, France, and the United States, having mutually agreed neither to annex nor establish a protectorate over the Sandwich Islands, the Hawaiians, in grateful acknowledgment of those nations' forbearance in not taking what did not belong to them, adopted as the national flag an ensign combining the Union Jack, the Tricolor, and the Stars and Stripes in one piece of bunting, which is one of the handsomest that ever drooped from a staff. Only American-built vessels are allowed to be registered under the American flag, and therefore, though the steamer *Australia* of 3,000 tons is officered and manned by Americans, and is owned by citizens of San Francisco, and plies thence to Honolulu, the fact of her having glided from a slip on the Clyde precludes her wearing the Stars and Stripes, and obliges her to take refuge under the ensign of a little, half-civilised kingdom in the Pacific, whose merchant navy a few generations ago was composed of outrigged canoes. When Captain Cook landed at Oahu he estimated that the inhabitants of the Sandwich Islands, who then wore no clothing except a girdle of matting, numbered more than a quarter of a million. A century has passed, the matting has been discarded in favour of European clothes, and the population has dwindled below a

hundred thousand. These survivors enjoy the blessings of popular government; their Army is a force of sixty men, and their Navy is a steamer that once was employed in carrying stone on the river Tay.

It does not very often happen that San Francisco is visited by royalty, and when on a certain July afternoon the report spread through the city that Queen Kapiolani of the Sandwich Islands had arrived, and would spend a night in the Palace Hotel before embarking in the *Australia* for Honolulu, the sensation of the previous week, namely the lynching of a Chinaman in Colusa County, was eclipsed. Next day the citizens flocked to the wharf where the steamer was lying, and her spar-deck was soon packed with Republicans eager to set their eyes upon a Queen; nor did they forget to observe the charming American custom of offering flowers to the departing traveller. One table in the saloon was covered with wreaths and bouquets, and a floral arch bore the legend ALOHA. This is a word of indefinite signification in the musical language of Hawaii. It may be used to express the sentiment "I love you," as well as the compliment "You pretty thing," or the parting wish "Farewell." Many other vague and romantic ideas are contained in it, and it might be introduced with advantage into other languages.

A fresh breeze was blowing as the *Australia* passed through the Golden Gate, but it had almost died away when the Farallone Islands, which lie within sight of the shore, were abeam. The voyage was calm and pleasant. The attendants of the Queen, most of them bearing titles of State, clustered round their Sovereign like the personages of a comic opera. In the evenings there was music on deck, and the Hawaiians played their guitars and sang native ballads and English songs with taste and skill. The pole-star sank lower and lower

towards the northern horizon, and every night new constellations rose out of the sea. Flying fish darted out of the water, and skimmed over the tiny waves like white fairies at play, and the sea was often so smooth that the images of the goonies flying round were reflected on the surface. Even when the nearest land was more than a thousand miles distant, the sea-birds were still following the ship, and how they were able to support their existence so far from the shore, with no place whereon to take their rest except the heaving waters, was a question which no one could answer. The Pacific appeared to differ greatly from the indigo blue of the Atlantic and the purple of the Mediterranean, for in colour it resembled a lovely and translucent gem of violet hue.

The *Australia*, ambling easily over the little waves at the rate of three hundred miles a day, accomplished her voyage in less than a week, and on the seventh morning the island of Molokai, half hidden by clouds, was sighted on the port beam, and soon after Oahu appeared right ahead. Though the channel between the islands is thirty miles wide, Kamehameha the Great, a monarch who has been styled the Napoleon of the Pacific, transported across it in war canoes at the beginning of this century an army which, as far as its numbers went, would even in these days be considered a useful addition to the military forces of a European Power. An idea of the magnitude and difficulty of the operation may be obtained by supposing an army corps, destined for the invasion of France, to have been conveyed across the British Channel in such boats as are found on the shore at Deal, Dover, and Folkestone.

As the ship neared the southern promontory of Oahu, the island on which Honolulu, the capital, is situated, a green fringe of trees gradually formed upon the shore.

A range of serrated hills runs towards the north, and ridges are thrown out on each side down to the sea. The westward ridges are green, and pleasant to the eye, as the eastern trade winds form clouds on the watershed which discharge the moisture they have stolen from the Pacific on to the western slopes. When the *Australia* had rounded Diamond Point, a headland formed by the crater of an extinct volcano, it was evident that she had entered the tropics, for a grove of cocoanuts was growing on the terrace at the foot of the hills, and the belt of calm, sapphire water encircling the shore was enclosed by a reef. The Hawaiian Navy approached the ship, and the pilot came on board to conduct her through the gap in the coral which forms the entrance to the harbour of Honolulu. The Queen, having bestowed a Hawaiian decoration upon the captain of the *Australia*, went over the side into her own vessel and landed in state, while H.B.M.S. *Conquest* and an American sloop manned yards and fired a royal salute. Some of her subjects remarked that she had adopted the European fashion of wearing stays, and the curtain fell amid thunders of applause upon the last act of the comic opera of Kapiolani.

Meanwhile the *Australia*, with her humbler residue of mere subjects and citizens, steamed slowly to the wharf, and befouled the clear water with the mud churned up by her screw. The landing-stage was packed with natives who had flocked to see the wonderful sight, just as the natives of Folkestone and Dover flock to the piers when the French steamer is due. Human nature appears to be cast in much the same mould all the world over, and that which agreeably occupies the idle moments of the maid or matron of Kent is no less diverting to her dark sister of the Pacific. The quay glowed with the voluminous forms of women adorned with *leis* or wreaths

round their necks, and dressed in bright cottons, cut after the fashion of a night-gown; and half the men of Honolulu were there to take care of them.

There are not many pleasures which can be compared to the delight of seeing the tropics for the first time. Everything seems so strange and beautiful. The sky is clear; the sun shines in earnest all the day long, and throws the shadows of unknown foliage on to the way. There is nothing dowdy or dingy in the scene. Rich colours abound on the shore and the hill, and a calm blue ocean lies beneath the azure heavens. The trees are covered with flowers; clusters of golden fruit hang from the graceful branches; aromatic shrubs scent the air; dragon-flies, looking as though they were clothed in scales of some bright metallic ore, dart in and out among the boughs. It seems like fairyland to the traveller from the sombre skies and neutral colours of the temperate zones. After a brief interval of twilight, the serene night comes; the breeze dies away, and all is still except the crickets and the katydids, and the gum-trees rustling their leaves with the sound of a rivulet rippling over the stones. Even the stars are changed, for they shine without twinkling, as though to show that they, like the lovely world beneath, are at rest.

Honolulu stands by the sea-shore, upon a narrow plain at the foot of the hills, which give it a background of dark green ridges and ravines. Near the wharves are a few regularly built streets, but the greater part of the city is composed of detached houses and cottages surrounded by gardens, and it therefore occupies a wider area than many European towns of three or four times the population. The roads and side-walks are in better order than those of New York, and stepping-stones are placed at the crossings—an accommodation which was provided in the streets of Pompeii two thousand years



WAIKIKI.

ago. The network of telephone wires and the electric lamps indicate the prevalence of American resources of civilisation, while the teams of draught oxen recall the primitive methods of bucolic Europe. The shops are expensive, but fairly good considering that they are distant some thousands of miles from the base of their supplies. The large number of hackney carriages plying in the streets betray the disinclination of the Hawaiians to use their legs for locomotion. The roads are dusty by nature, but they are assiduously watered and kept tolerably clean. Honolulu supports three daily papers, which, owing to the circumstance that the Sandwich Islands are not yet connected by telegraph with the rest of the world, are always in distress for news, except on the day after the arrival of the mails from Auckland, Yokohama, or San Francisco. In the meantime the columns are filled with extracts from American and English journals. The harbour is small, but busy; several American schooners or ships are usually moored to the wharves; every day one or more of the steamers trading between the islands enter or leave it: while, at longer intervals, large mail steamers on their way to or from China or Australia spend a few hours in the port. An excellent band that would do credit to Vienna plays every day in the public places, and no European orchestra indulges in shorter pauses between the pieces.

But the chief attraction of Honolulu to a European eye is its trees. Mangoes grow at the corners of the streets, and every garden is shaded by tropical foliage. The Acacia is found in many varieties—the golden Mohur, with its rich green leaves and brilliant red flowers, a sight worth crossing many miles of turbulent ocean to see; the Monkey Pod, with its lilac blossoms and sensitive leaves, which close upon one another at nightfall; the Tamarind,

with its pods filled with subacid fruit; the Algaroba, with its rope-like yellow flowers. The handsome Royal Palm waves its broad leaves over a grey stem marked with rings; the Fan Palm and the Traveller's Palm—which yields a stream of pure water if an incision be made in the bark—intercept the rays of the sun. Everywhere half-ripe dates are lying on the ground; bamboos adorn green lawns; the Papaia, another variety of palm, with the leaves of a fig-tree and the flowers of a jasmine, is not uncommon; and within a stone's throw of a busy street, limes, alligator pears, bread-fruit, cocoanuts, mangoes, bananas, and pomegranates may be plucked. Pepper trees, Norfolk pines, and banyans with branches falling to the earth and taking root anew, stand among the palms, and the most common shrub in the gardens is the croton. Nor are flowers wanting. More hybiscus can be picked in a few minutes than all the conservatories of an English county could produce; creepers with white flowers cover the garden fences; oleanders, alamandas, and the purple leaves of the bourgainvillea which are flowers in appearance, grow as plentifully as hawthorn in a hedge.

At the back of the city is the crater of an extinct volcano, to which the characteristically British name of Punch Bowl has been given. It is reached by an easy climb of half an hour, and the slight exertion is amply repaid by the view, and the cool breeze constantly blowing at the summit. At the foot of the hill is a green plain, with the tops of the trees rising to a uniform height above it, and forming, as it were, a carpet to it, out of which a few only of the buildings emerge; for Honolulu is a city in a forest, and the houses, none of them being of great elevation, are almost completely hidden by the foliage. Towards the south lie the water meadows near the shore, and groves of cocoanuts in the

distance. The hills of the western district of Oahu are seen faintly across an intervening arm of the sea, and a white streak of surf shows the position of the coral reefs, and encloses the island in a silver girdle of foam. A disused battery of dismounted guns overlooks the city from the brink of the crater. In the rear the volcanic ridges ascend gradually to the summit-line of the mountain chain which traverses the island, and their green slopes show the abundance of the rain that falls upon the heights. But it rarely happens that a shower lays the dust in Honolulu, for the clouds formed on the water-shed by the eastern trade winds are usually dissolved before they reach the zenith of the city. The clear air, the rich colouring by land and sea, the absence of all sombre and wintry hues, make the picture unrolled beneath the dumb crater very pleasing to the eye.

A few miles from Honolulu lies the sea-side village of Waikiki. The road emerges from the city in an avenue of villas, surrounded by very beautiful gardens, on to a green plain, across which the hills send their tributary streams to the belt of clear water inside the coral reefs, and which is bounded by the brown and scarred slopes of another extinct volcano, known by the name of Diamond Head. A grove of cocoanuts, standing at the base of the cone, is a conspicuous feature in the landscape. After leaving the suburb, the road traverses the irrigated fields where the bananas are grown which supply America and Australia with fruit. Bamboos and other tropical trees overhang it; the handsome castor-oil plant flourishes in the waste places at the side; and the pools formed by the water channels are bright with red lilies and gold-fish. The village of Waikiki stands on a common separated from the sea by a row of cottages and a belt of cocoanuts. On the strand purple flowers

grow almost to the water's edge; the little crabs scuttle in and out of their sandy haunts; and within the coral breakwater, which robs the waves of half their mischief, the native outrigged canoes, dug out of a single trunk, pass to and fro.

CHAPTER X.

A VOYAGE ON THE SOUTH PACIFIC.

August 6th.—At sea: Lat. 17° 27′ N., Long. 159° 16′ W. The *Mariposa* reached Honolulu yesterday morning from San Francisco, and was advertised to leave for New Zealand at 4 p.m., but at that hour many tons of coal had still to be stowed away in the bunkers, and it was nearly sunset before we were steaming out to sea. The delay caused great satisfaction to the dense mass of Hawaiians on the wharf, and it would be churlish to grudge them a prolongation of their simple pleasures. The *Mariposa* is a tolerably comfortable American steamer of about 3,000 tons, capable of doing her fifteen knots an hour without much difficulty.

Many of the passengers of the *Australia* are on board, including some young men who have lately graduated at Oxford. They are full of high spirits, and spend most of their time in throwing things at each other. They sprawl over the deck, break the chairs, talk slang, wrestle and bear-fight in a playful way, and get up early and lounge around in scanty apparel. In their spare moments they play a feeble kind of cricket, and feel aggrieved if the American contingent occupy the quarter-deck with the equally feeble game of shuffleboard. This morning they put two fire-axes in the General's berth. They are good fellows of the egotistical type, with an irrepressible prejudice against everything that is not British.

August 8th.—Lat. 6° 49′ N., Long. 162° 44′ W. The Australian and New Zealand newspapers, which the *Zealandia* brought to Honolulu for the use of the *Mariposa*, are a welcome change after the shrieking sheets of the States. It is quite a relief to see a column of intelligence not disfigured by interpolated headings in violent language wrenched from the context, and to find a comparative freedom from personalities. Some of the American journals make one regret the invention of printing. We greatly miss the musical Hawaiians of the *Australia;* none of the *Mariposa's* passengers are musical, and the evenings, which last from six o'clock when dinner is over, until eleven when the electric light is extinguished, are broken only by a school-treat affair of tea and cake at eight, and are very long and tedious.

How pleasant it is when voyaging on a lonely ocean to hear the sound of a voice that recalls the far-away shores of Albion! When one of the female passengers in the saloon asked for "'oney," and spoke of "honions" and the "'ealth hofficer," tears welled up into many eyes.

August 9th.—Lat. 1° 56′ N., Long. 164° 8′ W. At nine in the evening we crossed the Line. The barbarous ceremonies customary on board British ships upon the occasion are not observed on board the American *Mariposa*, and the day passed away almost without incident. There was a fog for half-an-hour or so in the forenoon, and the steam whistle was blown once or twice, though it is very unlikely that there is a ship within several hundred miles of us. After sunset the Southern Cross came in sight, a little on the starboard bow. It should have been visible before, but hitherto the southern horizon has been clouded in the evening. The constellation is disappointing: it is not a very

distinct feature in the sky, and the outline of the four stars suggests a kite rather than a cross.

August 12th. Lat. 13° 31′ S., Long. 170° 20′ W. The Southern Pacific appears on the chart to be so thickly studded with islands that it would seem that a ship could not sail for half a day without sighting some of them, yet the first land seen by Magellan on his voyage from Cape Horn across Polynesia was the Philippine Islands in the China Sea, though he must have passed through more than one of the clusters. On the voyage between Honolulu and Auckland the only land usually seen is Tutuila, an outlying island of the Samoan group. We sighted it at mid-day, and at 4 p.m., when the island was close abeam, the *Mariposa's* engines were stopped, in order to transfer a few mail bags to a German cutter which was waiting to take them to Samoa, sixty miles away.

The green slopes of Tutuila, rising to a central table-land, contrast pleasantly with the monotonous waves we have been ploughing for a week, and seem so tantalising to us, whose only exercise has been pacing up and down the deck. An hour's ramble along the gleaming sands, or a climb up the hillside, would have been a delightful episode; but there was no time to go on shore, much as we longed for it. A few canoes, full of natives of both sexes, came off to the ship. They are handsome and intelligent, and are well aware of the value of the dollar. The race of simple-minded savages, ready to part with half their possessions for a handful of beads or toys, is almost extinct. Some of the men clambered up the side, and offered war-clubs, said to be made in Berlin, for sale; while others swam round the ship and dived for coins. They wear little clothing, but appear to take particular care of their hair, which they tone down to a dull chestnut colour with a dressing of lime, and plaster with clay

When the screw began to revolve and the canoes fell astern, the men on deck threw the unsold clubs into the water, and quickly jumped over the side after them, and joined the shoal who were sporting in the little waves. Hardly a breath of wind was stirring as we lay off the island, and the rays of the sun beat fiercely down upon the deck; but as soon as the *Mariposa* reached the open sea we met the south-east trade wind, and, for the first time since leaving the Sandwich Islands, felt comfortably cool.

August 13th.—Lat. 18° 24′ S., Long. 172° 24′ W. The ladies played cricket, and the men played with the baby. She is a wan, quiet thing, and seems already weary of life. She will lie for hours on her pillow, hardly moving, except to lift her little hand in the air. Her beautiful eyes open in dreamy wonder at the waves, and she appears to be glad when the sun falls upon her. She watches the sea, and the people as they pass by on the deck, but she never cries; she turns instinctively to the light, and sometimes a faint expression of mute pleasure comes over her pale face. She recognises her new friends, and takes hold of their hands gently with her feeble fingers, but her touch is hardly felt. Poor, sweet wee thing!

August 17th.—Lat. 32° 12′ S., Long. 178° 47′ E. Though yesterday was the 15th, to-day is the 17th. A whole day was thrown overboard as we crossed the 180th meridian. Some vessel bound to the east will pick it up, so it will not be lost to Time. The loss of a day is not to be regretted. Most of us would have done foolish things; and at least we should have eaten more than is good for us. There are many critical periods when it would be very convenient to obliterate a day from the calendar, as Captain Hayward of the *Mariposa* has done with a stroke of his pen.

In this region of the south we seem to have escaped beyond the reach of Time. Let one of the many islands that are threaded on to the 180th meridian be chosen as a place of refuge for those who rebel against his tyranny, where the almanack could be manipulated at will by stepping across the line of extreme longitude. Thus, any date that was *de trop* could be cancelled by a stroll before breakfast. No one need have a birthday, and all inconvenient anniversaries would disappear.

At noon we were 344 miles distant from Auckland, N.Z. The voyage has been pleasant; the Pacific has maintained the reputation of its name; and the passengers have improved upon acquaintance. The stewards are uncouth, and the cooking is bad, but things might be worse. To-morrow, if all is well, we shall be in Australasia. All the news that has been pent up during the last few weeks will be let loose upon us. In twenty-four hours we shall be in telegraphic and postal communication with the rest of the world—a prospect which is not altogether alluring to some of us who have been sailing for a month across the calm waters of the Pacific.

August 18th.—A bright, fresh morning, and the sea whitened by a brisk breeze from the south-east. The shapes of the outlying islands were visible on the horizon before breakfast, and the violet tint of the water gradually changed into a green slate colour. At ten we were steaming into the Gulf of Hauraki, abreast of Great Barrier Island, a hilly, volcanic mass, showing no signs either of cultivation or of habitation. Its northern extremity is curiously broken off into pinnacles, springing abruptly out of the sea; and the hillocks and rough ground upon the sides produce very pretty effects of light and shade. Midway in the entrance to the Gulf is the Little Barrier, a regularly shaped island having low cliffs on either side, which rise by gentle slopes to a central rugged ridge.

The Gulf, at the head of which stands the city of Auckland, is fifty miles in length, and is land-locked on three sides. The mainland appears to be generally flat, except where the craters of extinct volcanoes lift their heads above the normal level; and as this is the middle of winter, the colouring is sombre.

At 2.30 p.m. we were abreast of Rangitoto, a wide, low island, resembling a shield both in plan and in outline, for it is quite symmetrically shaped, and the boss is formed by a volcanic cone in the centre. A four-sailed windmill of English design, standing on the hill behind the city, is the first object that strikes the eye on entering Auckland harbour.

A slight examination of our hand baggage only, comprised the whole of the initiatory rite at the Custom House, and with very little delay a crowd of travellers, who had been cooped in enforced inaction within an area of 300 feet by 40, found themselves roaming at large upon a spacious island; and never before did it seem such a luxury to climb a steep hill! Not only did the Northern Club extend its hospitality to some of the *Mariposa's* passengers, but also telegraphed their names on to the club at Napier, in order that they might have a *pied-à-terre* on their arrival in Hawke's Bay. It was very pleasant to sit down once more to a well-cooked dinner, in the company of English gentlemen, after a fortnight's experience of the experiments of the *Mariposa's* cook, in the society of nondescript travellers, and Americans who ate water-melons by the chunk and talked perpetually of dollars.

The weather is bright but cool, and though but a few days have elapsed since we crossed the Line, a blazing fire in the club smoking-room was acceptable. A farewell visit to the *Mariposa*—which sailed for Sydney at 10 p.m. —to say farewell to such of our late fellow-passengers

who are good-looking or agreeable—brought the first day in New Zealand to a close. A very cursory examination makes out Auckland to be a soberly prosperous and comfortable place, devoid of the rush and bustle of an homologous American city, with which, in its cleanliness, order, and good general appearance, it favourably contrasts; and the English look of the inhabitants is so striking that it is difficult not to rush up to them at once, and shake hands with them all as old friends!

August 19th.—If it is not rash to generalise from a single instance, the trains on the New Zealand railways are the slowest in the world. The distance between Auckland and Oxford is about 140 miles, yet the train to-day spent more than eight hours in covering them. Even a Welsh train could give the 8 a.m. from Auckland a start of two hours and a beating over the same course. The stations, however, are neat buildings, and the line is fenced in. For some miles after leaving Auckland the railway traverses a country which only differs in appearance from many parts of the North of England, Anglesey, and Pembrokeshire in the volcanic cones which are frequently a conspicuous feature of the landscape. The fields and pastures are neatly separated by stone walls, and the yellow blossoms of the furze give colour to the scene. There is a scarcity of plants of larger growth, the *Pinus insignis* and the tree-fern being the only growths larger than a shrub. Further towards the south the country assumes a character of its own. The low, undulating hills are covered with fern scrub and ti-shrub, out of which cabbage trees, a plant resembling a palm, rear their heads here and there. Blue mountains appear in the distance, and the Waikato River meanders slowly over a plain in which few signs of cultivation are seen. At almost every station a Maori

woman is loafing about, smoking a briar-root pipe—not a lovely sight. Oxford, where the railway across the North Island at present terminates, is a solitary settlement of a few wooden houses in the midst of the scrub. A greater contrast to the English city of that name could not be found.

The evening was cool and fine, and a stroll through the dense undergrowth of withered ferns was very delightful after a day spent in a sauntering train. Hardly a breath of air was stirring as the sun went down and enriched the brown hues of the surrounding hills with his red light.

August 20th.—The habit of early rising is one of the most demoralising forms of dissipation. It encourages selfishness, egotism, and pride. The early riser is insufferable. He is always reminding his friends of his performance, and is as proud of having seen the sun appear in the east as a cat is of her first kittens. He has no respect for the feelings of those who do not care to get up before the world is well aired, but whistles, sings, and makes a noise with his bath and his boots on purpose to disturb them. He inhales with the morning breeze an arrogant and provoking air of superiority, and pretends to domineer over the world on the strength of a restless disposition which prevents him taking his rest at customary hours.

Still, there are occasions when early rising, like homicide, is excusable—as, for example, when a traveller has before him a journey by road of two hundred miles, and when the coach leaves Oxford at 7 a.m. for the hot springs of Rotorua, thirty-five miles distant. The morning was so fine, bracing, and frosty, that the loss of a few hours of repose did not matter for once in a way, especially as the goal of the day's journey was the most wonderful district of New Zealand. For about fifteen

miles the road runs through a plain covered with ti-tree scrub, ferns, and cabbage trees, and dotted over with hillocks and mounds. The level country is then left behind, and the track, having passed through a solitary station and a grove of red pine and *totara*, is carried along the side of a ravine, where the song of the linnet is sometimes heard, into the bush, through which it wriggles for many a long mile. On either hand the tall trunks of forest trees, unknown in Europe, overhang the rough way, rare ferns are seen growing on the slopes and shallow cuttings, and the solitude is unbroken by any living creature.

Strange forms of life and death occur—such as the vine which clasps the red pine and kills it with its embrace, and becomes a tree itself, while still holding the dead trunk in its embrace; or the caterpillar, which feeds on a fungus until it is gorged and dies, when a plant sprouts from it, and a twig is seen growing from its mouth. At last there is a break in the trees, and Lake Rotorua and the Island of Mokoia appear in the distance, and on the further shore a column of steam rising out of a hot spring. The water of the lake has the colour of diluted milk, owing to the quantity of white dust which fell into it a year ago, at the time of the eruption of Tarawera; and the volcano, with a little steam issuing from it, is visible to the south-east in the midst of hills covered with grey mud. The road turns toward the south, and after a few miles of scrub, the pillars of vapour ascending from the geysers of Ohine-mutu and Whakarewarewa came into view across the plain along the shore, and we entered the enchanted town of Rotorua, where many columns of steam float upwards from gardens and waste places; where the rills by the roadside are smoking; where caldrons of mud are seething by the lake shore, and all kinds of chemical

fumes are exhaled from crevices in the paths and holes in the banks.

Ohinemutu is a Maori village, built upon a neck of land jutting out into the lake. Some years ago the land sunk several feet, and now many of the trees are standing in the water. The township of Rotorua is the European settlement surrounding the native village. It is a pretty place in the midst of fine scenery, somewhat spoilt by the prim thermal sanatory establishment which the Colonial Government has set down in the plain between the hills and the lake. Whakarewarewa is another native village a short distance inland. It stands on the banks of a little river in the midst of geysers and hot springs. Boiling waters burst out of the earth and coat the stones with mineral deposits; fragments, stratified in layers of red and white, of sedimentary rocks that have been ejected from the bowels of the earth, lie in beds of moss; in the densest part of the ti-tree scrub are open basins, with miniature volcanoes and craters throwing up hot liquid mud; from the mouths of caverns, hidden by flowers and ferns, issues the smoke generated in that internal furnace concealed somewhere beneath green growths which the subterranean heat makes so luxuriant; the exposed sands of the river are heated and fuming, while the shallow water near the shore effervesces with gas bubbles, and white stems of vapour rise slowly through the calm air to the blue sky above. The commonplace closely attends the sublime in every quarter of the globe; and here, in the very heart of the most wonderful region of New Zealand, families of Maoris are publicly soaking themselves in the mud caldrons while their food is being boiled in an adjoining hot spring.

Since the destruction of the pink and white terraces by the eruption of the long dormant Tarawera in June,

1886, Rotorua has lost its chief attraction. Whether the terraces are still existent is doubtful, but, at all events, they are covered by thirty feet or more of mud. It is uncertain in what form this mud fell. It is probable that the volcano ejected enormous quantities of dust, and that the vapour generated when the earthquake cleft the bed of Lake Rotomahana and dropped its waters into the abysmal furnace, precipitated the dust in the form of mud on to the mountains and valleys.

The whole district is covered with a grey blanket, out of which no green thing has yet emerged. Some portions of the hillsides have been already scored by the rains into channels and ravines. At Oahu, in the Sandwich Islands, the same formation may be seen, but there a much longer period has elapsed since the ordinary forces of nature began to work upon volcanic ruin.

August 22nd.—Another day of early rising, for it was necessary to start at seven in order to reach Wairakei, threescore miles distant by a rough and lonely road, before sunset. The first part of the journey is through a broken, desolate country, covered with ti-tree, ferns, and an occasional patch of iris. Square rocks are perched like castles on the hills; cliffs and palisades shut out the view, and in one place a row of dolomites stands near the track. The bones of horses and sheep lie by the roadside, but of human life there is hardly any sign.

After many long miles, the scene suddenly changes into an alluvial plain enclosed by hills, on which are marked the terraces of prehistoric lakes and rivers. No more delightful spot for a halt on a long journey than Ateamure could be desired. It lies about midway between Ohinemutu and Wairakei, where the road crosses a gorge of the Waikato on a wooden bridge. An open space in the ti-tree scrub opposite a bluff on the further

shore was chosen as our luncheon hall. The river rushed by at our feet, and the lark sang overhead. It was a wild scene. Rocks that had been brought down in the course of ages from the distant mountains were strewn thickly upon the banks; a hundred yards lower down a waterfall was roaring; and Pohaturoa, a steep, pyramidal hill, formerly the fortress of a Maori tribe, only accessible by a narrow path on one side, loomed over all.

Never did one hour pass so pleasantly and so quickly; and once more we were on the road, climbing into the table-land in the heart of the North Island. Mountains rose in the distance on all sides, and Tongariro and Ruapehu, the former an occasionally active, the latter an extinct volcano, were faintly visible in the south. When we had jolted over fifty miles of road from Ohinemutu we left the highway, and followed a still rougher bush track which leads to Wairakei, where, within an area of a few acres, all the varieties of volcanic hydraulics and pneumatics are contained. A swim in a natural hot sulphur bath on the Kiriohinekai creek repaid all the fatigue of the road, and soon we were smoking before a wood fire in a Maori *whare*, a little cottage built of bulrushes and thatched with grass, surrounded by beds of violets, and within reach of the murmur of the hot springs.

August 23rd.—Lake Taupo, the next stage in the overland journey, being only seven miles distant from Wairakei, it was possible to take things easily this morning; and, after breakfast at a reasonable hour, we strolled quietly up to the glen of geysers, which is, in fact, an exhibition of natural machinery in motion and of natural products in course of manufacture. In huge goblets on a ledge of the hillside a liquid resembling paint is boiling; in one of the bowls it is blue, in another pink, perfectly uniform in colour and consistency; close

by Tuhuatahi, a geyser of the clearest and purest water sends up a pillar of snow-white steam to the sky. The basin is lined with a coral-like, silicious deposit. Within a short distance, and half hidden by a natural ledge of rock, is Terekereke, the black spring which is as capricious as a woman, and which, at irregular intervals, throws up a jet of boiling water. Nga Mahanga, or the Twins, is a basin divided into two portions by a mass in the shape of a sponge, which, every few minutes, shoots up a body of water to the height of ten feet or more. Another fountain, termed the "Donkey Engine," discharges its stream with a reverberating thud, due probably to the sudden choking of the water in an internal chamber behind the orifice.

The geysers when not in action give little sign of the imprisoned force within. There is a hole in the rock, with perhaps a little vapour issuing from it; in a moment, without warning, a volume of steam and boiling water rushes out and deluges the incrustated stones around; a few seconds more, the paroxysm is over, and the irascible nymph of the fountain is appeased. From beneath a pool comes a metallic sound, like the blow of a steam-hammer. The effect is wonderful and weird; the sounds rise mysteriously out of the water, but the machine is hidden and never can be revealed. The noise is supposed to be caused by the rush of water into a vacuum, formed by the condensation of the steam.

A warm river, fed by the hot springs and geysers, runs through the ravine, which is a natural hot-house. The Osmunda and many other beautiful ferns grow on the banks, where the steam affords them sufficient heat and moisture even now, when the snow is lying on the mountains. Upon the sheer sides of the gorge are patches of brilliant vegetable and mineral colours. The soft and

treacherous ground feels warm to the feet, and it is necessary to handle the bright red earth—whose colour, however, is natural, and not due to heat—with caution, or the fingers which touch it will be burnt. It is strange to find a furnace in the midst of ferns and mosses, and to have the hand which plucks a frond scorched by the soil in which it grows.

From Wairakei to Lake Taupo is a pleasant afternoon's walk. Midway are the Huka Falls, the most lovely spot in New Zealand, where the Waikato rushes through a narrow gorge about a hundred yards in length and fifty feet in breadth. The river issues from a calm pool into a channel between perpendicular walls. At the lower end is a waterfall. The river is a bright sapphire blue, but at the cataract and the rapids there is a slight but very lovely tinge of pink in the foam. The edge of the gorge is covered with shrubs, and the crevices in the walls are filled with lichens and moss. It is an enchanting spot that will be remembered when Niagara is forgotten. It is as it was long before a European set foot in the island. Nothing has been done to mar its beauty, and hardly a trace of man can be discerned. Not one of the ferns of the lower pool has been stolen; no wooden shanty stands upon the river terraces; no one has touched the stems of the trees growing upon the sloping banks of the widened river below the gorge.

We climbed a hill, and, as the sun was setting, entered the village of Tapuhaharuru, the Place of the Silent Footsteps, on the shore of Lake Taupo, where the Waikato leaves it.

August 24th.—Long before sensible people were stirring, the driver of the coach was calling upon his horses to face the long hill which gives access to the table-land east of Lake Taupo. A keen and strong

wind was blowing, and Tongariro and Ruapehu were clad in snow and almost hidden in cloud. The country is barren and desolate, and unlike anything in Europe or America, but it is by no means ugly. It is covered with ti-tree and strewn with pumice-stone, and so remote that the nearest railway is a hundred miles away. Not a settlement was passed, except a little inn where we made a halt for luncheon at mid-day. The lake remained in sight until the watershed was reached. Though the sun was shining brightly in the morning, the snow began to fall in the afternoon, and it was lying in the pass by which the zigzag road crosses the Pakiranui Mountains. The scenery would have been fine if the atmosphere had been clear enough to render it visible.

The pleasantest part of a journey on rough tracks is the end of it; and when the roadside inn at Tarawera came in sight, shortly before sunset, the feeling of depression caused by a winter's journey in a snowstorm across a range of New Zealand mountains suddenly vanished away. The cosmopolitan character of a British colony's population was shown in the person of the landlord, for who would expect to find him an intelligent Dane who had served in the Maori war, and who was well informed on current European politics?

August 25th.—Three jaded travellers bound for Napier were the precursors of the sun this morning, for he had not risen above the peaks when they were toiling up "the difficult heights of the iced mountain air." Two ranges lie in the way between Tarawera and Napier, and a snowstorm had made the road almost impassable. Between them the Mohaka river was sauntering through the land, and it was necessary to humour it and to descend many hundred feet before we could scale the Maungahururu range. Near the summit of the first range is a Maori village, and in it a house that is *tapu*,

namely, one that cannot be entered because a Maori had died in it.

It took more than five hours to travel twenty miles, and for the greater part of the distance we trudged through the snow to spare the horses. A joyful sight met our eyes at last—the familiar blue waters of the South Pacific and the City of Napier and Cape Kidnappers shining in the sun. Yet the battle was not yet over, for between us and our destination lay twenty-eight miles of bad road, over which the springless coach jolted and tossed and heaved like a pea on a drum. The ordeal was broken for an hour when we halted at Pohui for luncheon. The road fords the river Esk no less than fifty-three times, and often the bed of the stream is used as the track; and it thus became evident that the bed of a New Zealand river is often smoother and better than a New Zealand highway. In one place the spot is pointed out where a driver was lately killed; and in another, where the road and the river run side by side, a coach was carried away by a freshet, and the carcases of the horses are passed in succession lower down. At Petani, a few miles from Napier, the road is in better order, and a district of pastures, fields, and houses—the first appearance of fertility in the whole distance of two hundred miles from Oxford—is entered. The journey was almost over. We went along an evil-smelling tongue of land which separates the lagoon from the sea; crossed a wooden bridge and entered Napier, where a delightful haven of rest was found in the Hawke's Bay Club.

As a toothache is almost worth enduring for the sake of the exquisite feeling of pleasure and relief which comes when the pain departs, so the jolting of the journey enhanced the delight of a quiet evening with the knowledge that on the morrow there need be no rising with the lark, or with whatever fowl takes the

place of that restless bird in New Zealand. These words are written at the window of a room overlooking the shore of the Pacific. The moon is shining, and the stars of strange constellations are bright; the long, low waves of the Southern Ocean are breaking on the beach below, and how pleasant is their music!

August 26th.—The evil effects of the pernicious habit of early rising remain long after the practice has been discontinued, and cannot easily be thrown off. The traveller who, during many weeks, has been roused soon after sunrise (at sea) by the crew washing the decks, and (on land) by the voice of a hotel waiter or club steward reminding him while it is yet dark that the coach or train starts in half an hour, finds difficulty in sleeping comfortably as he should do when he is happily restored to a normal condition. Thus it happened to-day that though the programme included only the sights of a small and very quiet city in New Zealand, which could be seen by any lazy individual in an hour, and still leave time for rumination, yet we were all as wakeful as the early worm.

Napier is a clean, neat, well-built town of wooden houses, on a bluff at the mouth of an inlet of Hawke's Bay, the extremities of which are marked by the faint blue outlines of Cape Kidnappers and the Mahia Peninsula, while on the landward side the arc is completed by the snowy peaks of the mountains. It is not a stirring or noisy place, and it resembles a quiet sea-side town in England. The roads are good and the pavement excellent—features which a traveller lately arrived from the United States notices at once. If Napier does not show much evidence of wealth, there is none of poverty, and it is a suitable retreat for a commonplace Englishman of steady habits and simple tastes. The beach is good, and not disfigured as yet by bathing machines.

August 27th.—Although the distance between Napier and Wellington, the capital of New Zealand, is less than two hundred miles, and although, with the exception of a gap of sixteen miles, a railway runs throughout, yet the journey occupies more than fifteen hours, and involves an early start. However, we were rewarded by a sight we should never have risen to see for its own sake—the sun emerging from the Pacific, and remaining for a little while underneath a bank of golden clouds which were suspended above the horizon ; a scene beautiful beyond the power of words to describe. If only the phenomena of sunrise could occur at a less inconvenient hour of the day, they would be more appreciated of the people.

For some distance out of Napier the line passes through a bright and attractive agricultural and pastoral district, where the fields are bordered by gorse hedges, and cattle are grazing and lambs are at play ; and, after a few hours, enters the bush, where the scenery must have been fine before the incendiary settler began his work of civilisation by setting fire to the forest trees. Woodville, the present terminus of the railway, is an interesting example of a colonial town slowly expanding in a forest clearing. It has not yet gone beyond the stage of having charred stumps as its only suburbs. Between Woodville and Palmerston the line is not yet finished, and this part of the journey is performed by coach. The road, which is as good as many English highways, winds for several miles along the gorge of the beautiful Manawatu River, and then emerges on to a cultivated plain. Palmerston is a spacious and well laid-out town. The streets are broad and clean ; a handsome square occupies the centre ; the railway station is a neat structure ; and although the absence of stone and brick buildings gives it the look of a city of dolls' houses, its

appearance and air of orderly comfort are creditable to the inhabitants.

August 29th.—The most remarkable feature of Wellington is its great name. The city is built upon the side of a hill rising from a land-locked sound in Cook's Straits, and appears to be cramped by its situation. All that the guide-books can say of it is that it contains the largest wooden building in the world—the Government Offices. It is traversed by a tramway, on which cars run at long intervals, and, except upon the wharves, little is stirring. There is no turmoil of commerce in the streets, but only a slight fidget of business.

We left in the *Manapouri* for the South Island at 4 p.m. As the North Island dwindles in the wake of the ship, its weird sights pass away, and become a vivid recollection. The volcanic district, with its horizon of craters, its overwhelmed lakes, and new springs gushing out where before only the dew moistened the earth, its geysers and fumaroles and troughs of boiling water as clear as crystal, must always remain firmly planted in the memory, as well as the lonely bush and heaving hills covered with pumice-stone and scrub with which it is encompassed. The Maori is there, a remnant of the past. He still builds his *whare*, and weaves his kit of flax; but the *moa*, the strange bird without wings which no white man has ever seen, is gone, and the Maori has dressed himself up in European clothes. The *moa* did not die too soon.

August 30th.—For five hours after daylight this morning the *Manapouri* was groping in a dense fog along Pegasus Bay and Bank's Peninsula. Now and then a breath of wind withdrew the veil for a moment, and disclosed an inlet on a rocky shore; and it was not until mid-day that the fog lifted and revealed the entrance to Lyttelton Harbour. Meanwhile, the sound

of the waves at the foot of the cliffs was very distinct, and in many places the land could not have been more than two hundred yards distant from the *Manapouri* as she drifted along the coast, with her engines occasionally moving a few revolutions ahead in order to give steerage way. Lyttelton is a sheltered harbour in the hilly peninsula which juts out into the Pacific from the Canterbury Plain, and a railway tunnel that would be thought long even in America, connects it with Christchurch, seven miles inland. Another day and night spent upon a ship —though little fault could be found with her—enhanced the comfort of the Christchurch Club.

September 1*st*.—The winter is not yet over, but the weather to-day is that of an English 1st of September. The sun is warm, the air just cool enough to be pleasant, and a slight haze completes the resemblance to an autumn day at home.

The Canterbury Plain, with its green, fertile fields and quiet beauty, stretches for many miles along the east coast of the South Island. The Port Hills overlook it as it lies unrolled at their feet, a belt of pastures and cornlands. As far as the eye can reach towards the south and towards the central mountains it is cultivated. Groves of green trees are dotted here and there, and gorse hedges, bright with yellow blossoms, divide the fields; columns of smoke rise slowly upwards or drift to leeward, where the grass or the furze is burning; willows mark the course of the sluggish streams which flow towards the marshes on the shore; the blue Pacific, which seldom falsifies the reputation of its name, bounds the plain upon one side, and the dim mountains, sprinkled with the snow that makes them hardly distinguishable from the clouds resting upon them, shelters it on the west and north; and the skylark hovers over every field.



ON THE AVON, CHRISTCHURCH, N.Z.

The Cathedral spire rises out of the plain, and lends a still more English appearance to the landscape, while Christchurch itself is not unlike an English cathedral city. It is quiet and orderly, and somewhat dull. It has emerged from the chrysalis stage of wooden buildings, and many of the houses and stores are handsome; and in the suburbs stands the largest and handsomest edifice in New Zealand—the Lunatic Asylum of the Provincial District of Canterbury. The river Avon, fringed with willows brought by French emigrants from Napoleon's grave at St. Helena, flows through the town in a stream as clear as a mountain torrent.

Although all the trees are exotic, there is no lack of them in Christchurch and its suburbs. Oaks, elms, poplars, and willows, all planted during the last forty years, give ample shade, and have transformed what was a treeless marsh into a wooded plain. Broad roads intersect the city, and the only fault that can be found with them is their mathematical straightness. A park and a woodland ramble lie just outside the boundaries, and a cricket ground close by is one of the best in the world. The traveller who stands under the trees in Hagley Park and looks back at the city in the distance finds it difficult to realise that he is twelve thousand miles away from England. All the associations are English. The stone buildings of the Public School upon the banks of the river already look old, and all the customary features are there—chapel, big school, masters' houses, fives courts, swimming bath, and notice board. A cathedral spire soars above the trees, as at Salisbury, and another Avon glides under its shadow.

None of the rough-and-ready husbandry of a new country is seen near Christchurch; the hedges are as trim and the pastures almost as neat as those in the Weald of Kent. There are country houses surrounded

by well-kept gardens and lawns, cottages covered with creepers, and the orchards and paddocks of an English Home County. A gate by the roadside is opened, and two pretty girls on horseback come out for their afternoon ride; and on the other side of the hedge are heard the familiar words of "deuce" and "vantage," and the thud of the tennis ball against the racket. At the club will be found a society of men who only differ from English country gentlemen in being more intelligent and better informed.

An hour may be profitably spent in the Museum, which contains a unique collection of *moa* skeletons. That extraordinary bird has never been seen alive by any European, but its bones are still occasionally found in the bush. The skeletons are remarkable for the great size and strength of the bones of the leg, and for the absence even of rudimentary wings which appear in a still existing New Zealand bird of the same genus—the *kiwi*. The *moa* occasionally attained such a stature that when it was stalking in the ti-tree scrub its eyes must have been raised thirteen feet above the ground. It is not known at what period the surviving lonely and melancholy fowl surveyed the world in solitude after all his companions had passed away, but it was probably in the early years of the 18th century.

September 2nd.—A halt by the way to enjoy a little pastoral interlude. Coldstream, a sheep farm belonging to S., being within a few miles of a station on the railway to Dunedin, and the road to it being warranted by authority to be in good order, we gladly consented to visit it. The morning express for the south steamed along the Canterbury Plain at the rate of eighteen knots an hour, and was stopped by signal at Hinds to discharge the travellers bound for Coldstream. The country is a dead level intersected by torrential streams, whose

shallow beds, in some cases nearly a mile in width, are filled only when the mountain snows are melting. The late bitter experience of the roads of the North Island made the drive of ninety minutes on a level track from the station to Coldstream a really delightful episode.

The homestead takes its name from a little rivulet which intersects it. It is a solitary but not a lonely spot. Thirty miles away to the west are the mountains; but so pure and clear is the air that they seemed to be within an hour's walk, and the smoke of the grass and gorse fires could plainly be discerned ascending the cliffs and filling the ravines. All around are fields divided off by furze hedges in bloom; or open pastures of tussocks in the possession of fat sheep moving lazily about, and hardly disturbing the hares which abound. On one side the run is bounded by the river Rangitata; on another by the Pacific, whose surf beats constantly upon the bank of shingle (which is a section of the Ninety Miles Beach running southward from Bank's Peninsula) outside a narrow lagoon lying under a range of low cliffs. A few groves of gum-trees stand like islands in the midst of the plain, and the white and purple hills overlook it from the west. The collies playing around the farm buildings, the sparrows chirping in the wattle trees, the gulls hovering over the fields, were there to remind us of home.

We wandered about all the afternoon, shot a few hares, and came back to smoke in the verandah towards the setting sun, to think of far-away things and people, and to talk over old Cambridge days. Then darkness fell upon the plain; the mountains were hidden in the gloom; the Southern Cross appeared; and all was still, except the murmur of the Pacific waves on the shore, which was the bourn of their long journey from the Antarctic Ocean. So ended a very, very pleasant day.

September 3rd.—One hundred and sixty-six miles by

train in eight hours, through Timaru, Oamaru, Totara, Puketeraki, Omimi, Waikonaiti, Kurtigi, and a host of other places with musical Maori names; across a range of mountains, and along a fiord, where at last the welcome lights of Dunedin were seen reflected in the water.

September 5th.—The shrewd intelligence of the Scotch is nowhere more plainly shown than in their practice of leaving their native hills as soon as they have the opportunity. About forty years ago a party of Caledonians landed in New Zealand, and, with the same perseverance which they would have displayed in endeavouring to understand a joke, set to work to build a New Edinburgh which they called Dunedin, on the coast of Otago. It is a clean, dull place, with no more pretensions to beauty than a Banffshire village. Scotch names predominate; the Scotch accent is heard in the streets; the inevitable statue of Burns stands in the chief square; but the bagpipes are happily absent. A stream, called the Water of Leith, runs through the city, and a Scotch mist frequently obliterates the view. The suburbs and adjoining villages of Roslyn, Portobello, Burnside, Abbotsford, Stirling, and Kelso also testify to the nationality of the first settlers, who, like all exiles, named their new homes after the places that were dear to them in the fatherland—a touching custom, which is at least as old as the time of the Trojan War, and which serves to mitigate the pain of banishment by the means of mere verbal association.

In Dunedin, no less than in other New Zealand towns, the charred beams of half-burnt wooden houses and the bare walls of gutted shops constantly meet the eye. The frequent occurrence of destructive fires is ascribed by some people to the inflammable nature of the *kauri* pine, which is almost universally used in

building, and by others to the depression of trade. In hard times a fire is the easiest way of realising unproductive capital. The evil has become so serious that the insurance offices now insist on rebuilding burnt premises instead of paying the sum for which the latter were insured.

September 8th.—The morning train left Dunedin punctually, and after sauntering easily across country, reached Invercargill at 5 p.m. From the etymology of the word and from the analogy of Scotch names it might be supposed that Invercargill was a town at the mouth of the River Cargill, just as Inverness is a town at the mouth of the Ness. There is, however, no river Cargill; but there was a pioneer sea-captain of that name, to whom the early settlers did honour by calling the place after him, and coining the blundering word Invercargill. Still, the place seems fairly prosperous; the roads are wide; some of the streets are handsome; and an important municipal official, the lamplighter, goes his rounds on horseback. His appearance as he caracoles up to a lamp-post with a flaming spear in his hand is weird and unearthly.

September 9th.—The trains of the New Zealand Government Railway take little more than an hour to perform the journey of eighteen miles between Invercargill and the Bluff, as the line passes through a level country. The Bluff is a comfortable haven at the extreme south of the South Island. The harbour is large, and the number of houses small; and apparently depression of trade must have been much felt here, as last year the town was burnt down. The *Tarawera* was advertised to sail soon after noon for Tasmania and Melbourne, but it was nearly 5 p.m. before we started.

September 10th.—At sea: Lat. 45° 56′ S., Long. 163° 3′ E. The cold south wind (how oddly this

sounds!) has been blowing all day, and there is a choppy sea. Sea birds follow the ship, and we are never without a winged escort. It is hard to understand how they can keep pace with the *Tarawera*, for their wings appear to be almost stationary; yet they fly against the wind, swoop to the right or left, dart down to the wave crest, skim along the surface, and rise again to the masthead without a perceptible quiver of their pinions. The wings of the albatross especially seem to be fixed as in a frame for many minutes at a time, yet he never lags behind.

September 12th.—Lat. 43° 53′ S., Long. 153° 28′ E. At noon yesterday we were about midway between New Zealand and Tasmania. The bitter wind from the south is still blowing, and the *Tarawera* is lively. The only warm place in the ship is the starboard side of the funnel casing. The clear blue of the tropical Pacific has become a sombre greenish grey—not very translucent. With the aid of two squaresails, a jib, and mainsail, the run of the last twenty-four hours rose to 277 knots.

September 13th.—The *Tarawera* arrived at the wharf at Hobart before sunrise, having come up the river during the night. The town is finely situated, and is almost surrounded by hills, now sprinkled with snow; but internally it is not very attractive, though the streets are wide and clean. There was therefore no inducement to postpone the departure for Launceston beyond the 8 a.m. train, which appears, after experience of the New Zealand railways, to run at a headlong speed, for it is timed to cover a distance of one hundred and thirty miles in less than six hours.

At the station a great insult was offered to a deck-chair. The officials refused to regard it as personal luggage, and declared that it must be booked as a parcel. The faithful chair, which has twice crossed the Atlantic, and has travelled many hundred miles on English

railways and American rivers, and many thousand knots on the Pacific Ocean; which has crossed the Line and sweltered under tropical suns, and shivered to the cold winds that blow up from the South Pole; which has felt the spray of many seas, and has lost its arms, and grown decrepit in the service of its owner; and out of which he has gazed at strange sunsets in the west, at sea-sick passengers by the score, and, above all, at the beautiful features of Mrs. L., and other remarkable objects—was degraded from its dignity as a constant friend into a mere chattel of wood by the insolent caprice of an official of the one-horse colony of Tasmania. It was too bad!

The Tasmanian main line joins Hobart and Launceston, the only two considerable towns of the island. For some miles it skirts the western shore of the Derwent, a tranquil and shining river, with lawns, orchards, hop gardens, and pastures on its banks. Many villages are passed, in which a large proportion of the houses are built of brick or stone. From the Derwent the line ascends in a sinuous track to the mountains in the centre, where, in a few places only, clearings have been made in the forests of gum-trees. The landscape is gay with the golden blossoms of the mimosa and furze, and though it lacks the grandeur of New Zealand scenery, it is pleasant to look on. As the line descends to the northern coast a more carefully cultivated district is traversed, where the land is divided into fields and dotted over with homesteads, and bears a close resemblance to some parts of the North of England.

The river North Esk, after flowing gently through a champaign country, joins the South Esk as the latter issues from a rocky gorge, and the town of Launceston is built at the angle where their combined waters form the river Tamar—a curious geographical jumble.

September 14th.—This Tasmanian Launceston is a

quiet and picturesque town. The view of it from the road on the further side of the river is particularly fine. The Tamar winds away to the north through its pastures and marshes; the white sails of ships are seen in the midst of the trees, as with the help of a slight breeze they stem the current; and the rich notes of the handsome Tasmanian magpie are heard among the gums. The sunny hillside facing the north-east (which corresponds in its advantages to a south-west aspect in the northern hemisphere) is covered with wooden villas built in fairly good taste, and at the foot is a green belt of marsh along the river, where the voice of the little frog is never silent. The town, a few hundred yards away on the opposite bank, is reflected in the water, and close by is a wild ravine, not five minutes' walk from the busiest streets. The river and the town, the fields and the hills beyond, now covered with fruit-trees in blossom, the steep bank and the eminence on which a suburb—if that can be called a suburb which stands higher than its city—is built, the sunshine and the passing clouds, made up a picture of great beauty in the afternoon light.

There was hardly a single feature which might not have been seen in England, but the landscape was a patchwork of details taken from widely separated parts. It was as though a few acres of the Thanet marshes had been joined to a portion of the Weald of Kent, and placed in the foreground, with Colchester in the middle distance and a range of Yorkshire hills in the background.

Launceston itself, however, bears the slightest possible resemblance to an English country town, as all the streets are laid out with mathematical regularity, and there is hardly a curve or a bend to be seen: from which the antiquary of the remote future will rightly reason that the town was in existence before the district was inter-



ORIENT LINER "ORIENT."

sected by roads or paths, along whose sides in an olden country the streets would naturally extend themselves.

September 16th.—We left Launceston yesterday afternoon in the *Indignant* tender, and at Rosevears, twelve miles down the river, embarked on board the *Flinders*, which had been obliged to leave with the forenoon tide. The banks of the Tamar are pretty: alluvial meadows, low bluffs, and occasional settlements are seen on either side. We reached the river's mouth at dusk, and found a rather heavy sea outside, but the *Flinders* is a steady ship, and does not feel it much. This morning—Australia in sight! A low range of sand-hills, indistinct in the haze; somewhat disappointing, but probably too much is expected in the first view of a new continent. Still a bright green and smiling shore, with clear water and coral reefs, with tall forest trees in the background, and perhaps an emu or a kangaroo or a native visible near the strand, would have been more satisfactory to the eyes of a traveller as he approaches Australia. We entered the Heads at 11 a.m., and soon the sunny town of Queenscliffe was receding astern, and we were ploughing the tranquil waters of Port Phillip.

These lines are written as the *Flinders* is nearing Williamstown. The *Oroya* is at anchor on our starboard bow, waiting for the mails; the P. and O. *Shannon* is seen lying at the wharf as we pass by; and the monitor *Cerberus* is stationed with her attendant gun-boats at the mouth of the river. A rain-cloud makes St. Kilda and Brighton a blurred image on the shore; Melbourne appears ahead, with its chimneys and smoke; we steer through the dredging machines and mud-banks of the Yarra, and the Voyage on the South Pacific is over.

CHAPTER XI.

ON THE SHORE OF THE SOUTHERN OCEAN.

IT falls to the lot of some countries to be formally introduced to the world, while others are left to shift for themselves and to emerge as best they can from the gloom of the unknown. To Columbus belongs the honour of having presented America, when she was the *débutante* of the nations, at the delighted Spanish Court; but there was no Columbus for Australia. The existence of a continent in the south had been so long commonly suspected, that it was the habit of the map-makers of the later mediæval period to fill up a blank in the ocean with a speculative *Terra Australis Incognita*, and even so far back as the thirteenth century Marco Polo was told by the Chinese mandarins that there was a vast island lying in the region beyond the sun. It seems probable, therefore, that Australia was first pointed out to Europe by China.

The uncertain tradition that somewhere in the south another mainland rose out of the sea has served to deprive the actual discoverer of Australia of the fame due to him. No one has claimed that

> "He was the first that ever burst
> Into that silent sea;"

for it is impossible to fix the latest date at which it could be affirmed with certainty that the existence of Australia was unknown to Europe.

A Spanish captain set sail from Peru, and after threading the lovely islands of the Pacific, passed through the Coral Sea, and gave his name to Torres Straits. Tasman and Hartog—each belonging to a nation that has been fated to act as pilot-fish for Great Britain, to indicate the prey but not to partake in it—explored some portions of the coast, and the buccaneer Dampier was the first Englishman who visited it. None of these, however, can be styled the Columbus of Australia, nor did they entirely resolve the Australasian mystery, though they brought the country within the limits of the known and accessible world. It was still considered to be an outlying portion of Java or New Guinea; and the work of exploration has been completed so recently that there are living persons who were born before Bass's Straits, which separate Tasmania from the mainland, were discovered.

Blumenbach—a German professor whose reputation was chiefly gained in the eighteenth century, but who died only half a century ago—had such difficulty in accounting for the presence of Australia on the globe, that he supposed that the continent was originally a comet, which, happening to fall within the radius of the attraction of the earth, was drawn irresistibly to it, and finally became a kind of cosmic plaster adhering to its surface.

Happy is the land that has no history, and almost as happy is the land that has no history before the eighteenth century. Australia was not destined to become the prey of Spanish or Portuguese rovers and adventurers—a fate which would, in all probability, have resulted in her ultimately falling into the clutches of corrupt and disreputable republics of the South American type; and although her existence was apparently known in China fully six hundred years ago, no

attempt was made to utilise her as a place of settlement for the surplus population of the Celestial Empire—which already occupied half of Asia—until the present day, and the immediate and rude frustration of the scheme was the earliest sign of the power of the new Australian nation. If the Chinese had taken possession of Australia in the Middle Ages—and that such an event was not beyond the bounds of possibility, the fact that there are other places in the Pacific as widely separated, and yet inhabited by the same race, is a proof—they could have defied the world, and would probably have overrun it.

Australia was neglected, and it was not until the exploration of America had been completed by the navigators and colonists of the sixteenth and succeeding centuries that attention was given to the great legendary continent in the Southern Ocean. Its acquisition by Great Britain was an indirect result of the successful rebellion of the American colonies. Virginia was no longer available as a prison for transported convicts; and a favourable report from Cook induced the British Government to try the experiment of sending them to Australia, a practice which was continued until she rightly and successfully protested against the inoculation with crime to which she was subjected, but which certainly appears to have rendered her proof against the infection. Few countries have a smaller proportion of criminals to population than Australia has at the present time.

Whether Melbourne is the capital of Victoria, or Victoria the capital of Melbourne; whether Adelaide is a city or a colony; and in what part of Australia Sydney is situated, are questions which the large majority of educated English people could not answer

correctly. This confusion of the cities and the colonies is due in some measure to careless ignorance, which the absence of rational nomenclature makes less easy to overcome. There is no reason, on the face of it, why Adelaide should be a city while Victoria is a colony. The latter word does not convey to the mind the idea of a State, as the terms New South Wales or Queensland do convey it; and in two other British colonies, one on each side of the Pacific, Victoria is the name of a city.

Even those names of colonies which are indicative of territory are often misleading—as, for example, South Australia. Not only does this colony not include the most southern portion of the continent (for each of the adjacent colonies, Victoria and Western Australia, extends further towards the south), but it does include a central belt, and more than a thousand miles of the tropical coast on the north. There is, therefore, some excuse for those ignorant persons who direct letters to New South Wales, Adelaide; or to Melbourne near Queensland.

The fact of living in a thickly populated country of limited area tends to cramp the imagination. English people, rashly generalising from a knowledge, often very imperfect, of European geography, cannot readily conceive the notion of a country very much larger than France, for example; and when they hear that the total population of some State in a distant quarter of the world is two, three, or four millions, they are apt to imagine that this population is included in a district not more extensive than one of the smaller European States. The popular conception of Australia is that it is an enormous island, one corner of which is occupied by British subjects, who have built several large cities within a short distance of one another, and the various colonies are regarded as so many

English counties. These errors are fostered by the maps. Australia in an atlas is in appearance not much greater than the British Isles, and the south-east portion of it seems to be as thickly studded with populous places.

A little more than fifty years ago, an explorer sailed a few miles up the stream of a languid and muddy river, which meandered between low hills and filtered through swamps ere it entered the sea on the northern littoral of Port Phillip. His progress was stopped by a waterfall, and at that time the valley was filled with flowering trees, flights of cockatoos hovered around, and here and there a kangaroo or an emu could be seen near the banks. The simple black men, the aborigines of the place, were induced to sell their proprietary rights in this lonely spot for an assortment of tomahawks, knives, blankets, red shirts, and other articles which their unenlightened minds considered more valuable than a tract of swamp and woodland; a log cabin was built, and the City of Melbourne, which in half a century was to be the largest city in the British colonial empire, was founded on the banks of the Yarra.

Like a troublesome child, it soon gave signs of possessing a will of its own, and it was not five years old when it began to scream for separation from New South Wales, which at that time included the present colony of Victoria. The precocious vitality of the place was quickened by the attainment of independence, after eleven years of agitation; and it prospered so greatly and increased so rapidly that Melbourne is now one of the richest cities of the British Empire, and a population exceeding that of Manchester is settled on the banks of a small river which, within living memory, was unknown to Europeans. The development of Melbourne would be extraordinary even in America.

Melbourne, like Rome, is said to be built upon seven hills, but it is not easy to distinguish them in the undulating ground covered with houses. The fields on the banks of the Yarra are reserved as a public park, and on the further side rises the hill on which Government House stands. It seems to be the destiny of the local representative of the Imperial Power in a British colony to be lodged in a mansion devoid of architectural merit. The order to which a Government House belongs is not always apparent, but as a rule it is a clumsy adaptation of Italian, Classic, or Gothic. It is impossible to veil the defects of Government House at Melbourne, for it stands on the crest of a hill, and is visible from every part of the city. A tower suggestive of waterworks surmounts it, and it might easily be mistaken for a pumping-station.

Melbourne is, without doubt, a handsome city. The rigid lines of the streets and the rectangular blocks of houses give it a somewhat severe and formal appearance, but in a new country this is inevitable. Collins Street would be admired in Paris or Vienna—in London it would be considered superb. It runs from the extensive hovel known as Spencer Street Railway Station to the Government offices in Spring Gardens, a distance of over a mile, at first falling slightly to a shallow depression and then mounting to the crest of the rising ground beyond. Many of the banks and houses of business are fine buildings, though wanting in uniformity of design and elevation. An enormous coffee palace, meretriciously gilded, is the most remarkable object in the lower part of the street.

A block half-way up the street contains the principal shops. In the morning it is the rendezvous and favourite promenade of the ladies who have come up from the suburbs for shopping; and as the majority of

Australian women who show themselves out of doors are good-looking, well-dressed, and not advanced in years, the appearance of The Block on a fine day in the height of the season is brilliant. It serves as the Bond Street as well as the Rotten Row of Melbourne. It has been remarked by many English travellers that Australian women never drop their eyes when meeting a stranger on The Block.

No one expects to find picturesque streets in a city hardly fifty years old, and it is useless in Australia to look for the quaint beauty with which time invests primitive structures, and which may be seen in endless variety in Europe and Asia. While the more important thoroughfares of Melbourne do not greatly differ from the public ways of an English city, the smaller streets are decidedly better. They are not infested by beggars, and it is rare to see a poorly clad person in them. The houses, if not beautiful, are substantial. It would be difficult to discover a squalid dwelling in Melbourne, except, perhaps, in the Chinese quarter. The working classes are housed more comfortably than many persons of much higher position in England. The miserable hovels which occupy so large a portion of an English town, and are not unknown even in America, are few and far between in Australia. Life at the Antipodes has not been degraded into a struggle for existence in the midst of dirt and disease. In a country where wages are high, and the hours of labour but a third of the day, the general average of prosperity must be high, and the appearance of the populous places will reflect it.

The chief streets are traversed throughout the whole of their length by lines of cable tramways—a swift, convenient, and comfortable mode of locomotion extending to all parts of the city, and to some of the suburbs. The cars are propelled by an unseen agency, which is,

in fact, an endless cable carried in a trench and driven by a steam-engine at a central station. A "gripper" attached to a lever on the platform takes hold of the rope, which can be easily disengaged when the car reaches the fixed points at which stoppages are made. The cars are not halted at any other spot, and a stranger in Melbourne can often be recognised by his fruitless efforts to arrest them elsewhere. The system has these disadvantages: the initial cost of construction is high, and occasionally a broken rope or an accident to the machinery paralyses the traffic over a length of many miles, and leaves a row of cars standing helplessly at intervals of a few hundred yards; but its utility and popularity are shown by the fact that in one half-year no less than 20,000,000 passengers travelled over the lines.

The chief clubs of the metropolis of Victoria are the Melbourne and the Australian. The former, which is the older and the more exclusive, is established in a fine house in the upper and quieter end of Collins Street, and to its kind hospitality many English travellers are indebted for much of the pleasure which a visit to Melbourne can afford, as a stranger who had no other *pied-à-terre* than the very moderate hotels would fare ill. The dining-hall is, perhaps, the handsomest club-room in the world. The smoking-room and the billiard-room open on to a green lawn, of which the sworn enemies, the club cat and the laughing jackass—whose guffaw under the window sounds weirdly in European ears at dawn—are the freeholders, and the members of the club but tenants at will. He overflows with humour. When the cat is asleep, and dreaming of the far-away land where fat mice dance round brimming bowls of cream and where terriers are not, his brain is hatching wicked practical jokes. To all appearance he is looking ordinary and taking no notice; but there is a grim

twinkle in his eye as he stealthily approaches the sleeping beauty, and in a moment his powerful beak is prodding her in the side or tweaking her tail. Before she has time to remonstrate he is standing at a respectful distance, with half-closed eye and an innocent and sleepy expression. The cat retreats, and consoles her wounded dignity by appropriating the most comfortable arm-chair in the smoking-room.

The Bohemians are a small and lively club, composed mainly of the younger members of the Melbourne and the Australian, and established in the upper floors of a house in Collins Street. Here the wilder spirits, who would be stifled if condemned to dwell for ever in the repose and decorum of the sedater communities, can open the floodgates of their gaiety in congenial society. The Bohemians were originally a cricket club, and the members must be under the age of fifty and able to play cricket or sing a song, and, above all, must be jolly good fellows. The Saturday dinner is a noisy and pleasant function, followed by songs, recitations, and dramatic fragments; and none know better than the Bohemians how to enjoy themselves or how to entertain their guests. A frolicsome evening spent with them is a pleasure long to be remembered.

The beautiful scenery of many parts of America has been spoilt to a great extent by the untoward genius of the people; but although Australia does not possess equal natural advantages, the better instinct of the inhabitants has made the most of them. While Australia has generally treated Nature with respect, it is difficult to travel many miles in the more populous States of the Union without being confronted with some of the terrible disfigurements which the American people have inflicted on her face.

Although the country and the seashore near Melbourne are not especially attractive, the suburbs have not made them less so, but are neat, and sometimes pretty. The Yarra winds in a ravine on the eastern side of the city, between Collingwood and Kew, and from the shoulder of the steep bank the view is pleasing. The woods in the foreground hide the city, save its domes and spires, and in the distance rise Mount Macedon and the Dividing Range, purple with wattles and gums. When the slight haze overhanging the city changes the tints of the setting sun, the sky in the west above the plain often shows colouring and aërial effects that would have delighted Turner, and the clear air and luminous expanse of Port Phillip enhance the bright aspect of the scene.

The heart of Melbourne lies about two miles from the shore, but the city has come down to the water and spread itself along the strand. Not much, however, can be said of that part which lies on Hobson's Bay, except that it is not so unlovely as a suburb in a similar position in America would be; but St. Kilda and the other suburbs lying near the shore to the south-east of the city are more bright and cheerful than any English seaside town. Roses and other flowering plants abound, instead of the dreary tamarisks and melancholy evergreens which seem doomed, like Tithonus, always to grow old but never to die. The climate is, no doubt, the main cause of the gay aspect of the suburbs of Melbourne; but the well-built houses, with their ornamented and often ornamental verandahs and balconies, and their bright little gardens, deserve to be commended for their share in producing the pleasant impression. Although the port is landlocked, the low, distant shore is beneath the horizon; and if it were not for the absence of the long swell, no one could tell that the haven was not open to the Southern Ocean.

The Brighton of England has become the parent of many other Brightons in various parts of the world, and the name is established as the designation of the maritime suburb of a great city. There is a Brighton near New York and there is a Brighton near Melbourne. The latter lies to the south of St. Kilda, and beyond it is Sandringham—a place which has only just entered upon its career. Here low cliffs, densely wooded with white-flowering shrubs, rise above the water, and a grassy point, bright with Cape Weed in the spring and summer, juts out into the sea, and all kinds of shells and sea-weeds—which should rather be called sea-flowers—abound upon the tideless shore. Further inland are Caulfield and Toorak, with which the only fault to be found is the rigid straightness of the roads and the squareness of the corners. A curve here and there in the streets, or some deviation from mathematical accuracy in the laying out of the townships, would have greatly improved their appearance. The houses have no need to herd together for mutual protection against the elements, and are surrounded by large gardens and pleasure-grounds, in which the wealth and beauty of the shrubs, trees, and flowers appear marvellous to a native of the island that is moored between the cold German Ocean and the turbulent Atlantic.

Queenscliffe is thirty-five miles by water and double that distance by land from Melbourne, but it may be regarded as a suburb of the city. It lies at the entrance to Port Phillip, on an inner headland of the little bay facing Point Nepean, and it is a quiet place with rectangular streets, neat houses, and no drains. It is not yet a lively town ; but, as the nearest site to Melbourne which is washed by the ocean, it has perhaps a future before it. The town is well placed. On one side is the spacious pool, more than a hundred miles in circumfer-

ence, into which the little Yarra empties itself; on the other side the rollers of the Antarctic break upon a sandy shore, after a journey of many a league before they can touch the strand of Lonsdale Bay.

No land intervenes between it and the far-away fields of ice and the mysterious region encircling the South Pole, from which truant islands sometimes detach themselves and approach to within a few degrees of the Australian coast. The sun is setting; the strand is white with surf; the sea is heaving to the breeze that yesterday fluttered round the crystal structures which the icy air has built on the ocean—the habitations of a cold, pure, silent world, which only the albatross has seen. It is pleasant to linger here awhile.

The inhabitants of South Australia, with that instinctive partiality for things Australian which has brought such an ample measure of fame to Sydney Harbour, sometimes venture to compare Adelaide to Florence; and as it is now accessible by railway from Melbourne, every traveller with a few days to spare can judge for himself how far the comparison can be maintained. The distance is about five hundred miles, and the express covers it in the respectable time of eighteen hours. A short halt is made at the quiet town of Geelong, whence the train runs for fifty miles without stopping to Ballarat, the City of Gold.

Whatever Ballarat may have been in the rough times which followed the discovery of the alluring metal—when on one occasion the claim of the Crown to the gold as treasure trove * rendered it necessary to employ a line regiment of British infantry to coerce the miners and their leader, an Irishman, who afterwards rose to honour,

* A similar claim to the gold lately discovered in Wales has been asserted and maintained without bloodshed.

and was lately Speaker of the Legislative Assembly—it is now a well-built, peaceable, and attractive city. It bears no outward sign of the fierce rush and struggle of its young days, and the delirium of the gold fever has long since been subdued. The streets are wide and clean, and planted not only with the indigenous gum-tree, but also with elms, pines, and oaks; and thus the chief defect in Australian scenery—the monotony of the foliage—has been remedied.

Ballarat will be one of the fairest cities in Australia when, in the course of a generation or two, these trees shall have advanced to maturity. It is surrounded by the rich hills where the gold is quarried, and on one side it is touched by Lake Wendouree, a pretty sheet of water lined with willows and pines. The Botanical Gardens, on the further shore, are especially beautiful, as, in addition to flowers and shrubs, poplars, firs, and chestnuts have been planted, and the exotics have taken kindly to their new home. The suburb of Ballarat adjacent to the lake surpasses Brighton or Caulfield. The houses are not large, but they are covered with roses and flowering creepers. Hedges of hawthorn enclose the gardens; the laurels are greener than in the chill north, and the white lilacs in blossom are an enchanting sight.

When the scent of the flowers fills the air, and a hundred colours meet the eye; when the sky above is unclouded, and the sun is streaming through the foliage of English trees in Ballarat, all desire to visit the mountains in which Nature has carefully hidden the coveted metal passes away. The mines are scattered over the scarred hill-side, and the wounds can never be effaced; but the flowers are close at hand, and far more lovely than rocks sparkling here and there with a morsel of gold. Horace once commended the man who could refrain from looking back at piled-up gold: what a delight-

ful ode he would have written on Lake Wendouree and the flowers and green leaves of Ballarat, set in the midst of the mountains where the wild gold grows; and how pleasantly he would have assured us that it is better to light upon a rose in a garden than to find a heap of gold in the hills!

From Ballarat the line, after crossing the Grampians and the Pyrenees—two Australian ranges which lie closer together and are less lofty than their prototypes in Europe—gradually descends to the South Australian border. It does not often happen that any doubt exists as to the State in which a place is situated, but a certain district lying near the western boundary of Victoria is in this ambiguous condition. When South Australia was constituted an independent colony, a scientific frontier was made the dividing line between it and New South Wales, which at that time included Victoria, instead of a natural boundary, such as a river or the ridge of a mountain range. The frontier was, in fact, so scientific that it could only be determined by reference to objects many millions of miles distant from Australia—namely, the sun and the stars. The 141st meridian east of Greenwich was ordered by Parliament to be the boundary between the colonies in question.

Most people are aware that the meridians are purely imaginary. They are not marked out on the face of the earth as they appear on the maps, and their position has therefore to be determined by astronomical observations. The surveyors set to work, and laid down the scientific frontier to the best of their ability; but it has been lately discovered that they made an error of several miles, and that the 141st meridian prescribed by Parliament lies wide of the border as defined by them. There is, in fact, a belt of No Man's Land between Victoria and South Australia. This district is now in a state of suspension,

and the inhabitants have before them the chance of finding themselves suddenly handed over to another colony and of coming under the jurisdiction of another code of laws. In questions of taxation and of land tenure serious inconvenience would be caused. The matter has not yet been settled ; and the Privy Council, which is the tribunal appointed to unravel the tangled skein of colonial legislation, has been petitioned to decide it.

South Australia—or, as it should be styled, Mid-Australia—though almost the largest in area, is the least progressive of the Australian colonies. It has many natural advantages—such as a central position and an extent of coast-line indented with harbours and havens both on the southern and the northern shore. In some ways it has been the most enterprising of the colonies. It constructed a line of telegraph from Port Darwin across the continent, thereby putting Australia in communication with the rest of the world, and a railway to connect the northern territory with Adelaide is in progress. South Australia, however, is not prosperous. It is an unwieldy giant with feeble circulation, and lags behind in the race. It is burdened with unproductive and inaccessible territory. The tropical province is practically as far removed from the capital as the West Indies are from London, and the central portion is unexplored.

A wilderness which, even when traversed in an express train, seems interminable, and in which nothing is seen save low shrubs of uniform height, intervenes between the border and the Murray. The river flows with a gentle, placid stream ; and though it has received the tribute of the Darling, the Lachlan, the Murrumbidgee, and many smaller affluents rising in the western slopes of the Australian Alps and the Blue Mountains, it is so

parched by the sun and so dwindled in its course that it is comparatively small when it reaches the sea, and its mouth is so encumbered with alluvial deposits that only vessels of moderate tonnage can enter it. It produces an excellent fish, called the Murray cod, which is in request at the Melbourne clubs.

The line crosses the Murray, and enters the hilly district lying between the river and the Gulf of St. Vincent. The low, rolling eminences are covered with green scrub, but wherever the ground has been cleared for tillage the soil shows red and rich. An aromatic scent fills the air, and wild flowers are abundant, especially a kind of yellow daisy called the Cape Weed, which was accidentally imported from South Africa, and which, though it gives a gay appearance to the country in spring, is a great impediment to agriculture, as it cannot be exterminated and stock will not eat it. The train emerges from the Mount Lofty range, which is not so high as its name implies, and slowly descends to Adelaide. The view from the mouth of the tunnel over the yellow plain is altogether pleasing. The shining hamlets are dotted here and there upon the shore, and Adelaide stands in the midst of the sunny fields, which have a calm blue sea at rest by their side.

The streets of Adelaide were laid out by compass, and run in the direction of the cardinal points. Not a very large amount of business or traffic is carried on in them; and though the city is well built of stone and contains some handsome edifices, it wears the air of a lady in reduced circumstances. Government House is surrounded by a wall, which gives it the appearance of a prison, and enriches the collection of colonial official mansions with a unique specimen. Hardly a sound is heard in the streets at night. A motherly caution to cabmen and others, "Walk over crossing—walk round

corner," is affixed to the telegraph-poles and lamp-posts. A belt of park-lands, laid out in gardens and boulevards, encircles the city, and the little river Torrens, to which the inhabitants have given the honorary title of lake, runs through it.

Adelaide is not a very lively place, and it is excessively hot in summer, but all who have an opportunity to do so should visit it. The majority of persons reach Australia from the west, and, as all the mail steamers stay a few hours off Port Adelaide, a hurried expedition is usually made to the capital of South Australia, which has thus the privilege of supplying the traveller with his first impressions of Australia. In reality, however, it is by no means a typical Australian city, and it differs as widely from Melbourne as Edinburgh differs from London. It is only a quiet place in a very sunny plain, and though not wealthy, it seems to be tolerably contented with its lot, cherishing, perhaps, at the same time a secret hope, rather than an expectation, that the river of prosperity may flow some day in its direction. Its resemblance to Florence is not apparent.

The journey from the capital of Victoria to the capital of New South Wales, from the Yarra to the Paramatta, can now be made by rail. The Sydney express, leaving Melbourne in the afternoon, traverses the first sixty miles without stopping, and is probably the only train south of the equator which regularly performs such a feat. The line passes out of the city into a district of meadows and fields, which need but a few hedges to give them an old-world appearance, and gradually rises through partially cleared forests of gums and wattles to the Dividing Range. At Seymour, where the first halt is made, a rapid gorge—after the manner of Swindon—may be effected. Another hour brings the train into the

district infested, not many years ago, by the hero of the larrikins of Melbourne, the bushranger Kelly; and here the line is the boundary between two counties, which is probably a unique example of a railway being utilised for geographical purposes. A place bearing the poetical name of Violet Town is not of sufficient importance to delay the express, which, after lingering at Wodonga, the border town of Victoria, crosses the Murray into New South Wales, and reaches Albury an hour before midnight.

Albury is a quiet little town in a favourable situation, which will probably lead to its being selected as the Federal city of the gradually forming Australian Confederation, and the vineyards on the neighbouring hillsides may some day make the Albury vintages as well known as the wines of Bordeaux or Xerez. Another circumstance gives Albury a certain advantage which it would not otherwise possess. The absence of reasonable co-operation on the part of the colonies has resulted in the Victorian railways being built to the Irish gauge of 5 feet 3 inches, while New South Wales adopted the English gauge of 4 feet 8½ inches. The running of through trains between the two systems is thereby rendered impossible, and all passengers are obliged to change carriages at Albury, and some are induced by the enforced break in the journey to spend a few hours, or, it may be, a night or two, in the town.

From Albury a journey of twelve hours, through a country covered for the most part with gum-forests, and watered here and there by a river fringed with willows, brings the train to the banks of the Paramatta. New South Wales is very thinly populated, and when, in the early morning, the mist lying upon the surface hides the few cultivated fields near the line, the forest and the hills in the distance which alone are seen show Australia in

its pristine state of solitude. A virgin land, even though it may not possess much scenic beauty, is always attractive. Nature's gardens, lawns, and tilth can seldom be improved, and the birds and four-footed creatures to whom she entrusts them are very careful of their charge.

A land journey from Adelaide to Sydney by way of Melbourne will reveal the fact that, in the equipment of her railways, Australia is distinctly in advance of America. The more far-seeing, if more expensive, policy of providing even the pioneer lines with all the latest appliances and improvements has been adopted. The permanent way is more carefully laid; the country stations are neat and convenient buildings; the safety of trains travelling on single lines is ensured by the use of the staff, and is not dependent on the memory of a train-despatcher; and the interlocking of points and signals, which is exceptional in America, is usual in Australia. The superiority of the Australian railways is due to the circumstance that they were constructed by the Colonial Governments, and not by private companies whose interest it was, in the absence of competition, to provide the cheapest possible line. Free passes are given with much liberality to visitors, and as of right to all British officers above the rank of subaltern, and even to a subaltern who has any claim to the hospitality of a British colony, such as a wound in Burmah which has necessitated his being sent on sick leave to Australia.

In the minor detail of refreshments, the Victorian railways set an example to all other railways. There are not many places, and certainly no railway stations, either in Europe or America, where passengers can obtain a meal of soup or fish, hot joint with potatoes and other vegetables, bread, butter, cheese, and marmalade, salad and pickles, and tea or coffee, for eighteenpence;



CATTLE MOB IN AUSTRALIAN BUSH.

or a beefsteak, with bread, butter, and cheese, and half a pint of colonial wine, for a shilling.

Australia, if a less interesting country than America, is certainly a more comfortable. The din, bustle, and worry peculiar to the New World are absent. America is a machine in perpetual motion, on insufficiently lubricated bearings. Everyone is panting in the race for power or wealth. Life in the United States is represented by an express train rushing wildly over an uneven country: life at the Antipodes by the measured progress of a well-laden ship over a tranquil ocean. An air of steady and sober prosperity pervades an Australian city. It is well-built, well-governed, and pleasing, if not always handsome, in appearance. The Melbourne streets are not disfigured by bad pavements, ragged telegraph and telephone wires, and an indiscriminate display of advertisements; and the side-walks are as good as could be desired. More attention is paid to the comfort of the community than to the interests of individuals; and the neat, orderly appearance of a large Australian city, when compared with the haphazard, helter-skelter agglomeration of buildings—mean, moderate, and splendid—intersected by ill-conditioned thoroughfares, which constitutes a city in the United States, at once strikes a traveller recently arrived from the other side of the Pacific.

CHAPTER XII.

AN AUSTRALIAN VANITY FAIR.

A LITTLE more than a century ago, eleven ships sailed from England in company for the coast which Cook had discovered in the previous decade, and to which, from its fancied resemblance to the Welsh coast, he had given the name of New South Wales. Three store-ships and six convict-ships were convoyed by the frigate *Sirius* and her tender to a continent which was then as little known as the Antarctic continent is at the present day. The idea seems to have been that, so long as the convicts were removed from Great Britain, it did not much matter what happened to them. The possibility of their becoming the founders of a new colonial Empire which would replace the recently lost American continent was never entertained.

A tedious voyage of eight months was broken at Rio de Janeiro and the Cape of Good Hope, and at length the dismal flotilla cast anchor in the haven to which Sir Joseph Banks, the naturalist of Cook's expedition, had given the name of Botany Bay. It was found to be unfitted to be even a convict station, as the supply of fresh water was insufficient, and the low land near the shore was not adapted for settlement. The naval officer in command thereupon set out in an open boat to search the coast for a more convenient haven, and soon found an inlet a few miles to the north which Cook had over-

looked, but which proved to be, next to Rio, the finest harbour in the world. The ships were transferred without delay, the convicts were landed, and the colony was established with due formality upon the banks of a little stream.

When the King's proclamation had been recited and the British flag hoisted, Captain Phillip set to work, like Romulus, to build a city. The cockatoo and the wallaby were startled by the sound of the woodman's axe, and the aborigines stared at the strange white men passing to and fro upon the shore. The first Government House of the colony was a tent pitched by the side of a rivulet which has long since disappeared, near the spot where now Spring Street joins Pitt Street. The position of the bridge by which it was crossed is indicated by Bridge Street. A garden was planted close by with flowers from home and trees from Brazil and South Africa, but these also have vanished.

A succession of misfortunes beset the young colony. The soil in the neighbourhood of the harbour was found to be incapable of growing corn. An experimental farm was therefore laid out a few miles higher up the river at Rosehill, now called Paramatta, but its produce was scarcely sufficient to sow another crop, and Sydney was more than once within measurable distance of extinction by starvation. The colony was dependent upon sea-borne supplies, which often failed to arrive; scurvy broke out, and the food stock ran so low that every man, from the Governor to the convict, was put upon an allowance of flour, pork, and peas—all of which had been some years in store. The state of the settlement was at one time so critical that, in order to relieve the pressure, two hundred of the convicts were sent to Norfolk Island, which had been reported to be fertile. The *Sirius* was lost, and news came that a provision ship

laden with two years' stores had been abandoned at sea. The tender was despatched to Java, but six months must elapse before she could return, and during her absence the danger of perishing by hunger continued to threaten the colony.

Never did a city start in life so inauspiciously. A thousand convicts were carelessly marooned upon a barren shore, there left to their fate, and only preserved from destruction by the energy and prudence of Captain Phillip, to whom more than to any other individual Great Britain owes her Australian colonies. If an enterprise conducted under such unfortunate circumstances, and so long involved in difficulties, had been allowed to fail, the colonisation of Australia would not have been effected by England for many years, or would have been effected by another nation. When, however, a settlement, which had had to fight its way against all kinds of enemies, was observed to emerge from the conflict and to begin to live and thrive, the fitness of Australia to receive the surplus population of the mother country was recognised, and success was assured.

No one who looks at the brilliant city which has spread itself over the bays and inlets of Port Jackson would imagine that once its only denizens were half-starved felons, or that there could have been a time when people were glad to leave it for a small island in the Pacific five hundred miles distant from the nearest land. Like Byron's daughter, Sydney

> "was born in bitterness
> And nurtured in convulsion."

If, in the year 1788, any person had hazarded the opinion that the hungry plantation of Port Jackson—inhabited by prisoners at large, whose food was drawn precariously from a distance of many thousand miles

—would in a century have become a numerous, comfortable, respectable, and peaceable community, he would have been ridiculed as a fanatical optimist. A comparison of the Sydney of 1788 with the Sydney of 1888 is the best proof that could be given of the colonising genius of the British race. It is certain that no other nation—except, perhaps, the Chinese—could have done as much with such raw and stubborn materials.

Sydney lies upon a portion of the shores of the harbour formed by the meeting of the Paramatta and the Pacific ; and, though built without the slightest regard to architectural effect, the city has a certain haphazard beauty of its own, derived mainly from its situation on the bays and promontories of the haven. The first impression of a stranger is one of disappointment. The buildings, when viewed from the water, are commonplace, and no very prominent feature except the tower of the Post Office rises above the roofs. But the early discontent at the failure of an imaginary ideal is often followed by a juster view of things ; for, whether Sydney be judged by the standard of an American city of a few generations' growth, or of an English city of equal size, the verdict should not be unfavourable. The worst that can be said of Sydney is that the advantages of its superb situation have not yet been fully utilised. It would be unreasonable to expect too much in a place hardly a hundred years old ; but, unfortunately, the capital of New South Wales has been advertised as the professional beauty of the cities of the world.

It is not, however, hypercritical to remark that, although the indentations of the shore-line on either side of the harbour give a frontage many miles in length, no part of it has been converted into a broad road similar to the Chiaja at Naples or to the

promenades of the towns of the Riviera, and that none of the public edifices are placed where they could be seen to advantage by the water's edge or on the rising ground above it. In Farm Cove the land near the shore has, it is true, been reserved as a botanic garden, with a sea-wall for foot-passengers and Sunday loungers, but the bay is small, and makes little difference in the appearance of the city from the opposite side of the harbour. There are no noble structures separated from the water by spacious quays planted with handsome trees. A broad parade or terrace, running along the shore of one of the larger bays, would have greatly embellished Sydney; for the natural attractiveness of the harbour is at present expended in neutralising the less attractive aspect of the city. Some considerable portion of the foreshore must no doubt be given up to commerce—wharves, quays, warehouses, landing-stages, and their appurtenances are unavoidable in every seaport; but these occupy a comparatively small portion of the strand. The rest has, for the most part, been "jumped" by private individuals for their own purposes, and the formation of a grand marine boulevard has been rendered impracticable. Money has been lavishly spent in public buildings, which are not invariably ornamental, and expense would not have stood in the way of the proposed boulevard, which would have made Sydney one of the most beautiful cities in the world.

It is not even now too late. The north shore has not yet been covered very thickly with houses, and the greater part of it remains in its natural state. Every year, however, brings fresh encroachments, and it is hopeless to expect that, within a mile of a populous place, Nature will be long left alone. Commerce has not yet invaded the quiet bays and slopes in force, and there is still an opportunity of adorning some portion of

the shore. Perhaps a colonial Baron Haussmann will some day be allowed to take, if not the city, at least the north shore in hand; and if he is a person of taste and judgment, Sydney would be able to call herself in truth the Venice or the Genoa of the Pacific. If some of the public buildings and larger private houses—as, for example, the University and the two Cathedrals, and the mansions of Darling Point and Double Bay—could be reproduced across the water on the hill overlooking Neutral Bay, and if the shore were lined with massive stone quays from which flights of marble steps led down to the water's edge, the effect would be superb.

Government House, with its grounds and gardens, occupies a good position on the headland separating Farm Cove—the anchorage of the Australian Squadron—from Circular Quay, where the ocean mail steamers are berthed. It is not a striking building, being a somewhat grotesque example of Tudor Gothic of modern design, surmounted by several lank turrets. If the scheme to utilise the promontory as the site of a central railway station is ever carried into effect, Sydney will not lose much by the demolition of the mansion, although the conversion of the site to the uses of a terminus, with all its accessories, would certainly render the future embellishment of the city still more difficult. Yet, if outwardly Government House is not attractive, every traveller who has received the hospitality of a popular and genial Governor and of his beautiful wife looks back to it with gratitude and pleasure.

There is not a more delightful form of social amusement than a ball at Government House during the Spring Races. Those people whose object in going to a ball is to see as much as possible of many persons will derive no less satisfaction than the more numerous class who go in order to see as much as possible of one person.

If the rooms are crowded, the terraces and gardens sloping down to the water's edge are ideal shrines for doing *poojah* to the moon, or for that *solitude à deux* which is so delightful while it lasts, but which is often so productive of mischievous results. If it is excusable anywhere to sit out a round dance, it is so in Sydney. Under the serene Australian sky the calm haven reflects every star in the heavens; the moonlight softens all the distance, and the outline of the north shore is just discernible across the haven; dimly through the silvery haze that rests upon the water, the phantom of a ship is seen gliding down to the sea; and in a little while the diverging waves from her prow are heard whispering upon the shore.

All that is commonplace or unlovely is hidden from sight. A fairy mist floats across from some region where Nature weaves her most delicate tissues, and almost obliterates the images of the men-of-war at anchor in the Cove, but the network of cordage is still visible upon the face of the haze, which the moon has made luminous. The city is at rest; no sound breaks into the stillness but the plash of the fountain, a whisper under the trees, and the strains of the music; the scent of tropical flowers is exhaled into the air, and the paths are paved with silver by the moonlight, which prints the shapes of luxuriant foliage in ebony on the ground.

The streets of Sydney are, in general, irregularly built and unattractive in appearance, and many are scarcely better than the alleys which may be found in the busy parts of Liverpool or Manchester. The commercial houses and the public buildings, some of which would command attention in a European city, suffer greatly from their surroundings. This is especially noticeable in the case of the Post Office, an edifice which cannot be seen to advantage, as its base is squeezed in

the grasp of narrow streets. The Town Hall, however, stands in a street of good width, close to the Anglican Cathedral, which, though the tendency of the ornamentation of Australian public buildings errs in the direction of excessive elaboration of detail, has the opposite defect of a too flat and plain exterior. The Post Office is surmounted with a colossal figure of Britannia, seated on a lion and armed with a trident, and the spandrels of one front are adorned with extraordinary allegorical figures representing Commerce, Science, Art, and Literature. The carvings have been so mercilessly criticised that the colony is now ashamed of them and has sanctioned their removal.

There is no street in Sydney equal in appearance to Collins Street, or even to Bourke Street, in Melbourne. The central portion of Macquarrie Street is the most attractive spot within the city. One side is occupied by some of the Government offices and by moderate-sized and well-designed private mansions, and on the other lie the grounds of Government House and a public park. The street runs along the ridge of a hill, and the view, though not very extensive, is pleasing. Near the southern end stands a low, plain, unprepossessing structure. It was intended to be a hospital, but was never used for that purpose. The physical health of the colony being too good to need its services, its original purpose was slightly changed. It was converted into an asylum for male persons suffering from various forms of political distemper, and is now occupied by the Legislative Chambers of New South Wales.

Every large city uses a method of locomotion peculiar to itself. London has its hansoms, Venice its gondolas, New York its elevated railways and its cabs, in which persons can be jolted over the worst pavements in the world at a cost never less than a dollar a mile. The

donkey of Cairo is favourably remembered by travellers in Egypt; and the coolie who draws the jinricksha in Yokohama and Shanghai is perhaps the most satisfactory draught animal in civilisation. Each of these systems is preferable to the method adopted in Sydney. Though the streets of the city are narrow, they have been encumbered with lines of steam tramway, which is, in fact, an unfenced railway running on the level in the thick of the foot and carriage traffic. The frequency of accidents has caused it to be styled the "Sydney Juggernaut." The cars and engines are clumsy and unsightly; the trains travel at a reckless speed, and scarcely differ, except in length, from a train on a railway, which, even in the least thickly populated districts of a country, is usually enclosed.

In an older civilisation the Sydney Juggernaut would have been prohibited. But Sydney, if not so progressive as other Australian cities, is more original. The cars career almost at random through the city, and the intersections of the main streets are used as junctions, where, in addition to the ordinary vehicular traffic, three or four trains may sometimes be seen converging at the same time. A constant stream flows past the chief crossings, swings round the corners, obstructs business, frightens strange horses, and now and then kills a child. At the terminus in Bridge Street the shunting and marshalling of the cars is conducted in the roadway itself, under the windows of the Colonial Secretary's Office. The trains are less convenient than tramcars, as they only stop at certain points. Tickets must be purchased beforehand, as an extra charge is made if the fare is paid in money on the car; and as each ticket is only available for a certain distance, every section involves a fresh collection.

If the number of houses set apart for the exercise of

any particular trade or profession is a test by which its prosperity may be measured, then the calling of a banker is the most profitable occupation in Sydney. A new and remunerative reading of the proud motto *Advance Australia* has been introduced. Every facility is given for obtaining advances. There are as many banks in Sydney, where there is no extraordinary concentration of trade, as in Liverpool with nearly treble the population. The disparity may be accounted for by the greater value of money incidental to the circumstances of a new country, and by the large sums which are continually passing from hand to hand—not so much in course of trade as in mining, pastoral, and other speculations.

A similar test applied to the smaller streets of the suburbs leads to the very remarkable inference that their staple industry is the disposal of the dead. Undertakers' shops are almost as numerous as public-houses in England, and would lead a stranger to suppose that Sydney was an unhealthy city. Yet the climate is favourable to vitality; the death-rate is low, and an unusual proportion of the inhabitants are either young or in the prime of life. It is difficult to reconcile these facts, except on the supposition that much money is wasted on unnecessary funeral pomp and display.

Some of the ordinary sights of Sydney are unfamiliar to Englishmen. The person in a white helmet and a red tunic hurrying along the streets is not a soldier but a postman. The boys cantering through the streets are telegraph messengers. Many hansoms are seen, but no four-wheeled cabs. The sidewalks are usually roofed in on the sunny side—that is, on the side which faces the north. The telegraph wires are not reticulated above the houses, but carried, as they should be in every well-regulated city, on posts rising out of the kerbstone.

In addition to the official information—which is usually all that is to be found in a post-office at home—the latest shipping intelligence, as well as full reports of the weather over the whole of Australasia, are displayed in the General Post Office at Sydney, where also proof is given of the importance with which such an incident as the arrival of the European mails is regarded in the life of the colony. The lofty tower, which commands the greater part of the suburbs and the harbour, is utilised for signalling the movements of the mail steamers; and the approach of the *Ormuz*, the *Victoria*, or the *Océanien* to King George's Sound or to Adelaide is forthwith notified from the flagstaff to the expectant city.

The absence of electric lights in the streets, and of lifts in the houses, will be noticed by any traveller who has been in America. The absence of the latter is remarkable, for Sydney is not a city in which people are accustomed to take unnecessary trouble. The lethargy induced by a hot climate is already beginning to affect it, and the inhabitants show signs of languor—at least, in matters of business. The push and bustle which precede and ensure success are absent. It is not that decay has set in, but rather that the exuberant vitality and restless energy which should characterise a young and hitherto prosperous community are not apparent. The streets are not crowded with men rushing to and fro in pursuit of wealth, and even on the noble Circular Quay an air of listlessness sometimes prevails.

The business habits of the place are inactive and irregular, and retard its natural development. If a stranger enters a shop and cannot find the article he requires, no attempt is made to divert his wishes into another channel and to persuade him to buy that which he does not want, an omission which, though very

advantageous to himself, is not likely to develop trade; and he is allowed to depart with a crestfallen feeling that his desires were too ignorant and too untimely to be gratified, and that he was an unfit person to be trusted to make a purchase.

If he wishes to see the principal or the partner of a firm, the chances are that he will not be able to do so in the way of business. Their existence and their movements are hidden by their subordinates in a mysterious halo. The head partner has gone to the Blue Mountains, or is yachting in the harbour. The junior partner has gone to the Hawkesbury, or China, or Greenland, or the Kermedec Islands, or somewhere, as usual towards the end of the week, and the date of his return is quite uncertain. He usually returns on Monday or Tuesday, occasionally not until Wednesday or Thursday, but there is little doubt that he will be in the office on Friday. No, it is doubtful whether a telegram would reach him, but there would be no harm in trying; though he makes it a rule never to attend to business matters when away from Sydney. It is not hard to account for the fact that Melbourne is gradually becoming the commercial metropolis of Australia.

The native pedantry of the German showed itself in the man of blood and iron when Prince Bismarck announced his discovery that sex applies to nations as well as to individuals. The cities of the world may be similarly classified. Melbourne belongs, without doubt, to the male category. It is masculine in temperament, habits, appearance, demeanour, and way of thinking, and it would be emblematically represented by the figure of a young and prosperous tradesman in a large way of business. Sydney, on the other hand, is a woman; and in her younger days she was a very naughty child. All her characteristics are feminine. She is playful, ga[illegible]

sprightly, and inexact. She frolics in the sunshine, while Melbourne is hard at work exporting wool. She takes off her shoes and stockings, and paddles in the waves of the Pacific, and makes a face at her staid male cousin in Victoria. She is not quite beautiful, nor altogether an ornament to the haven of which she has taken possession, but she is a nice-looking and an exceedingly pleasant and volatile young person. She is more companionable but less trustworthy than Melbourne. She poses as the spoilt child of the Southern Ocean, and a trifle offends her, and a trifle appeases. A casual word of praise bestowed upon Melbourne makes her sulk for a month.

Sydney, regarded as the playground, as the Vanity Fair of Australia, is without a rival. Social life is in some places a comedy, in others a burlesque, in others almost a melodrama. In Sydney it is an operetta. The merry and light-hearted players frolic upon the sunny stage: a stranger joins the troupe, and is quickly allowed to feel as though he had belonged to it for years. British stiffness seems unable to exist south of the Equator. Nothing can exceed the cordiality with which a stranger is welcomed. It is not the welcome proceeding from a desire to satisfy curiosity, for Australia has emerged from that primitive state in which every strange animal or object from a distant land is regarded as a thing to be stared at, but it is the welcome which comes from kindness of heart. A community in which there are no very great distinctions of rank, and in which wealth, if not very evenly distributed, at least cannot be spent very lavishly—the simplicity of the establishments and of the mode of living of some of the wealthiest people in Sydney is remarkable—is favourably placed for the cultivation of society, or friendly intercourse in its best form.

A genial climate, congenial tastes on the part of

the people, a suitable neighbourhood, and the absence of very engrossing occupations, have made picnicking the favourite form of daytime amusement in Sydney. A Sydney picnic does not wear the school-treat and bank-holiday air which distinguishes the English picnic. It is not an aggregation of individuals bent on consuming food under unusual conditions in the open air. It is a pastoral play. The banks of the Paramatta and the bays and inlets of "our beautiful harbour" offer excellent stages for the performance. Sometimes the hill overlooking the Pacific at Manley Beach is selected; sometimes a bosky retreat among the gum-trees of Middle Harbour. The performers are carefully selected by the acting-manager, with due regard to mutual affinities and preferences, and also to the just balance of the sexes; and when the pleasant *lever du rideau*—a voyage to the chosen spot in a steam launch across the calm haven sparkling in the sun—is over, the performance begins in earnest. The banquet is served, and the first scene having been enacted without a hitch, the company break off in pairs, like the animals of the Ark. It is natural that very many foolish things should be said and done upon such an occasion, but there seems to be a sort of tacit understanding that the character of a Masque shall be maintained throughout.

It must not, however, be supposed that picnics hold a monopoly for supplying the people of Sydney with amusement. Australian women are generally active, graceful, and well dressed, and show to advantage when in motion; and dancing, lawn tennis, and rink skating therefore stand high in popular estimation. If ever the latter deserves to be called poetry on wheels, it is in Sydney, at a private skating party in the Redfern Exhibition Building. At balls every one dances—even the old women. No ball-room is encumbered with a gang

of useless young men who hang about the doors and refuse to be comforted; and professional sitters-out, whether male or female, are not numerous. The abundance of flowers makes the work of decoration easy, and one of the most charming sights in the social world is a crowded ball-room in the Australian Vanity Fair.

It seems probable that in the course of the next few generations Melbourne will absorb most of the trade of Australia, and that Sydney will become the resort of the unemployed of the upper classes, and more than ever the city of pleasure: perhaps, even, Sydney fashions will be quoted in Australia as the fashions of Paris are quoted in Europe and America. There may, however, be a worthier destiny in store for her, and it is one that is within her grasp. Letters, science, and art must have their metropolis, no less than commerce. Let Sydney cheerfully acknowledge the commercial supremacy of Melbourne, and, having ceased to be so foolishly envious of it, endeavour to win for herself such a position in Australia as Boston holds in America, that the middle or end of the twentieth century may find Sydney renowned, not merely as at present for her beautiful harbour, but as a community whose opinions are listened to with respect and attention, and as the intellectual metropolis of the southern hemisphere.

The spirit of opposition and depreciation is so deeply engrained in human nature, that if there were in the world a spot of ideal and perfect beauty it would be impolitic to praise it as it deserved. Men derive satisfaction from the egotistic consciousness that they are able to rise superior to the ignorant enthusiasms of their neighbours. The first person who discovered that there were spots on the sun was probably delighted with the

imperfection which had escaped the eyes of many generations. Extravagant laudation has impaired the reputation of many admirable things, and the pleasure of gazing at a beautiful scene is often discounted by highly coloured descriptions of it.

It is so in the case of "our beautiful harbour," as the people of Sydney proudly and affectionately designate their haven. The haven is an arm of the Pacific merging into the firth of the Paramatta, and the shore line is more than a hundred and fifty miles in length. On each side bays, inlets, and minor havens encroach upon the land, which, where it has not been cleared for building purposes, is covered with gum-trees. Many of the bays are lovely retreats, but they have a family likeness to each other, and there is little variety and grandeur in the picture. The dark foliage is too violent a contrast to the gleaming city, and the lack of intermediate tones is tiring to the eye. It is a scene composed of charming details. The solitary strands of the sequestered inlets, with the woods coming down to the water's edge, are ideal places of repose in a sunny clime; the strips of ocean burrowing into the land, and appearing and re-appearing on all sides, are pleasant to the eye; but, nevertheless, the general effect is not very beautiful or impressive.

Sydney Harbour was designed by Nature in a pre-Raphaelite mood; and, when every allowance has been made for the invincible reluctance of individuals to acknowledge the correctness of public opinion, its attractions do appear to have been examined by the partial Australian through a microscope. Not that it is not beautiful in its way, but it is hardly so enchanting as the strangers who know it only by repute are led to believe.

In Botany Bay—a loch communicating with the sea a few miles south of the entrance to Sydney Harbour—

the first chapter of Australian history was written. Two monuments record the successful acquisition of the country by one Empire and the failure of another to make a settlement in it. A brass tablet marks the spot where Captain Cook landed, and a column on the opposite promontory stands to the memory of Captain de la Perouse, who arrived on the coast with the intention of annexing it to the kingdom of France, only to find that the commander of the *Endeavour* had forestalled him. To him was allotted a double measure of misfortune; for he not only followed blindly in the trail of Cook, but soon after leaving Botany Bay he perished, with all his men, upon the Barrier Reef.

The Australian rivers which flow into the Pacific are insignificant, but the scenery on their banks is generally pleasing, and often beautiful. The shores of the Paramatta, for a distance of several miles above Sydney, are the most attractive part of the harbour. The northern bank of the river is not so much indented with bays as the southern; the inlets are wider, and do not run very deeply into the land; thus the expanse of water in view is broader. The islands and headlands near the city are covered with docks, engineering works, and factories, but higher up the natural beauty of the river is unsmirched. The Paramatta is a tranquil, bright stream, varying greatly in width; bends and reaches, merging gradually into one another, take the place of the complicated system of bays in the lower harbour, which is, in fact, no more than a group of pretty, paltry pools and channels, squeezed in between opposing promontories. If Sydney Harbour does not merit all the flattery that has been bestowed upon it, there are many spots in the short course of the Paramatta which are fit to be compared with any river scenery in the world.

The appellations given to the localities of a new

country in modern times frequently originate in some circumstance or incident in the life of high officials which would otherwise be lost to history. Thus, when the stock ran short in Canada, Tiny and Floss, the favourite lapdogs of a Governor-General's wife, gave their names to two infant townships. This, so far as is known, is the lowest depth of frivolity from which the supply has ever been drawn, and it contrasts forcibly with Tasman's romantic choice of his own true love's patronymic of Van Diemen as the word by which his discovery should be known to the world.

On the banks of the Paramatta a day's adventures of an early Governor of the colony are chronicled. There is nothing exciting or extraordinary in them, and they are such as constantly occur in the lives of common men. The Governor had quarrelled with his wife—a foolish act in a colony where female society was not too plentiful. He left her in a huff at the town of Paramatta, and went to Sydney. Each disputant was in the right; and as, under these circumstances, neither would make overtures to the other, judicious friends arranged for a reconciliation half-way. The village of Concord and Kissing Point indicate the spot where the tiff was made up, while Breakfast Point and Dinner Creek record the less romantic incidents of the auspicious occasion. With this historic case before its eyes, the Legislature of the colony has lately passed an Act which makes divorce more easy in New South Wales than in any other part of the British Empire.

It is as difficult for a modern traveller to tear himself away from Sydney in September as it was for Ulysses to leave Circe's Isle of Aeaea. Even when there is an opportunity of visiting the Hawkesbury—a river which is said to combine all the most beautiful features of the Mississippi, the Rhine, the Wye, and other famous

streams—the kindness and hospitality of the people of Sydney constantly cause the excursion to be postponed from day to day until the opportunity is lost. The only consolation available is that of the fox. Perhaps, as in the case of "our beautiful harbour," the beauty of the Hawkesbury may have been slightly exaggerated; perhaps the rival of all the renowned rivers of Europe and America may have unduly englamoured the Australian eye.

If some excuse may be found for the modern Ulysses who is induced by the Circean attractions of the Australian Vanity Fair to abandon his visit to the Hawkesbury, it is only on condition that he makes a stern resolution and registers a vow that nothing whatever shall keep him away from the Blue Mountains—neither a lawn-tennis party at Admiralty House, nor a picnic down Middle Harbour, nor even the prospect of a ball at Darling Point and of a moonlight wander in the gardens with the beautiful A—— Z——, what time that

> "Heaven and earth
> On some calm night are far too fair for mirth."

If the rest of Australia were a wilderness, the Blue Mountains of New South Wales would be sufficient to allure a traveller from the most distant region of the globe. Yet even in Great Britain there are hills that would look down upon Mount Victoria and its fellows. The peculiar charm of the Australian range does not depend upon its elevation above the plain. There are no soaring, snow-clad peaks hidden in the clouds; no deserted heights bare of vegetation; no crags and precipices rising on the flank of a glacier. A landscape painter could make nothing of them. The Blue Mountains do not give much opportunity for feats of agility:



RIVER SCENE, NEW SOUTH WALES.

an Alpine climber, and even a member of the Scotch Mountaineering Club, would despise them.

Yet, for all that, they are the most fascinating mountains in the world. It is easy to point out their defects in those particulars which commonly give beauty to mountain scenery, and it is difficult to define exactly wherein their matchless charm consists. It may be the impression which they leave upon the mind rather than upon the eyes. It is subjective rather than objective. There is no extraordinary natural beauty to delight the sense of sight; but the poetic, pathetic, melancholy loveliness of the scene enters the heart, and there abides. The very monotony of the prospect is weird and alluring. A forest of gum-trees covers the range, which is intersected by deep valleys filled with an exquisite blue haze, so fine in its tissues that it offers the slightest possible obstruction to the rays of light; and this delicate hue of violet-grey, to which the Blue Mountains owe their name and their renown, is, next to the tint of a wave-crest on the Atlantic pierced by the beams of the setting sun, the most beautiful colour in Nature.

A belt of alluvial land about forty miles in breadth intervenes between the coast and the Blue Mountains, which long formed an insuperable obstacle to the exploration of the interior of the country. Now, however, the Great Western Railway has not only surmounted it, but has penetrated the continent to the banks of the Murray —a distance of more than five hundred miles in a direct line from Sydney. The train traverses the level ground at an easy speed, and at Penrith crosses the River Nepean, which takes in its lower reaches the name of Hawkesbury; for rivers are scarce in Australia, and their number has been fictitiously increased by the simple device of giving different names to different sections of the same stream.

At Emu Plains, from which the emu has long since been expelled by the settler, the line reaches the zigzag by which the ascent is effected, and, as the train mounts from point to point, the plain is seen unrolling itself towards the ocean. The green fields bordering the calm and luminous Nepean, the villages and towns scattered over the champaign, the homesteads and farms under the hillside, appear as in a map; and when the train, often swinging to and fro like a shuttle in a loom, attains a level where the mountain-side becomes less steep, and allows the line to be carried directly towards the table-land, the view over the plain extends to the Pacific, faintly visible in the horizon ; and if there were no other means of obtaining a glimpse of the sunny, fertile land bordered by the ocean, the toil of climbing the mountain-side on foot would be amply repaid by the lovely scene which the gaps in the dark woods on the crest reveal.

The Blue Mountains are a plateau rising abruptly from the coastal plain to an average height of about three thousand feet. None of the peaks are very much elevated above the platform, which has the appearance of a mountain range with the summits reduced to a nearly uniform level. But Nature, when she removed the excrescences, was careful not to fill up the depressions with them. The most remarkable feature of the range is the deep basins and hollows which have been scooped out of it. These can scarcely be called valleys, for there are few instances of a gently sloping bank leading down from the heights into the depths ; they are rather troughs and quarries, such as a nation of giants might have excavated in a hundred centuries. Every hollow is filled with the magical blue vapour which modifies the hue of each feature in the landscape, and which, though distinctly tinged with colour, is never-



LEURA FALLS, KATOOMBA.

theless so translucent that distant objects can be clearly seen through it. The soft, transparent haze comes up to the edges of the precipice, and approaches so close to the brim that it seems as if it could be ladled like water out of the bowls. Many of the valleys have never yet been profaned by the foot of man, and only the cockatoo and the wallaby know their recesses.

Gum forests cover high ground and depression alike with a mantle of sombre green foliage, and bare grey trunks and dead trees here and there heighten the weird effect of the scene. Crags, cliffs, and precipices break suddenly into the plateau, and fence round the basins overflowing with the ethereal haze. Vistas of enclosed depressions, many miles in width, and carpeted with untrodden woods, appear from every eminence, and so great is the height from which they are viewed that the little hillocks at the bottom are hardly discernible. Pinnacles and towers of detached rock spring up from below, and terraces and platforms overhang abysses so deep and narrow that the sunlight never falls into them. The Blue Mountains remain almost in their primeval state, although a railway traverses them, and although a few small towns have sprung up beside it. A few spots—as, for example, the Jenolan Cave, and a vast chasm called "Govett's Leap," from an uncertain legend—are much frequented, but by far the larger portion of the district has never been stared at by the prying eyes of the vulgar.

Katoomba, the little town in the woods hard by the Leura Falls, stands so high that the plain is visible beyond the forest foreground, and sometimes even the light of Sydney South Head can be seen sparkling faintly in the distance. The road to the Weatherboard or Wentworth Falls passes for a mile or two through the bush, and is lined with the ferns and the white-flowering

shrubs which nestle under the gums, when it suddenly terminates at the edge of a profound valley fenced in by escarped rocks. At the head of the valley lies a narrow but very deep excavation, into which a little stream falls. After the slender rivulet has toppled over the brink, it soon loses its cohesion, and is dispersed into spray long before it reaches the bottom, twelve hundred feet below. A pebble can be dropped from the edge on to the forest in the abyss, but the highest trees attain scarcely to one-tenth of the height of the precipice at the base of which they stand; and so thoroughly has the valley been fortified by nature that, although a stone tossed over the brink will be at its journey's end in a few seconds, a circuit of no less than sixteen miles must be compassed before the spot whereon it fell can be reached on foot.

Another precipice, with a rugged face rising out of the floor, forms the opposite wall of the excavation, and beyond the gap hewn in the encircling cliffs is the main valley, thickly covered with forest. In the early morning the vast hollow is filled with snowy clouds, which, as the sun attains its power, are lifted out of the basin, and float away with the breeze, leaving behind them the violet haze. Deep-green and blue is the prevailing colour of the nearer objects, while the images of the more distant become gradually paler and paler as they recede into the background. The shadows of the hills and of the passing clouds throw darker patches upon the floors of the basins; the sunlight brings out the purple and grey bloom of the gum leaves, and every delicate shade of blue, violet, and green is there.

CHAPTER XIII.

AUSTRALIAN DEMOCRACY AT WORK AND AT PLAY.

I.—At Work.

MORE than thirty years have elapsed since the foundation-stone of the Victorian Houses of Parliament was laid, yet the scaffolding is still erect, and it is likely to remain in position until the end of the century. For some reason, which may possibly be an instinctive feeling that parliamentary institutions are becoming effete, Victoria has shown a strange reluctance to complete the edifice. A similar idea seems to prevail in New South Wales. In Macquarrie Street, Sydney, stands a building of low elevation and commonplace appearance, which was built for a hospital, but which is now occupied by the Legislative Chambers of the colony. The estimation in which the elective branch of the Legislature—the Legislative Assembly—is held by the general public was lately shown by the groan of dismay uttered by the leading Sydney journal at the prospect of an increase in the members of it under the operation of the "India-Rubber" clauses of the Electoral Act, which provide for additional representatives in proportion to the increase of the population.

Even in an Australian Legislature each member salutes the Speaker on entering the House, but the gesture admits of infinite variety. One member bows profoundly; another is content with a slight inclination

or off-hand nod, and this is, in many cases, the extent of the courtesy extended to the Chair. The authority of the Speaker is rudely defied. A newly elected occupant of the Chair is greeted by a member who disputes his ruling with the remark that his predecessor *did* know something about the rules of parliamentary procedure; and he may be doomed to regulate a debate upon his own conduct, in which he is compared to a gorilla, and which occupies no less than thirty-seven pages of double columns in the official report. When such invectives are hurled at the Chair, the incident of one member taunting another with having once cheated a barmaid out of threepence, or styling a former Premier an old counterfeit and a bandy-legged schemer, hardly attracts attention.

Papers laid upon the table, and relating to a subject under discussion, are seized by a member, who refuses to surrender them. The Estimates become a scramble for money. Each member is desirous of obtaining a grant to be spent in his constituency. He is not particular about the nature of the gift. It may be a bridge or it may be a bridewell. Political influence, intensified by log-rolling, obtained for one small town the boon of a gaol, erected at a cost to the colony of £50,000, as though

> "To show by one satiric touch
> No people needed it so much."

The Member for that district must have had a high opinion of his supporters, but they accepted the equivocal favour with satisfaction. Neither do the constituencies appear to hold their deputies in very high honour. The latter are often regarded as general agents, resident in the colonial capital in order to attend to the various wants of the district, not only in political matters, but

also in the trivial affairs of every-day life. A constituent will commission a member to choose a buggy for himself, or a bonnet for his wife.

As the representative is the sieve through which good things are strained before they can reach the represented, it is natural that a portion should remain in his hands. The M.L.A. stands out for his *pourboire* as resolutely as any Paris cabman. The Melbourne legislators have voted themselves free passes for life over the railways after seven years' service in the House. The Sydney legislators are agitating for franks for their electoral correspondence. An English Member of Parliament would say that any privilege likely to encourage a constituent's *cacoethes scribendi* is greatly to be deprecated, and that, on the contrary, it would be better to adopt some means of stanching the flow of letters with which a public man is deluged.

A whole day is wasted in discussing the question whether it is permissible for a Member to call a Judge an Old Woman. Now this, no doubt, raises a very delicate question. Many old women are estimable, sensible, clear-headed, and unprejudiced—in fact, possess the good qualities which should distinguish the wearer of the ermine. Why should it, therefore, be considered a term of disparagement when applied to a judge? and would it be right to throw a slur upon the sex by declaring that the holder of a judicial office is libelled by comparison with a presumably respectable female advanced in years? The *animus* of the Member was, however, manifest, and the Speaker was compelled to decide that the expression was disorderly; but his ruling did not give satisfaction, and such a furious onslaught was made upon him that he was compelled to withdraw it, with the plea that he had overlooked the circumstance that the name of the judge in question was before the House in a Bill

constituting a new office, and that, therefore, the rule that the conduct of a judge could only be impugned by a formal motion for an address to the Crown praying for his removal did not apply.

It was to be expected that the clumsy weapon of all-night sittings used in the British House of Commons would be seized with alacrity by the Australian obstructives. On one occasion, during a recent session, the Legislative Assembly of Victoria met at the usual hour, and continued to sit during the night until after two o'clock on the following afternoon. All went smoothly up to midnight, when a difference of opinion between the Premier and a member of the Opposition as to whether certain estimates involved matters of contention ushered in the trouble. The Ministers were denounced as powerless shams, who, so long as they could get through with their estimates, cared little for the fate of their Bills. The fine old bludgeon of *tu quoque* was quickly brandished by the Premier, who retorted that, if any party was powerless, it was the Opposition, which numbered but eight individuals. The gauntlet was thrown down, and the tournament began. An adjournment for supper was made at 2 a.m., and the repast and the respite invigorated the combatants for a renewal of hostilities. No pretence was made to confine the discussion to the estimates in question, and the debate hinged upon personal reminiscences hurled from one side to another. The Minister referred to a pathetic incident in the political career of his opponent, who had once been moved to tears, and said with exultation, "I never cried on the floor of the House, anyway!"

A newspaper report thus describes the incident:—"He moved slowly up and down the Treasury Bench, with hands deep in his pockets, his head well tossed back, and, encouraged by the cheers of his supporters,

threw red-hot shot into the enemy's ship," with the result that those supporters were soon afterwards styled a disreputable crew. The remark had to be withdrawn, although "other remarks, which cannot be published, were allowed to pass." At this moment some doubt as to the dignity of the proceedings seems to have arisen in the mind of a Member, and at his instance the Strangers' Galleries were closed for a short time.

The House at 5 a.m., though exhausted, was quite good-humoured. On the front Opposition Bench was stretched the prone form of an obstructive sleeping profoundly, with open mouth, and dreaming, possibly, of the days of his innocent childhood. In the corner another figure was huddled up, with knees bent, hands clenched under the chin, and the uppermost cheek surmounted by a tall hat, which a sudden draught dislodged and the sleeper awoke with a start. It was some time before he could realise his position; but he soon re-composed himself, using a pocket-handkerchief as a nightcap and a newspaper as a rug. The ludicrous attitude of a Minister sitting bolt upright in his place, and nodding so violently that every moment Members expected to see his head roll off on to the floor, attracted so much attention that the debate was interrupted while some one went to the rescue.

Soon after daylight appeared it was discovered that the obstructives numbered but seven. One unit had basely deserted his comrades, and had taken the early train to Ballarat. Breakfast was served at 7 a.m., and the windows were opened. As fresh members entered they were greeted with jeers, and inquiries whether they or the Government had paid for the cabs which had brought them up to the House. The leader of the Opposition made a discursive speech denouncing a stupendous piece of jobbery which he professed to have discovered in the Department of Mines; but the effect of his

rhetoric was marred by the snores of a supporter of the Government, who, with great want of tact, had fallen asleep on an Opposition bench. Luncheon was the next episode in the proceedings, which soon afterwards terminated. A compromise was arranged, by which the Government obtained almost all for which they had originally contended. By this time Members were in a better frame of mind. General apologies were tendered and accepted all round with great earnestness; and the House, having passed a vote of thanks to the occupant of the Chair, adjourned after a sitting of more than twenty hours.

The Legislature of Victoria, following the example of the British House of Commons on Derby Day, adjourns for the Melbourne Cup, and with such an example it is unreasonable to blame it; the Legislature of Tasmania goes further, and adjourns for the Masonic Ball at Hobart.

II.—At Play.

In the Parliament Houses at Melbourne and at Sydney the Australian Democracy may be seen at work; on Flemington Racecourse, near Melbourne, it may be watched at play, and showing by its behaviour which occupation is more to its taste. There is probably no country in the world which offers to its inhabitants so many opportunities of amusing themselves as an Australian colony. The population of Victoria slightly exceeds a million, spread over an area equal to England, Scotland, and Wales, and there are more than three hundred race-meetings every year, of which nearly one-fifth are held in the immediate neighbourhood of the capital. The interest in cricket is rapidly declining, and racing has become the popular pastime of Australia. The people have adopted what was once styled "the sport of kings."

When a new township is laid out, the proposed race-course is the chief feature in the plan. Though there is hardly a day without a race-meeting, fresh fixtures are being constantly added to the calendar. Many of the meetings are, no doubt, rough-and-ready scrambles at out-of-the-way stations up country, but the majority are properly organised, as in England, and they are held on racecourses which are second to none in the old country.

The chief racing clubs are recognised by special Acts of the Colonial Legislatures, and have legal sanction for their proceedings. This privilege has not been abused. The absence of rowdyism, which usually infests an English racecourse, is remarkable. The spectacle of a hundred thousand Anglo-Saxons enjoying themselves in a quiet and orderly manner can be seen only in Australia, where Democracy at Play gives a more favourable impression of the country than Democracy at Work.

The Spring Meeting of the Victorian Racing Club is held towards the beginning of November on the racecourse at Flemington, less than three miles from the heart of the city of Melbourne. It lasts a week, and is the sporting carnival of Australasia, reaching its climax in the race for the Melbourne Cup. The vast majority of the population is either directly or indirectly interested in one or more of the five thousand racehorses of Australasia, and most of them either possess or make for themselves excuses for visiting Melbourne during the Cup week. Squatters from the banks of the Murray or the Murrumbidgee find that particular business, such as the necessity for examining some new device for the extirpation of rabbits, calls them to the colonial capital at the end of October; architects and engineers come to inspect the latest buildings and factories; miners from the hills where the

wild gold grows come to buy new crushing machinery; while ladies from up-country and the small towns discover that they can no longer postpone a visit to a dentist or a dressmaker. It has likewise been noticed that the flagship of the Australian squadron is always found to be in such a condition in the spring that she must be docked at Williamstown during the meeting.

All roads in Europe lead to Rome; all roads in Australia lead to Flemington. To not a few native Australians the Melbourne Spring Meeting affords the only opportunity they have of keeping themselves in touch with the civilised world, and of relieving the monotony of a lonely life in the bush; and it therefore may be regarded not only as a means of amusement, but also as possessed of humanising influences. Its success is greatly due to this cause. It is more than a mere Carnival; it is a Congress, a Diet of Antipodean civilisation.

Not less than £150,000 were expended in reclaiming a marshy tract of ground near the Salt Water Creek, and in adapting it to the purposes of a racecourse, with the result that Flemington is as nearly perfect as the intelligent use of money can make it. A branch line of railway runs to a station immediately in rear of the Grand Stand; and the exits from the platforms to the stands, the paddocks, and the hill are so arranged that, even when a train is arriving almost every minute, there is little crowding or hustling, though nearly fifty thousand people are deposited on the course within three hours.

The journey from the Spencer Street terminus in Melbourne occupies only a few minutes, and the passengers are discharged upon the finest racecourse in the world. On one side a hill rises above the course, of a sufficient height to overlook the Grand Stand. Two intersecting ovals lie on the ground—one for flat races,

the other for steeple-chases. A terrace runs along the foot of the Grand Stand, and below it a long green lawn skirts the boundary fence of the course. At one end of the lawn are the saddling paddocks, the betting ring, and the press and racing offices; and the other end is gay with flower-beds. The carriage park is at the back of that portion of the lawn which overlaps the Grand Stand, and conveniently adjoins the well-designed luncheon *loggias*, and close at hand is the Maribyrnong Stand, whither those who cannot find room on crowded days in the Grand Stand betake themselves. In the stands, on the hill, and on the flat are massed together on Cup Day no less than one-sixth of the total population of the colony. If the attendance on Epsom Downs were in the same proportion, five millions of people would be present on Derby Day.

On Cup Day the smooth, round hillock at the back of the Grand Stand is black with the forms of thirty thousand persons clustering upon it, like a swarm of bees upon the limb of a tree. The flat is even more densely thronged with a surging, though orderly, mass of humanity, as well-behaved as a flock of sheep in an up-country station, and requiring very few shepherds in blue tunics and helmets. But the most attractive part of Flemington is naturally the Grand Stand and the lawn, where the charming Australian women are flitting to and fro or sauntering on the sward. As a rule, they dress well, though without ostentation. No public gathering in England shows a higher general average of good taste.

Cup Day is a public holiday throughout the colony of Victoria. All the shops in Melbourne are closed, and even some of the schools. As to the appearance of the city during the early hours of the afternoon no one can speak with accuracy, for no one has ever remained

in it while the struggle for the Cup is going on at Flemington. The city is supposed to wear a Pompeiian aspect, and weird echoes are believed to resound in the deserted streets as the ghosts of departed aborigines revisit their former haunts.

The military band on the lawn plays the National Anthem as the coach from Government House drives up, and deposits in the State Box most of the Australasian Governors, attended by their aides-de-camp and private secretaries, and the last touch of adornment is given to Flemington. A hurdle race over three miles, and the Railway Handicap, a six-furlong spin, fill up the interval before luncheon. The pleasantest part of a day's racing is the luncheon hour. Those who have lost their money are convinced that they will recover it in the afternoon; those who have won are serenely content and fear no ill-luck. A Flemington luncheon is not an uncomfortable scramble for food, but an orderly repast under the shelter of a roof, followed by a stroll among the flowers on the lawn or a visit to the Birdcage. A race for two-year-olds with four entries attracts little attention, and is over before half the people are aware of the start.

The saddling bell rings for the Melbourne Cup, and the stands are soon filled. The lawn is forsaken, and not a gap is visible in the tiers of seats. A sudden hush falls upon the multitude as soon as the horses are seen to be in motion. The first minute of the Cup race is the stillest time of the day. A crowd of one hundred and fifty thousand people is standing motionless and silent. The effect is unearthly. It seems as if they were bewitched. Then a whisper is heard, and a low murmur, which bursts out into a wild roar when the horses turn the corner for the run in. The black acres of human beings on the flat and on the knoll flash white in an

instant, as all faces are turned towards the winning-post. A few seconds of breathless excitement, and the Melbourne Cup is lost and won. The winning horse is led through the crowd on the lawn, and presented like a knight of old to the Queen of Beauty in the Government House box; and the chief event of the Australian Carnival is over.

The excellent bearing and demeanour of the vast Flemington crowds seems astonishing to those who have seen a British mob taking its pleasure. Scarcely a drunken man can be found, although the demand for beer is so great that the liquor is laid on to all the refreshment-bars through pipes from a central reservoir, and none of the demoralisation which so often attends race-meetings at home is apparent. The Australians amuse themselves in a sensible and decent manner. The crowd which assembles to witness the chief sporting event in the Southern Hemisphere is not only the largest, but also the best behaved, in the Anglo-Saxon world.

Several Australian innovations might usefully be adopted on English racecourses. The number of each horse is shown on a label attached to the saddle, rendering identification a more easy matter than when the colours worn by the jockey, which are often indistinct, are the only guide. A dial is placed opposite the judge's box, and the index hand is released by electricity from the starting-point, and stopped at the conclusion of the race, so that the exact duration of it is shown to the crowd. In all hurdle races an ambulance is sent round the course.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE BARRIER REEF AND MALAY ARCHIPELAGO.

November 15th.—The burning Australian summer is at hand, the Melbourne Cup has been lost and won, and most of the strangers who a fortnight ago were sauntering on Flemington Lawn are now making tracks to other parts of the world. Three globe-trotters and a Madras Staff Corps subaltern, who had been wounded in the leg in Burmah and in the heart at Melbourne, took passages in the *Taiyuan* for China. The ship was advertised to leave Miller's Point this morning at 10 a.m., but it was past 11 before the ropes were cast off from the wharf. Meanwhile the tide had fallen, and though the engines were driven full speed ahead for twenty minutes, the steamer remained fast in the mud. Even inanimate things feel reluctant to leave the beautiful harbour of Sydney. The captain conferred with the company's agent, and it was announced that the departure must be postponed until late in the afternoon. Six hours more in Sydney! It was a delightful surprise, and joyfully we returned to the Club for luncheon, and lingered once more, but this time with farewell footsteps, in the streets of the charming capital of New South Wales.

Shortly before sunset we were steaming down the harbour. It was a lovely evening, and every spot recalled some delightful hours. We dipped our ensign to



SYDNEY HEADS.

H.M.S. *Calliope*—the happy ship which has just arrived on transfer from the Chinese station to the Australian—and as the *Taiyuan* was passing the next promontory, perhaps the loveliest eyes and the sweetest face in all Australia were turned towards her from a certain house on Darling Point. Double Bay, Rose Bay, Neutral Bay, and Manley Beach looked enchanting in the slanting sunlight, and each contributed to the stock of pleasant memories. Suddenly, as we steamed through the Heads, all was changed. The solitary Pacific lay on one side, and the overlapping Heads on the other shut out Sydney and the crowded harbour from sight. The contrast of their grandeur and loneliness with the busy scene we had just quitted was startling. The only building visible was the lighthouse. The brown, rugged cliffs towered over the ship, and not a sail broke the long line of the horizon. It was difficult to realise that Sydney—the Vanity Fair of Australia—was only a few miles away.

November 16th.—The *Taiyuan* seems to be a really comfortable ship. The officers are gentlemen, the cabins are large and clean, and each of the half-dozen passengers has one to himself. An Oriental air pervades the vessel. There are punkahs in the saloon, luncheon is called tiffin, the boats are numbered in Chinese characters, and all the crew and stewards are Chinamen. Even a portion of the cargo consists of the bones of dead Chinamen returning to be buried in the Celestial Empire.

The Chinese have all the good qualities which servants should have, save one—honesty. They are attentive without being officious, and anticipate one's wishes instinctively; they are willing, clean, docile, silent, and intelligent. On a hot day it is a refreshing sight to see the Chinese stewards in their white cotton shirts and pyjamas. The first officer says that, though they work

hard all day, they sit up at night trying to learn English out of spelling-books. Though the circumlocutions of a European language are at present beyond their comprehension, they readily understand simple expressions and skeleton phrases such as "John, bring book," "Boy, go topside," "Too much plate, too little chow."

November 17th.—It was hard, at first, to explain why there was a larger proportion of cockroaches to the square inch in the second cabin from the saloon on the starboard side than in other parts of the ship; but the occupant of that cabin evidently hit the right nail on the head when he said that the meetings of the *Taiyuan* Cockroach Club were no doubt held in it. The T.C.C. is a very flourishing institution, the number of members is large, and every social meeting is fully attended.

A quiet, uneventful day. The sea is very calm, and a slight breeze wafts the aromatic scent of the burning gum-trees from the bush fires on the hills near the shore. An explorer has discovered a very comfortable seat on the foremast; it is cool and airy, and when the ship is rolling it has all the advantages of a rocking-chair. Not a breath of wind is lost on a hot day; it is quite out of reach of the cockroaches; and should any sea-serpent show his bashful face, it gives the best position from which to observe his coy motions. From the height the *Taiyuan* appears to the climber to have dwindled in size, and it seems to him that he is no longer on board, but watching her, as a sea-bird watches her, as she forges her way through the waters.

November 18th.—We entered Moreton Bay late last night, and went up to the mouth of the river to take in the Brisbane cargo and passengers, who, owing to our delay in leaving Sydney, had been waiting in the tender for fully twelve hours—long after their stock of provisions had run short. The anchor was weighed at daybreak,

and we steamed away to the north along the Queensland coast. Between the Blackall Mountains and the shore appeared curious conical hills and mounds, which, from the effect of the sun glistening on their granite sides, are called the "Glass-houses." A long, low island, having patches of white sand running up in places between the woods, was abreast in the forenoon, and it was late at night before the lighthouse on the northern extremity had passed out of sight astern. When evening came the lightning was playing over the distant hills on the mainland, and the form of many a shadowy island loomed through the darkness.

November 19th.—Out of sight of land until the afternoon. We are steaming midway between the mainland of Australia and the Great Barrier Reef, which serves as a breakwater to Queensland. Late in the evening we passed through a cluster of islands. The outline of the hills on the mainland was delineated by a hundred bush fires, and a bank of smoke brooded over the sea.

November 20th.—We entered the Tropics to-day, and the *Taiyuan* is decked like a bride in white apparel. Wherever the almost vertical sun can beat down, a snowy awning is spread. Nothing can be more exquisite than this beautiful Queensland shore. It is as lovely as Italy. The air is soft and warm, but not too hot; the sky is clear, and in this calm belt under the shelter of the Reef the turquoise sea has hardly a ripple upon it. There is infinite variety in the scenery: faint purple profiles of distant ranges, rugged mountains nearer at hand, table-lands, detached hills, sandy downs, wooded slopes, and rocky cliffs pass by in succession. A little speck appears upon the horizon many leagues ahead, and, as the ship approaches, a beautiful promontory or island rises out of the ocean—at first of a pale purple colour, but soon assuming some fantastic shape

and more vivid hues as it advances into the foreground; then fading away into a form softened by a faint opal haze.

Only in the wake of the ship, where the water is disturbed by the churning of the screw, is the satin sheen that lies upon its surface at all ruffled, and as we steam through the sounds and straits the shore is so near that we can see the cockatoos perching in the trees and flying down to the water's edge. The sun shines in the midst of a pale-blue sky, and the hot rays fall upon the mountain sides in the west, and mellow all that is far away into a delicate colouring of pale lilac, against which the nearer and more brilliantly coloured objects stand out in relief above the surface of the calm inlets of the Pacific. It is this graduation of the colouring that is so charming to the eye. Every bright hue is tempered and toned as it recedes from view. The centre of the picture is bold and striking; the sides and the distance are refined into purple and blue tints of ethereal loveliness. A perfect repose, which the puny efforts of the little waves or of the white sea-birds cannot disturb, reigns everywhere on the serene shore. Now and then a cloud is seen forming upon the hill-tops or crossing the sky, and throwing a dark blue patch upon the water or a rich brown patch upon the sides of the islands.

November 21st.—We anchored during the night near Townsville to take in some cargo, but no one went ashore, and soon after breakfast we steamed out of the bay. Many miles of the coast-line are covered with a rich green belt of mangroves, separated from the water by a narrow streak of gleaming sand. How delightful it would be to land upon that silent shore and climb those brown hills covered with green patches of shrubs and gum-trees, or to explore some of those little islands

whose only inhabitants are the cockatoos! It is impossible to walk for ever up and down a deck, and those alluring strands and slopes and woods, which pass by almost within a stone's throw, make the enforced idleness of a ship all the more irksome. When there are but a few planks to tramp upon, it is tantalising to see beautiful volcanic islets and cool shade under trees; and to play chess and draughts when they are so near and yet so far is a very sad pastime!

November 22nd.—It is useless to try to catch sharks unless the hook is baited with a Chinaman. Pork is no good at all. When the ship was lying at anchor off Cookstown this morning a line was thrown over the counter, and a loaded Winchester rifle was kept in readiness to despatch the prey when he rose to the surface. The attempt was unsuccessful, and before we could come to terms with a Chinaman the ship was under weigh.

Hitherto the navigation of the coast has not been so dangerous as to render it necessary to anchor at night. The course, though intricate, has been mainly through channels unobstructed by reefs and sunken rocks, and fairly well lighted; but for the rest of the voyage to Thursday Island we shall have to anchor every evening and resume the journey at dawn. This evening we anchored in ten fathoms a few miles from Howitt's Island, which the young moon made faintly visible. It was a beautiful night, and when the soft breeze had been appreciatively inhaled, and the flakes of moonlight upon the almost motionless ocean sufficiently admired, it was natural to look around for something to kill. From nine o'clock until midnight the fishing lines were hanging over the counter; and while the Chinamen in the forecastle were catching a dozen leather-fish, the passengers on the taffrail had no luck at all, though a shark carried away half the bait and nibbled at the hook until patience

was exhausted. Sometimes his white body could be seen gleaming in the moonlight as he turned over, but he seemed to dislike the idea of ending his life on the poop of the *Taiyuan*, and amused himself and provoked his would-be captors by hovering around the bait and rubbing his body against the line as a cat does against the leg of a table.

November 23rd.—We passed close to a lightship in the forenoon, and dropped overboard a box full of old newspapers and novels, which her boat picked up, and which will, we hope, relieve the monotony of existence on board for a few days until another passing vessel takes compassion upon her.

Wind aft, and as it was travelling about the same rate as the *Taiyuan* it was ineffective to temper the heat, and the punkahs had to be kept going. The character of the scenery has changed. Low banks and coral reefs have taken the place of rocky islands and pinnacles. Some of the banks are quite bare and only a few inches above the surface of the water, and but for the beacons which are placed on most of them they would be very dangerous to navigation. Some day a bird will drop a seed upon them, and in a few years they will be covered with vegetation. Those which are already covered with mangroves look like beds of rich green moss, and in the setting of the sapphire sea they are perfectly lovely.

After dinner the anchor was let go off Night Island, and again we fished for shark without success.

November 25th.—Nothing worthy of record occurred yesterday. In the evening we anchored off Turtle Island, and weighed at dawn this morning. Everyone was on deck at 5.30 a.m., when we steamed through Albany Passage, a narrow sound separating the mainland of Cape York Peninsula from a little island near the northern extremity of Queensland. On the low point at the southern

entrance is what seems at first to be a village of red huts, but is in reality a collection of ant-hillocks. The shores of the sound are prettily wooded with gums and scrub pines, and a pearl-fishing station surrounded by trees lies upon a sandy bay formed by the widening of the passage. Soon we were entering Torres Straits, which divide Australia from Asia, and the shallowness of the water and the archipelago which obstructs the passage show that at some distant period the continents must have been joined.

We took a pilot on board off the lighthouse, and threaded our way between the reefs past Tuesday Island and Wednesday Island, and made fast to the hulk off Thursday Island, with Friday Island a short distance on the starboard bow. The islands are green, and do not wear the parched, thirsty look of the Tropics. A small town has been built on Thursday Island, which is of some importance as a coaling station for steamers on the voyage between Asiatic and Australian ports. Upon the deck of the hulk—formerly one of Green's finest ships—stood a motley gang of all nationalities. Pearl-divers from Ceylon, Australian natives, Mahomedans, Chinamen and Lascars, British sailors, and gold-diggers on their way to Normanton, were jostling each other on the narrow space. A Singhalese boarded the *Taiyuan*, and asked more than quadruple the price which he eventually accepted with a grin of satisfaction for his pearls. It is said that a purchaser can always measure the extent to which he has been cheated by the breadth of the pearl merchant's grin when he hands over the gems. A coasting steamer arrived and an emigrant ship from London, and for a short time Thursday Island was full of life. While the *Taiyuan* was discharging her cargo a shark was captured, and early in the afternoon she steamed down the channel, turned her head to the west, and at

sunset the porphyry cliffs of Northern Queensland had faded away astern, and the light on the Proudfoot Shoal was twinkling on the starboard beam.

In the middle watch a dreadful report—which, alas! proved to be well founded—ran through the ship. The piston of the ice-machine had broken, and we are within 11° of the Equator, with the wind astern. At a time when an ocean of Whiskey and Apollinaris, dotted over with icebergs, would be insufficient to slake our thirst, the fickle refrigerator has failed us!

November 26th.—No land in sight as we are crossing the Gulf of Carpentaria, which is 300 miles wide. Many kind inquiries were made after the state of the ice machine, but it cannot be repaired until we reach Port Darwin to-morrow. Meanwhile the thermometer, even at night, never falls below 82°, and during the day the heat is so intense that we think twice before undertaking an expedition to the poop, where, as the wind is aft, the temperature is fractionally lower. Sleep is impossible in the cabins and difficult on deck; still, it is pleasant to lie in a long chair close to the bulwarks and listen to the plashing of the little waves along the water-line.

November 28th.—Melville Island was abeam early in the morning, and for the rest of the day we were steaming through the channel between it and the mainland. As we approached the shore a line of low red cliffs, crowned with green gum-trees, became visible. The most prominent object of a young Australian settlement is usually the gaol, and this is the first building sighted on nearing Port Darwin, the northern outlet of the colony of South Australia. We anchored in the stream about a mile from shore. Port Darwin is a quiet haven on a wide sound, and the contemplated completion of the trans-continental railway from Adelaide may some day make

it a very important maritime station. The scenery, though not grand, is pleasing from its simplicity. Two wooded bluffs, at the crest of which the white roofs of the houses are seen, rise out of the water upon red ironstone cliffs, and the town, which is not beautiful, is kept in the background.

A magnificent sunset closed the day. Cloud pinnacles and towers, fringed with carmine and pierced with golden rays, were built upon the western horizon, and above was a clear blue sky streaked with long strips of Indian-red cloud. Towards the north, where the brighter hues were not seen, sheet lightning played behind the cloud-banks, and soon the short twilight waned and the moon lit up the scene. The welcome rain came down and cooled the air—how pleasant it was to hear it pattering upon the awning!—and all around the lightning was flashing upon the calm waters of the haven.

November 29th.—Some of the passengers went ashore for the first time since leaving Sydney, a fortnight ago; for the stay of the *Taiyuan* in the Queensland ports at which she called was too short to allow us to land—a disappointment to those who had never set foot in that colony. Palmerston, the town on Port Darwin, shows what the infancy of an Australian city is like, and from what small and rude beginnings a Melbourne or a Sydney may spring. It is a primitive settlement, and all the houses are raised from the ground to keep out the white ants, which, moreover, before they can enter a dwelling must negotiate a flat plate of tin inserted below the frame, and forming an obstacle all round the wooden supports on which the houses are perched. The walls and roofs of corrugated iron assort ill with the rich red soil and the brilliant flowers. The hybiscus and the cotton plant grow wild, and pineapples are 8d. a dozen. Lanky blacks loaf about the skeleton streets, most of

which are no more than a house or two and a vista. The railway, which is eventually to join hands across the continent with the South Australian lines, has been completed for a few miles into the interior.

The sacred prerogatives of red tape are upheld even here. A few days ago, a steamer arrived from an infected port in China, and, according to the quarantine regulations of the harbour, she could not be taken alongside the hulk to discharge her cargo. There was, however, no rule which forbade the hulk to be taken alongside the steamer, which accordingly was done, and the difficulty was at an end. The letter of the law was obeyed, the ship suffered no inconvenience, and everyone was satisfied.

We had been cut off from newspapers for more than a week; and when the *Northern Territory Times and Gazette* was brought on board this morning, it excited more interest than a sixpenny journal of a single sheet ever aroused before. Port Darwin is the port at which the European cable enters the mainland of Australia, and therefore Palmerston is in touch with the rest of the world, as all the news from extra-Australian countries passes through it. There was, however, but one startling item of intelligence in the *Northern Territory Times*. A Bill had been read a second time in the Legislative Assembly of New South Wales to enable that colony to discard its present name and to call itself Australia, which is as though the House of Commons were to pass a Bill enacting that Great Britain should henceforth be known as the Kingdom of Europe. It is an impertinence for one colony to usurp the title which belongs to all the colonies collectively. How Melbourne must be bellowing with indignation at Sydney's presumption! It is almost audible here in Port Darwin; and the lady-like scream which Adelaide has, no doubt, uttered, as well as the

little squeak of protest across Bass's Straits from poor little Tasmania, can be easily imagined!

It took all the day to discharge a few tons of cargo from the *Taiyuan*. The lethargy of the Tropics has taken possession of the people of Port Darwin. It is a settlement of loafers—a kind of marine Sleepy Hollow.

November 30th.—We weighed at 1 a.m., and steamed down the channel in the moonlight. At noon the low shore of Bathurst Island is sinking below the horizon, and the *Taiyuan* is gliding over the calm waters of the Arafura Sea towards the Malay Archipelago.

Farewell, Farewell, Australia! All the pleasant days spent in the land of the kangaroo and the gum-tree seem to return in a delightful dream as the island slowly fades away; all the kindness and hospitality of the genial people are again remembered with gratitude. Happy the traveller whose ship bears him within coo-ee of that sunny strand!

Farewell, Farewell, fair Cooeeland!

December 1st.—A few hours' voyage by night as one month was passing into another, and we have entered the Sea of Banda and the region of Asia, and are about to plunge into the Malay Archipelago. Sermatan Island was abeam before breakfast this morning, and in the afternoon we passed close to Damme, a volcanic island 3,000 feet high, with smoke issuing continually from a crater near the summit. Many other islands appeared on the horizon, and the violet colour of the water showed that they also were, in all probability, volcanic cones rising from the bed of a very deep sea. Few yachts have ever visited these calm seas, yet no part of the world could offer a more beautiful cruising ground.

The waters of this lovely sea of Banda which we are

now crossing are almost perfectly calm, or are only ruffled now and then by a surface ripple not an inch in height from trough to crest, such as might be formed upon a Highland tarn. All around are the forms of scattered islands and islets lying like gems betwixt the pale blue sky and the purple ocean, and only a few hours' sail from each other. Some are precipitous peaks rising almost sheer out of very deep water; others slope gently down to the water's edge, where all kinds of shells are found, and have their sides covered with tropical vegetation and forests, which the sun and the clouds and the distance change into all shades of blue, purple, and green. In one group the nutmeg grows; in another the clove, a spice that was once so precious that one of the objects of Columbus's first voyage of discovery was to obtain it.

The air is soft and balmy, and so clear that the islands can be seen at a distance of eighty or one hundred miles; and the heat during several months of the year is not oppressive. A magnificent sunset, which fades away too soon, brings the day to a close. Then the piled clouds on the horizon are lit up with the silvery light of the moon, and stand like a range of snowy mountains above the water-line, and are seen again on the surface of the sea, in which the image of the moon is reflected with hardly a quiver. The night is unutterably tranquil, and the only waves are those made by the *Taiyuan's* prow. The sea of Banda in its halcyon days is a lovely sight, that must linger for ever in the memory; it is Nature in her greatest beauty and in sublime tranquillity.

December 4th.—We crossed the Line yesterday at 4.30 p.m., and steamed towards Klobat on Celebes, which was visible at least eighty miles off. The *Taiyuan* is not a fast ship, and seldom much exceeds 200 knots in a day's

run; but in this enchanting archipelago we do not care how long we loiter on the summer seas of satin. We have left the Dutch East Indies astern, and are crossing the Celebes Sea, which separates them from the Spanish possessions. Siao, a volcanic island having three cones, was abeam in the forenoon; but owing to the banks of clouds upon the summit, it was difficult to say whether any smoke was issuing from the craters. Klobat was still visible at 10 a.m., though eighteen hours had passed since we sighted it yesterday afternoon, which says more for the clearness of the air than for the speed of the ship. A Danish barquentine glided by bound for the west, but there was hardly wind enough to fill her sails. The engines were stopped for an hour after sunset to pack the piston-rod glands. When the ship had ceased to move, not a breath of air was stirring, but she rolled just perceptibly as a very slight swell came in from the Pacific, to which the eastern arm of the Celebes Sea is open.

The thermometer has fallen a few degrees during the last day or two, and it is no longer necessary to sleep on deck; and the ice machine is again in working order.

December 5th.—We have been steaming for a day and a half across the Celebes Sea, and at noon to-day the wooded slopes and symmetrical volcanic cones of the Philippine Islands began to rise out of the northern horizon. In the evening we steamed through the narrow straits between Basilan and Mindanao.

Every league of these enchanting seas reveals some new beauty. The seafowl, hovering over drift-wood that has come down from some Philippine forest, flew away as the *Taiyuan* approached, and when the brief twilight had faded away the sea was covered with floating stars; for here the phosphorescence lies shining

continually on the surface, and does not need, as in colder climes, to be stirred into brilliancy by waves from the prow. The lights of the Spanish fortress of Samboangan were faintly visible, and the gleam of lightning below the horizon on the south was seen on the face of the clouds. The three elements—earth, air, and water—each contributed its own spark to illumine the path of the *Taiyuan*. All day long the sea was like glass, which sparkled here and there where a transient puff of wind raised little waves whose sides could arrest the sunlight; and as we glided by the shore the fragrant scent of the land was wafted to us.

December 6th.—Where, and oh! where, is the N.E. monsoon? It should have been established in these latitudes by this time, but there are no signs of it yet. The sea is as calm as a mill-pond, and there is not wind enough to drive a butterfly away from a flower. At noon to-day the ship was found to have run no less than 229 knots! Prodigious!

December 7th.—We have picked up the monsoon at last. The cloud coronet on the mountain near Cape Calavite showed that it was blowing, and after veering undecidedly into all points of the compass, it finally settled down into the N.E. It is very delightful to feel a real wind blowing. The air is cooler, all the fore and aft sails are set, the ship is dancing about merrily, the course has been set N.W. by N.-½-N. for Hongkong, and soon we shall be tossing about upon the China Sea. The green sides of Luzon are indistinct in the moist haze as we pass the entrance to the harbour of Manilla—a Spanish colonial city noted for its cigars, its lottery, and the corruption of its Custom House officials.

December 10th.—Last evening the night orders to the officer of the watch were to keep a good look-out for junks (a very necessary precaution, for they carry no lights, and

Chinese sailors have a superstition that it is lucky to cross the bows of an approaching steamer), and the coast of China was visible at daybreak this morning. By noon the voyage of 5,000 miles was over, and the *Taiyuan* was lying quietly at anchor in front of the City of Victoria on the Island of Hongkong.

CHAPTER XV.

A GLIMPSE OF CATHAY AND ZIPANGU.

ON either side of the mouth of the Si-kiang, or Canton River, stands an outpost of Europe. It is more than three centuries since Portugal founded the colony of Macao, yet she still possesses it under the nominal suzerainty of China, which all those years have not annulled. Within a few hours' sail of Macao—when the south-west monsoon is blowing—lies the hilly island of Hongkong, where the fossil civilisation of China was again brought into contact with Europe shortly before the nineteenth century had passed through half its course.

To a ship approaching Hongkong from the Philippines, the serrated line of faintly purple hills upon the islands and the mainland appears looming out of the haze; and if, as she nears the entrance, a fleet of junks is at the same time sailing into the Tathong Channel, a very quaint sea-piece is displayed in the foreground. The light-brown sails, often riddled with holes, gleam in the sunshine in the midst of the blue water, and the eye —without which no junk could find its way at sea, according to the native sailors—is seen in the depressed bow. The stern rises high out of the water; and there is no more picturesque sight than the passage between Hongkong and the mainland, filled with fishing-boats. On each side are rocks and mountains, patched



JUNKS IN LYE-YE-MOON PASS, HONGKONG.

with green here and there, and in most places broken off in a vertical line above the water's edge.

The Lye-ye-moon, or Carp Fish Pass, is the eastern entrance to the harbour. On one shore is the Empire of China, which has existed for a score of centuries; on the other is a military post and trading station belonging to the upstart Kingdom of England. Hongkong is a free port, and the haven is one of the busiest in the world. The war-ships of half-a-dozen nations may often be seen at anchor, and mail-steamers from London, Hamburg, Marseilles, San Francisco, and other places visit the post at regular intervals. Here, a four-masted sailing ship lies at her moorings, surrounded by sampans and junks, her antipodes in naval architecture; there, the white sides of an ironclad rise like an iceberg out of the water. Chinawomen, with their skiffs full of vegetables from the market gardens at Kowloon, are seen rowing across from the mainland, and steam launches, in charge of Chinese crews, are constantly flitting to and fro in all directions. There is hardly a national flag that cannot be seen drooping over the calm water. The yellow burgee of China, figured with a black dragon, floats over the taffrail of a new gunboat just arrived from England, and even the ensign of Hawaii is not absent. Hongkong is a maritime Clapham Junction.

There once was a rugged track winding along the slope under the Peaks, which the handful of Chinese who lived in Hongkong before the British occupation called Koon-Tai-Lee, or Petticoat String Path, and they still apply the name to Victoria, the capital of the little island. The place is a curious amalgamation of an English garrison and commercial town and a Chinese city, with an admixture of many other cosmopolitan elements. The Chinese quarter is built according to native

ideas, modified by the necessity of humouring the sanitary prejudices of the English authorities. It has become to a certain extent a place of refuge for prosperous Chinese merchants, who find that it is dangerous to have the reputation of riches in their native land, where the law of Ransom for Wealth, lately proposed in England, has been enforced for many years. Some of the tricks which Chinese ingenuity has contrived for the purpose of attracting custom are amusing. Over the door of a Chinese cobbler may be seen some such name as Hoby, while a tailor will advertise himself as Stulz Junior, a grocer as John Bull and Co., a marine store dealer on the Praya as Cheap Jack and Co.

The European quarter of Victoria is clean and attractive. The banks and public offices are handsome buildings; colonnades run along most of the streets, and there is no lack of open spaces filled with trees and adorned with flowers. The Botanic Gardens on the side of the hill have all the beauty which the Tropics can, but which temperate climes cannot, bestow. A winding pathway, called the Kennedy Road, skirts the mountain in the rear of the city, and affords a magnificent view of the crowded harbour and the hills on the mainland. A zigzag aqueduct and a cable tramway make ugly scars on the hillside, but one of them, at least, is a necessity. A mile outside the city is a level spot of a few acres enclosed by an amphitheatre of hills. Here are situated five cemeteries and the racecourse; and either from the repose of the dead or from the pleasure of the living, the spot has received the name of Wongnei Chong, or the Happy Valley. A road divides the racecourse from the cemeteries, and the grand stand overlooks them.

In the streets British infantrymen and gunners in red and blue elbow coolies in cotton and Chinese merchants in azure garments and silken pigtails. The Parsee's

head-dress is as common as the red turban of the gun Lascars and Sikh policemen, than whom no handsomer men exist; and the tweed cap and shooting jacket of the British officer mingle with all the costumes of the East. Hardly a quadruped is seen except the subalterns' terriers. No cabs ply in the city, and the ring of a horse's hoofs is seldom heard. The people go about in sedan-chairs and jinrickshas, drawn by coolies at a surprising speed. The streets are, in consequence, very quiet, and, owing to the absence of heavy traffic, the roads are excellent.

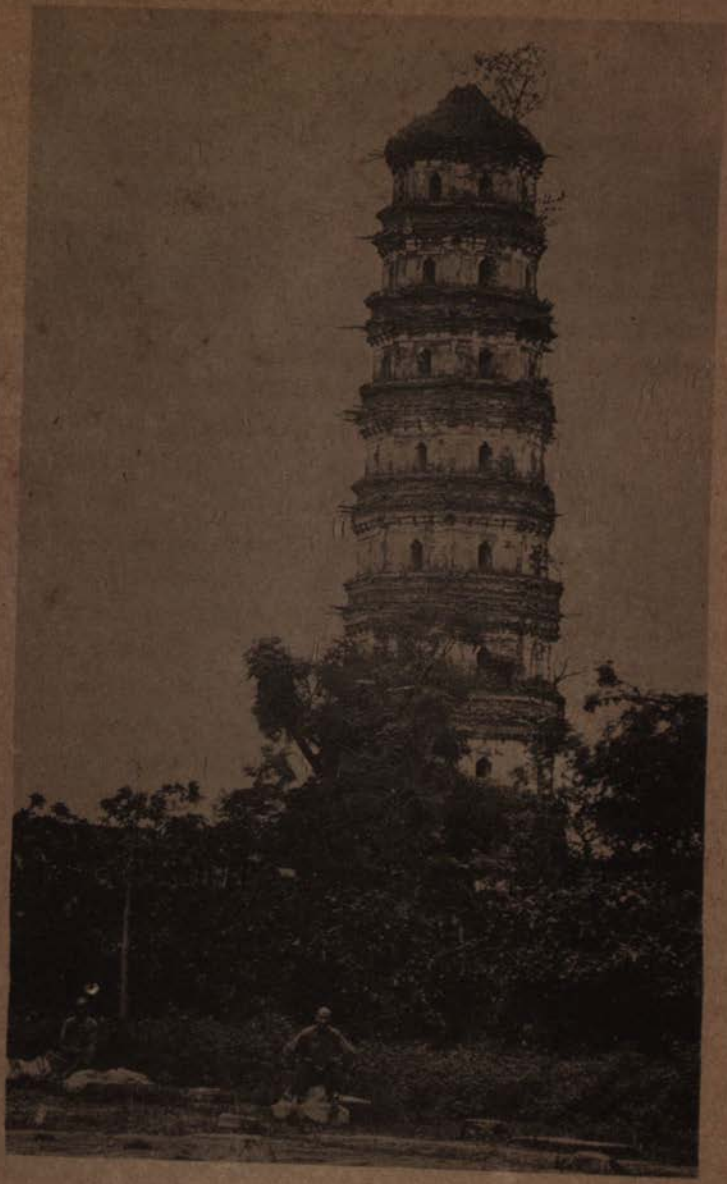
From the signal station at Victoria Peak, which rises steeply in rear of the city, the anchorage and the adjacent islands are seen almost as in a map, and the streets appear in plan. The shrill cries of children and the din of the wharves rise faintly to the upper air, and as the sun falls from the meridian, the bold form of the mountain is cast in shadow over the sound, and reaches across the channel to Kowloon. On the depressions and shoulders near the Peak are built the houses in which the people of the sweltering city find some alleviation of the summer heat. A cable tramway connects Victoria with the superurb—it cannot be styled a suburb; the coolies toil up the mountain side in the service of the eyries; wild flowers border the zigzag ascent; the breeze penetrates the villas; and thus some of the inconveniences of life in the Tropics are mitigated for the cosmopolitan community of Hongkong.

Canton is less than a hundred miles from Hongkong, with which it is in communication twice a day by means of comfortable steamers of the American type. For a few miles the course threads the granite islands which lie at the mouth of the river, almost bare of vegetation. Trading junks and fishing boats throng the

creeks and sounds, and stakes supporting a long line of nets stand in the shallows. A pagoda on a hill and a village by the waterside indicate the threshold of one of the most populous countries in the world. Gradually the clear water of the China Sea becomes discoloured, and the estuary narrows to a width of a few hundred yards where the river forces its way through the coastal range of hills. The passage is defended by the Bogue Forts on either side of the channel, and by the Bar-the-Way Islands in its midst. A little higher up the river is Tiger Island, a bold mass of granite in which a resemblance to many animals, but not to a tiger, may be traced. The White Cloud chain of hills recedes from the widened river above the gorge, and alluvial tracts industriously cultivated change the character of the scenery. Junks drift lazily with the current, and sampans are numerous upon the tranquil stream; the banks are green with shrubs and fruit-trees; irrigated rice-fields take the place of the granite slopes lower down; and pagodas, with plants and even trees growing on the ledges, are conspicuous.

Sailing vessels are not allowed to proceed higher up the river than Whampoa, twelve miles below Canton. A row of squalid hovels on the bank, close by a dock filled with torpedo boats of the latest design, shows how nearly Eastern barbarism and Western civilisation may approach without influencing each other.

A day's journey on the Canton River is full of interest. Everything is new and strange to European eyes. Grotesque craft, having eyes painted where the hawse-holes should be, and wooden hooks for anchors, and manned by crews of unfamiliar features, pass and repass. Cries in strange tongues reach the ear; unknown birds fly across the water; the river has a saffron colour of its own. Not a sign of the prim and commonplace form



FLOWER PAGODA, CANTON.

which European civilisation assumes when it is a pioneer in distant lands is seen. There is a thoroughly indigenous air even about the Bogue Forts, which, nevertheless, prevented the French fleet from ascending the river.

The appearance of Canton from the south-east does not at once convey the impression that it is one of the largest cities in the world. The left bank is covered with houses, which extend for some distance inland in a dense mass, but owing to their want of height, and to the almost dead level of the site, it is hard to realise the size of the city. The most prominent object is the Roman Catholic Cathedral, with its nave and spires towering above the surrounding pigmy buildings. The Flower Pagoda, of nine stories, resembling a pile of hats, and several pawn-shops, large square structures as high as a London warehouse, are the only conspicuous features in the one-storied city of Canton. The streets are so narrow that in many of them it is impossible to keep both sides at arm's length. Every wall is covered with placards and notices printed on yellow or red paper. Various odours, some fragrant, others much the reverse, fill the confined spaces. No wheeled carriage or horse is seen, but only sedan-chairs borne on long poles by coolies, and needing much skill in manœuvring round the corners. The streets are kept tolerably clean although municipal government is unknown.

The shops are attractive; and all articles of native manufacture seem to be skilfully made. There is little specious surface-work and catch-penny trade. The Chinese shopman, though he is by no means averse to putting high prices on his articles, usually gives good value for his money. Even the butchers' shops are presentable. Instead of carcasses and masses of gory meat, little joints are hung up, and halves of chickens,

covered with a kind of varnish, are on the hooks. The cookshops display appetising native delicacies on the counters, and are remarkable for their cleanliness. The trays of the sweetmeat sellers are filled with bon-bons and spice-cakes that would do credit to an Italian confectioner. While the older Chinese often spit on the ground when a *Fan-kwei,* or Foreign Devil, passes by, the younger members of the community are not so unreasonably prejudiced against him. If they sometimes crowd round him, it is from curiosity and not from ill-will. When he enters a shop they will block up the doorway in order to stare at him, and to listen to the strange words that fall from the lips of the man without a pigtail.

Among the sights of Canton are the Execution Ground, the Hall of Judgment, and the Temple of the Five Hundred Genii. The Execution Ground is a potter's yard, and the heads of the criminals are preserved in pots hung on the walls. In the Judgment Hall prisoners are put to the question. Under the Chinese criminal law an accused is told that he is known to be guilty, and is informed that prompt confession will mitigate punishment. If this is ineffectual, torture, varying from a few strokes with a bamboo cane to the fracture of the arms and legs, is applied. Little care is taken of prisoners committed to gaol, and they live mainly on contributions from friends and on what they can beg or steal from visitors and others. In the Temple of the Five Hundred Genii the effigies of various semi-divinities, among whom is included an Englishman who travelled in China many centuries ago, are arranged in arcades in a spacious hall.

Although the streets of Canton are very narrow, they are called by appellations expressive of the most comprehensive and exalted moral sentiments. There is a Street

of Unblemished Rectitude, a Pure Pearl Street, a Street of Benevolence and Love. In England we follow a less philosophical system. The great majority of our streets bear names which offer no incentive to propriety of conduct. Obscure local personages, geographical terms, and fancy words form the chief source from which the supply is drawn. But no one feels better for residing in a street called after Robinson, who was once alderman of the ward, or after Brown, the ground landlord. A house situated in Western Terrace or Bellevue Place does not thereby offer any inducement to the occupier to be good. Such words cannot be regarded as efficient moral agencies. It is otherwise in Canton. The Chinese have recognised that every man is influenced more or less by his external associations, and have wisely set up before the inhabitants a standard of virtue which they cannot overlook. Thus the *restaurateur* in the Street of Benevolence and Love will not be likely to fill his stewpans with the stolen flesh of his neighbour's fat puppy; the purveyor who resides in the Street of Unblemished Rectitude will endeavour to live up to it, and will not palm off upon the public broth thickened with a Canton sparrow's domicile as true bird's-nest soup; the *fantan* gamblers in Pure Pearl Street will be induced to play on the square; and the beneficent influence of the system will reach all classes.

A bridge outside the city walls crosses a muddy creek full of barges, and leads to the European settlement of Shamien. Within five minutes' walk of the alleys of Canton, which centuries have not changed, are broad roads and handsome houses surrounded by gardens. The flags of the Consuls flutter above the trees, the familiar cries of tennis are heard from the lips of English girls on the lawns, a steam fire-engine is sprinkling the turf, and Englishmen are parading up and down the river wall

as they would on the King's Road at Brighton or on the Lees at Folkestone. Shamien is a patch of Europe upon the oldest and most lasting garment in Asia.

If the streets are full of life, the river's silent highway is not less so. It is the busiest scene in the world. Every variety of boat and junk is afloat. The barge, sculled by half-a-dozen men at each end of a plank projecting over the counter, slowly makes headway against the current, and narrowly escapes collision with one of the small lighthouses which the Progressive Party in Canton have placed upon a sandbank. Sampans, covered not only amidships but also right up to the prow, which looks like the beak of some gigantic waterbird, dart in and out, and cockles full of ducks or vegetables destined for the market bring the produce of the neighbouring farms to the city. Trading junks from the interior work to windward across the bows of seagoing junks from Hongkong or Macao, and in the shallows along the shore many score of punts are being poled. All methods of propulsion are seen, from the punt-pole to the stern-wheel of a new-fangled junk driven by coolies on a treadmill, the walking beam of the Hongkong steamer, and the twin screws of the launches of the new navy of China. The ferry-boats oscillate from side to side, but there is hardly room enough for them to cross the river. The flower-boats, which are to Canton what the *cafés chantants* are to Paris, are moored to the bank, and the house-boats, in which many thousands of the population live summer and winter, lie packed in a bend of the river. Even at night the din of trade hardly ceases. The chatter of Mongolian tongues is incessantly heard, and lights flicker on the strand and on the stream from sunset to sunrise. As a scene of restless activity, the Canton River is without a parallel. The Thames at London Bridge, the Mersey at

Liverpool, the Hudson at New York, are deserted streams in comparison with the Si-kiang.

A few Chinese soldiers are seen in Canton, dressed in a curious uniform which shows that Chinamen are not deficient in humour. It is a kind of brown shirt, with a figure resembling a bull's eye on the front and back, and at a little distance a Chinese Tommy Atkins looks like the living target that he is in fact.

The coast, from Hongkong to the mouth of the Yang-tsze-kiang, is studded with islands, where the fleets of fishing boats which net the waters of the Formosa Channel take shelter. The horizon is often not less crowded than it is in the North Sea, and long lines of drift nets attached to bamboo poles showing a few feet only above the water are frequently passed; and even with the greatest care in steering the mail steamers occasionally cut through them, unless the water is quite smooth, as the poles are only visible at a short distance, and a ship 400 feet in length cannot readily avoid them.

Shanghai is built upon a small river called the Woosung, once the chief channel of the Yang-tsze-kiang, but now forsaken by the greater volume of that river's waters. The larger steamers anchor at the junction, and transfer their passengers to steam launches for conveyance to Shanghai, twelve miles distant. Mud fortifications line the shore of the wedge of land which separates the two rivers, and a level country intersected with canals and protected from inundation by dykes lies on the right bank of the Woosung. A curious junk, with five masts irregularly placed, is peculiar to the river. The proximity of Shanghai is indicated by factory chimneys and spars of ships appearing across the low land at a bend in the stream; and except for the quaint rigs of the native craft, there is little that would appear

strange in the reach of an American or European navigable river.

The European quarter of Shanghai lies in the angle between the Woosung and another deserted channel of the capricious Yang-tsze-kiang, the Soochow Creek. It is well built and very handsome in appearance, and the Bund along the bank of the river is one of the pleasantest places of resort in the East. The streets are clean and lit by the electric light, and the telephone is in use. Dogcarts and broughams run by the side of jinrickshas and Chinese wheelbarrows carrying a passenger on each side of the wheel. The shops are superior to those in many English country towns. At the end of the Bund an unpretending granite monument records the names of the officers of Gordon's army who fell while suppressing the Taeping rebellion. A prosperous air pervades the European settlement of Shanghai. It unites the bustle of a great American city to uniformity of appearance and to some measure of architectural beauty, characteristics which are seldom found together, and it is in many respects a model city. It supports not only a volunteer corps of the three arms, but also a pack of hounds. The chief commercial nations of the West have each a concession. In the French quarter a French gendarme hovers around as he would in Paris, and French names are inscribed on the corners of the streets. In the English quarter the British policeman, dressed in his well-known uniform, stalks stolidly along the side-walks, and names such as Pekin Street or Hankow Road are seen. Unlike Canton, the native city is quite subordinate in importance to the European settlement of Shanghai.

A division of the British fleet is usually stationed at Shanghai, and steamers of all nations are moored to the wharves. The masts of the junks at the native town, a

mile higher up the river, bear a curious resemblance to a Canadian forest which has been devastated by fire and only the slender trunks of the fir trees remain. The Imperial Chinese Navy is represented by a small gun-boat with a portentous name—*The Terror of Western Nations.* Many English naval officers have entered the Chinese service. The principle which has guided the Chinese authorities in the selection of foreign officers is characteristic. When a list of names is before them, the choice usually falls upon such names as Lang, Ling, or Ching, which either have a Chinese ring about them or which are actually Chinese words.

The unrestricted admission to and presence of foreigners in Japan is only allowed at and within a few miles' radius of seven places called the Treaty Ports. Access to the other parts of the empire is obtained by means of a passport, which is issued with little demur. It can be obtained either through the British Consul, in which case it will be a document wholly in Japanese, with nothing on the face of it to show a British traveller that it is not a warrant for his immediate imprisonment or execution ; or through the British Legation at Tokio, when a code of regulations in the English language will be found appended to it to the following effect :—

1. Travelling at night in a horse-carriage without a lantern is not allowed.

2. The passport must be produced when demanded not only to a *kucho,* but even to a *kocho.*

3. Driving quickly along a narrow road is prohibited.

4. Defacing shrines and mile-posts is a punishable offence.

5. Attendance at a fire on horseback is forbidden.

The difference between a *kucho* and a *kocho* is not explained, nor is the reason for Rule 5 apparent.

Possibly some wild young man in Japan was once heartless enough to saddle his hack and ride, *ventre-à-terre*, to the scene of the conflagration, instead of restraining his curiosity and proceeding to it on foot in a sober manner not inconsistent with sympathy for the misfortune which had befallen a fellow-creature.

The Inland Sea of Japan, which is entered from the westward through the Straits of Simonoséki, reproduces many of the most attractive spots in Europe and America in a series of beautiful and varied pictures. Sometimes it expands into the dimensions of a lake, and the encircling mountains, rocky and irregular in outline, give it the appearance of a loch on the coast of Inverness-shire; then it shrinks into a channel studded with islets, like the St. Lawrence below Kingston. Broad, tranquil reaches with wooded shores, which recall Derwentwater or Windermere, are found within a few miles of narrow passages through which the tide eddies and swirls like a river struggling through the defiles of a mountain range.

In some places a stone may be cast from the deck of a mail steamer of 5,000 tons into the midst of fields and gardens as neat and as fertile as any that could be seen on the banks of the Thames, and yet in a few minutes she will have entered a zone of rocky islands, with patches of forest upon their rugged sides, and scarred with brown ridges of volcanic formation. The light-house on the promontory speaks of the sea, but it is soon masked by a grove of trees; then a sudden bend reveals a glimpse of Como or Maggiore; but the scene is quickly shifted, and the stem is already ploughing a broad sheet of water hedged in by bluffs, hanging woods, snowy peaks and summits veiled in clouds, and bordered in one direction by a horizon above which the mirage raises the images of a few objects upon the hidden shore.



CASTLE OF OSAKA.

Kobé, the chief port of the Inland Sea, lies at the foot of a low range of furrowed hills on the shore of a spacious bay. It is a busy place, and fully as many ships are usually at anchor in the haven or moored to the wharves as would be seen in a European harbour of the second rank. Within a few hundred yards of the pier, the club, the cricket ground, and the lawn-tennis courts, all of them in excellent order, show that Kobé contains a flourishing British colony; and the tall goal-posts and cross-bar of Rugby football, rising in the midst of a Japanese city, testify to the influence of that school in the world through the means of its own proper pastime.

The railway from Kobé to the interior traverses an agricultural district cultivated with the greatest care. The fields on the slopes of the hills are arranged in terraces, while those on the level are surrounded by low mounds to facilitate the irrigation of the rice, and are, in fact, large shallow dishes containing a few inches of water. Every rivulet is cherished and hoarded that not a drop of the precious fluid may be lost. Wooden conduits convey the water to the place where it is required, and a hundred little rills distribute it. In two places the railway passes under the beds of the torrents, which lie above the normal level of the land and are embanked to prevent the flooding of the fields when the freshets come down from the hills. Everything is done to economise the water when it is scarce, and to lead it away harmlessly to the sea when it is too abundant. There is not a weed to be seen, and each field is as clean as a market garden in Kent. No space is wasted in hedges, and the only uncultivated spots are where the stone pedestals in the midst of a little grove indicate the burying place of a hamlet or of a family. Even the stacks of rice straw are made to occupy as little space as

possible by being built up round a small tree, so that they can be piled very high in proportion to their breadth.

The little natives are constantly busy in the fields, either hoeing the furrows or trotting along the paths under the burden of their pails of water, and distributing the contents with wooden ladles; and the kites hovering around are almost as tame as the crows perched on the rice stacks. The farms and gardens on the shore of Osaka Bay are a proof of what intelligent industry can effect in agriculture. Nor is the success especially due to climate or to soil, for the extremes of the former are great, and the latter is not uncommonly fertile; and it was, moreover, necessary to level many of the fields, to arrange them in terraces, and to cut water channels in them before they could be profitably tilled.

Kioto, which until a few years ago was the capital of Japan, is outside the Treaty limits, but within three hours' journey from Kobé. With the exception of the railway station—a building which everyone will applaud the Japanese for erecting — there is scarcely a trace of Europe or of America to be seen in the city; and it is, in consequence, more interesting than the present capital, Tokio. It stands in a wide valley on the banks of the Kamogawa, a river which is a mere stream during the dry season. The streets are regularly laid out, and cross each other at right angles only, and, except along the river bank, where there is of necessity a slight divergence, no street runs in a diagonal direction. Each block is a perfect square or oblong, and the plan of Kioto bears witness to the Japanese love of order.

On the slope of the range of hills rising on the east side of the city stand the Chioin Temple and Monastery, a very fine example of Japanese architecture, placed on a terrace in a superb situation. The Maruyama peak

overlooks it, and from the top of the flight of steps by which it is approached the houses of the city and the mountains in the west are seen over the trees at the foot of the slope. The hollow roof, shaped like a shallow trough, prevents the outlines of the massive timber structure from appearing too rigid, and though the eaves jut out considerably, the effect is not heavy. The tinkling of the cymbals and the monotonous chant of the priests issue from the Temple's dark recesses, and a faint gleam of gold lacquer and brazen things is reflected back to the outer air. A steep ascent leads to the Great Bell of Chioin, which is hung in a tower under the pines a little higher up the mountain side.

Half a mile towards the south the Maganibashi or Spectacle Bridge—so called from the shape of its twin arches—spans a pool covered with lotus plants and shaded by cherry-trees. The path traverses a grove of bamboos, and emerges on to a quaint street of toy and porcelain shops, and leads up to the Kiyomidzu Temple. It was built near the Otowa Waterfall about the time of King Alfred by a Shogun, as an offering to the goddess through whose aid he believed he had gained a great victory, and it is one of the most remarkable and picturesque edifices in Japan. A bronze dragon guards a trough of sacred water on a stage built out from the hill-side ; and the pilgrims crowd round a cage of sparrows, buy one for a few *sen*, and set the little captive free, that it may fly away with some sin of theirs into the pure air. It is a curious picture, which the European traveller instinctively feels that he spoils with his presence. The Temple was at one time the scene of a dangerous experiment in superstition. Whosoever jumped from the platform in front of the Hondo on to the ground below, and yet escaped with his life, gained the fulfilment of his wish—a practice which

resulted in so many accidents and fatal injuries that the instincts of a paternal Government were aroused, and the place is now hedged in with a high palisade of bamboo.

A steamer of fair speed will cover the distance between Kobé and Yokohama in less than twenty-four hours, and the time will probably not be materially reduced when the railway now in course of construction is completed. Fujiyama, a snow-clad volcano rising more than twelve thousand feet above the sea, is seen towering into the blue sky long before the nearer but lower hills on the shore are visible; and near the entrance to Tokio Bay a long and broad line of steam and smoke, issuing from the crater of another volcano on Vries Island, is continually drifting to leeward across the water.

Yokohama, the European plantation near the Japanese capital, is mainly built upon a reclaimed marsh by the side of an inlet of the Pacific. The houses, both in structure and appearance, are inferior to those of Hongkong, the majority of them being built of wood. The staple trade of Yokohama is the sale of genuine and counterfeited Japanese curiosities at high prices. The shops—full of cabinets, lacquer, embroidery, brocade, carved ivory, and the discarded armour of the *daimios*—are veritable museums, in which the gradual decline of native artistic taste under foreign influence may be traced.

The English residents in Yokohama are hospitable, and, from their constant intercourse with men and women of all nations, they have become unusually agreeable and free from insular prejudices. They have established a racecourse which would satisfy an Australian, a club with a good library and a stove flue issuing from every window, and they have built a church with a tower resembling a lighthouse.



MOAT AT TOKIO.

Some years ago, when the passion for change was at its height in Japan, Yeddo—a city which constantly suffers from fire, typhoon, and earthquake—was promoted to be the capital of Japan in succession to Kioto superseded, and its name was changed to Tokio. It stands at the head of the bay of the same name, on the banks of the little river Sumida-gawa; and, as the houses are low, it occupies a wide area in proportion to the population. The streets are broad and clean, and many of them which had been destroyed by fire have been rebuilt in brick. In those quarters of the city which have survived the conflagrations, massive fire-proof *godowns*, or stores, with heavy shutters closing in upon barred windows, stand prominent in the midst of the wooden shops. A moat winds round the centre of the city, approximately in the form of a spiral, between high walls of masonry and steep, grassy banks, and encloses in its coils the chief public buildings. The innermost coil surrounds the Imperial Garden of Fukiage—a very pretty, quiet bit of woodland in the heart of a great city. A little stream crossed by stepping-stones runs through it, pavilions stand in shady places, the breeze rustles in the bamboos with a sound indistinguishable from running water, and not a sound of the outside world is heard. Cryptomeria and other tall forest-trees give their shade, and though the garden is kept in excellent order it is neither prim nor formal.

The several coils of the spiral moat are connected in all directions by canals flanking open spaces and boulevards. Modern bridges and old roofed gates of heavy timber join the detached enclosures, and the cross channels make the central portion of the city a labyrinth in which it is more easy to be lost—though the streets are few and the open spaces many—than in the more crowded quarters outside. The canal banks are well

cared for, trees grow upon the walls, and flocks of ducks float peaceably on the wider reaches of the water, which in summer is covered with lotus flowers.

Soldiers are almost as numerous in the streets of Tokio as in a Prussian city. It is hardly possible to walk in any direction without seeing a few at least, and often a large number. The French uniforms of the officers and the German tunics of the men show the various influences which have contributed to the formation of the modern Japanese army. The men, though small, are sturdy, and, if they are not very smart, they at least attempt to imitate the European military swagger. The cavalry are mounted on ponies, horses being almost unknown in Japan.

Tokio possesses two railway stations, a line of tramway, and a network of telegraph wires, all betokening activity; yet the Japanese are not a noisy people. Owing to the absence of heavy traffic and the smoothness of the roads, the city is very quiet, and this is especially noticeable at night. The din and uproar of a great metropolis are not heard. It is hard to believe that outside the silent precincts of the moats are hundreds of thousands of people. The midnight calm of an English village seems to fall upon the capital of Japan. Charcoal fires are universally used, with the result that the sky is as blue by day as it would be in the open country, and hardly a star is hidden at night which a ship sailing across the Tropics would see.

In the Park of Shiba—which was, until a few years ago, the domain of a Buddhist temple—are the tombs of some of the Shoguns, or military rulers of Japan. The precincts are surrounded by a wall, and at the entrance is a roofed gate, resembling, though on a far larger scale, the lych-gate of an English churchyard. No other place in the world contains such a splendid collection of all

varieties of Japanese art. Every kind of magnificent, gorgeous, and artistic colouring and decoration may be seen. Rows of stone and bronze lanterns, to the number of several hundreds, stand in the paved courts, which are separated from each other by walls covered with metal-work. The Shogun's emblem of three hollyhock leaves appears everywhere. Lacquered posts of cryptomeria support the roofs of the shrines, and the ceilings are elaborately decorated in gold. On the panels of the doors are figures of birds and mythical animals, exquisitely carved; bronze plates protect the corners; and the porches are ornamented with geometrical designs. Scarlet and gold are the prevailing colours, and they are still almost as brilliant as when the artist's brush applied them. The rooms and passages are filled with wood-carving, lacquer, and bronze work. In the antechamber of the chapel are boxes and tables of the finest lacquer which Japan has ever produced, and on the cornices the chief Japanese fruits and flowers are represented with perfect fidelity. Colonnades, built in compartments containing gilt medallions, connect the various tombs. Lacquer, some of it centuries old, blazes on every side, and the pillars are covered with gilded plates of copper; and, although the brightest colours are freely used, the effect is pleasing. The artistic instinct of the Japanese has combined and harmonised them so skilfully with other hues that even scarlet and emerald green seem to lose their antipathy when placed near together in the precincts of Shiba; and it is only where modern restorations have been made of ancient work that the colouring is not so successful. All the ornamentation is work of design, and the adventitious aid of jewels or inlaying is never used to enhance the effect, which is dependent wholly upon the genius and manual dexterity of the artist.

The bodies of the Shoguns lie outside the shrines and

oratories in which their spirits are invoked. Each tomb is marked by a plain stone only. The courts are very still, and the hum of the city does not enter them. Evergreen oaks and pines shelter them from the sun and wind; at the back rises a wooded hill; the kites circle overhead; and the strange quietude of the wonderful precincts is broken only by the footsteps of the Buddhist monks.

The modern Ulysses who has seen the manners and cities of many peoples will be disposed to award the palm to the Japanese as the nation among whom it is most agreeable to travel. The cheeriness of all classes, their good-humour and civility—which never degenerates into servility—leave a very favourable impression upon the wanderer. The politeness of the men is extraordinary. A rude, churlish, or discourteous act or word rarely sullies their intercourse with strangers. A Japanese is by nature a well-bred and well-mannered gentleman, and his bearing contributes greatly to the pleasure of a visit to his wonderful country, which is, moreover, rendered still more attractive by the charming, merry expression, such as a happy child should wear, almost invariably seen upon the faces of the younger women, even when beauty of feature is absent.

The Chinese and the Japanese in the East correspond to the English and the French in the West. Between the English and the Chinese, as likewise between the French and the Japanese, many points of resemblance exist. The Chinese are a conservative nation, tenacious of old customs, suspicious of new methods and ideas, and prejudiced against foreigners. They depend upon commerce for their prosperity, and in their mercantile dealings they are honest and upright.

The Japanese are the Frenchmen of the East. They

are excitable and fickle. They affect to despise commerce, and yearn after military distinction. They are intelligent, and eagerly receptive of new ideas. No country has ever undergone a greater transformation in less than a generation. Not thirty years ago, no foreigner could travel without danger in Japan. The barbaric processions of the *daimios* and their retainers blocked the public roads, and attacked all travellers who would not dismount and pay respect to the prince. Now railways connect some of the chief cities and are being rapidly extended, and the tourist is welcomed for the sake of the money which he brings into the country.

The Government was an inefficient form of dual monarchy. Now representative institutions are on the point of being granted, and the executive power has been taken from the Shogun and given, under strict limitations, to the Mikado, who was lately a half-mystical, half-ornamental head of the State, possessing little authority. The *daimios* have been shorn of their feudal privileges and estates; and, with a view of equalising the distribution of wealth, the richest received compensation at the rate of one year's purchase of their rentals, while the smaller men were consoled with no less than twenty years' purchase. European and American customs have been introduced wholesale, and Japan is changing so rapidly that a Japanese of middle age must have difficulty in recognising his country. Japan adopted Western civilisation as rashly as a schoolboy smokes his first cigar, and it made Japan almost as uncomfortable. Whatever came from Europe or America was right. Even the French nation, fond as it is of change, would have shrunk from such a metamorphosis. But the French of the East had no hesitation. The ancient habits and tastes of the people did

not stand in the way. Only a universal love of novelty rendered the transformation of Japan possible. A more conservative nation would have been driven back into barbarism by the shock.

The picturesque costumes of the country are being replaced by English dress in its most slovenly form. The Japanese young man of the new epoch is a guy. He surmounts a pair of sandals—a relic of his forefathers which he clings to because he finds shoes or boots uncomfortable—with a suit of clothes such as a London shop-boy would wear on a Bank Holiday at Ramsgate. The women are adopting Paris bonnets, corsets, and high-heeled boots, and try to valse. When the Japanese furnish their houses in the European style they lose all their native taste, and the curtains, screens, carpets, and accessories with which the rooms are crowded are neither harmonious in colouring nor of good design. It can still be truly said that in art they have at present little or nothing which they can learn from Europe; but foreign influence during the last generation has sensibly lowered the standard. Neither in design nor in execution is it equal to the standard of a century ago, when the market, if less extensive, was at least more critical. A time may come when England, having become the chief depository of the Japanese works of art which are leaving the country in large quantities, will receive Japanese artists anxious to see specimens of the finest lacquer and bronzes and cabinets, and to recover the lost secret of designing them.

In another generation Japan will be as commonplace as Europe or America; and although it is still one of the most interesting countries in the world, no traveller visits it without regretting that he had not seen it before the veneer of foreign civilisation had been applied. Yet at present the harm done is superficial, and by some of

the many things which remain untouched we can measure the defects of our own civilisation. Here is a people who, four or five centuries ago, when no form of art, except, perhaps, architecture, and that only to a limited extent, flourished in England, had already produced some of the most beautiful objects that can be found in the world. Japan took the place of Greece as the fatherland of artists. Only the Greeks or the Japanese could have devised such a subtle touch of embellishment as the Entasis.

Nor is it in the departments of professed art alone that the Japanese display their taste. It enters into their daily life. The houses even of the lowest classes are artistically built. The heavy, unsightly beams which form the framework of an English cottage are not seen, and the rough-and-ready carpentry of a British hovel is absent. Every part is carefully finished and made to appear as sightly as possible. The raised dais near the chief door is covered with neat matting; and the sliding panels which take the place of windows are always good examples of joinery, and fit very accurately into the grooves. No chinks or gaps intervene at the joints, and the dimensions of all the component parts of the dwelling are reduced as far as possible. A Japanese cottage or street-house appears as though it had been constructed by a skilled workman in a happy mood. An English cottage too often appears as though it had been hammered into shape by a pioneer in a hurry. The small porcelain cups, the teapot and the bowl, in which tea and *saki* are served in the smaller tea-houses, which correspond to the beershops of an English village, would be an ornament to a London drawing-room. The contrast between the interior of the house of a Japanese artisan or shopkeeper and that of an English workman is striking. If in one or two respects

—such as the absence of fireplaces and the thinness of the walls, which neither keep out the cold in winter nor exclude the heat in summer—the former is not so comfortable as the latter, yet its fittings show that the owner takes pride in his home, and endeavours to make it attractive.

Even such trifles as the boxes and paper cases in which native work or embroidery is packed are neatly and prettily made ; the edges of the sides are rounded off, and the lids fit exactly. A piece of slovenly workmanship is rarely seen. The love of order and regularity and the appreciation of that which is pleasing to the eye are universal.

The rapid change which has come over the country during the last thirty years makes it impossible to forecast its characteristics in the second decade of the twentieth century. Who, at the time of the bombardment of Simonoséki by the British fleet, would have been bold enough to prophesy that 1888 would see third-class carriages of Japanese railways crowded with natives ? Yet a very common sight in many towns is a throng of little Japanese standing on a railway platform with their tickets in one hand and hired cushions in the other ; for cushions are not provided in the carriages, but may be hired for a trifle at all the stations.

Among the social changes to which the Progressists of Japan might usefully direct their attention is a mitigation of the Japanese code of etiquette of courtship and marriage. Men and women never meet, except at theatres or by chance in public places. All parties but those given on New Year's Day are confined to one sex. A man has little voice in the choice of his wife ; she is selected by his parents, and her first duty is to attend to them. When the selection has been made, a meeting is arranged, in order that the son may see that his bride-

elect is not absolutely repulsive, but only formal conversation between them is permitted ; and after marriage he would incur the displeasure of his mother if he paid more attention to his wife than to her. He may not take his wife out without his mother's permission, and even when parents live with a married son they control the household.

New Year's Day is kept as a festival by the Japanese. Bamboo shoots are placed in clusters before the houses, and under the eaves a continuous rope of straw runs along the street, symbolic of the unity and brotherhood of the people. By New Year's Day all debts must be paid, and the custom has taken such hold of the people that they will sell or pawn almost everything they possess in order to satisfy their creditors ; and the early days of the year are, therefore, a favourable occasion for a European traveller to purchase Japanese dresses and embroideries, which have been disposed of by their owners who desired to find the means of buying European clothes and ornaments.

The absence of extreme poverty in Japan is at once remarked by a stranger, as well as the light-hearted industry of the people. They have the reputation of being lazy because they do not work in the plodding way of an English labourer, but they work enough to keep themselves in good clothes and in a sufficiency of food, and they are always ready to laugh.

Such are the impressions of a brief visit to Cathay, which is inhabited by the most reactionary Conservatives on the face of the globe, and to its antithesis, Zipangu, which has become the tilting-ground of the most ruthless and iconoclastic Progressists that ever existed.

CHAPTER XVI.

A P. AND O. LOG FROM YOKOHAMA TO CALCUTTA.

January 7th.—The *Thibet* was advertised to leave Yokohama at 10 a.m., and the anchor was actually catted before the French flagship struck four bells, an example of punctuality which all steamers should imitate. What an absence of fuss and hurry there is on board an English ship leaving harbour! Hardly a word is heard except a few quiet orders to the chief officer on the forecastle; and she departs with no further ceremony than dipping her ensign to the men-of-war in port, and with the quiet air of a person going out for a morning's walk. On board a French vessel, on the other hand, the event is suggestive of the opening scene of a tragedy; excited voices on the bridge and in the bows, rapid feet upon the main-deck, invest the proceedings with a dramatic air: but the effect is spoilt by the feebleness of French nautical phraseology. *En avant doucement*, even when roared by an excitable *capitaine de long cours*, is a poor substitute for Half-speed Ahead. French idioms of the sea always sound as if they had been composed by a committee of school-girls, and revised by the Academy. Still, although the language of the drama is that of a young ladies' magazine, the action is theatrical. A Frenchman sails out of harbour with an air to which he can successfully appeal as not being inconsistent with his character should the

FUJIYAMA.

subsequent events of the voyage prove him to be a hero, a pirate, or a cannibal.

The *Thibet* steamed away from Yokohama like a duck proceeding on a voyage across a farmyard pond. There was little or no wind, and the Bay of Tokio was calm; but when we reached the open sea a fresh breeze from the south-west was blowing. The smoke from the volcano on Vries soon faded from sight, but pale Fuji-yama rose like a phantom over the shore, and remained visible until sunset.

January 8th.—The coast of Japan is as windy and as turbulent as the Bay of Biscay, but the Inland Sea is usually smoother than the Pacific, and for many miles before we reached Kobé this evening at sunset the *Thibet* was almost motionless. Three American men-of-war of old-fashioned build—a large proportion of the United States' Navy—are at anchor in the harbour, and a few gunboats belonging to other nations.

However humiliating the discovery may be to an Englishman, it is nevertheless a fact that British blue-jackets do not show to advantage by the side of foreign men-of-war's men. The Royal Navy is supposed to be the finest service in the world, but the appearance of the seamen is not creditable to it. They are too often ill-dressed, untidy, and anything but smart. A seaman of the French or American Navy is, in many cases, as great a contrast to a British bluejacket as a Guardsman is to a Militia recruit. This is not as it should be.

Among the merchant shipping lying in Kobé is the old P. and O. paddle-steamer *Delta*, once so well known on the Marseilles and Alexandria station, but now converted into a screw, and belonging to the Japanese Nippon Yusen Kaisha line.

January 10th.—The donkey engine began to bray and snort at daybreak yesterday, and discharged the holds

with so much energy and noise that everyone who could left the ship, some going to Kioto, others to the club, others to Osaka; and when they returned in the evening it was still at work hauling in fresh cargo. Towards midnight it ceased, and as it was then too late to leave, we remained in harbour until this morning, so as to have daylight for the passage through the most intricate part of the Inland Sea. More passengers embarked at Kobé —a male Talking Machine; a Corean gentleman who wears a wire head-dress like a fly-screen; and a Chinaman, with his wives and babies, some half-dozen of whom occupy three cabins in the saloon. The babies scream like Europeans by day and by night, and especially at meal times; while the father, who is a magistrate at Singapore, eats his dinner complacently within a few feet of them. A young lady who came on board at Yokohama promises to keep the *Thibet* lively. The first evening at sea she brought some fireworks on deck and let them off, much to the astonishment of the captain; and she has already quarrelled with the first officer and taken up with the doctor. There are, however, some cats on board who behave admirably. They are never in the way, they never make a noise, and they are beloved by everyone except the raven, who, when not perched on a chair in the smoking-room or on a cog-wheel of the winch, is usually tweaking their tails or prodding their sides with his powerful beak.

January 11*th*.—No one except the watch was on deck this morning when we passed through the Straits of Simonoséki, before daylight, into the Sea of Japan. The course to Nagasaki lies along the coast of Kiushiu, sometimes in the open, but oftener through channels between the mainland and the outlying islands. Rocks of every form rise out of the water, some arched, some resembling a cathedral spire or a tower of a castle, some

lying like a wedge upon the surface. Wherever cultivation is possible, the hills are covered with trees and fields, the primness of which is out of character with the wild volcanic scenery.

Nagasaki Harbour, which we entered at sunset, having shortly before met the *Teheran* on her way to Yokohama and handed over our Inland Sea pilot to her, is a beautiful haven, completely land-locked and sheltered by high hills. Long before the *Thibet* had made fast to the buoy close to the Russian man-of-war *Dmetri Donskoi*, she was surrounded by lighters and coal-barges, and until after midnight a ceaseless roar of winches, chains, and tongues continued. Women's rights are recognised at Nagasaki, and they have the privilege of replenishing steamers with coal. Half a hundred of them clambered on board, and having formed a *queue* on each side of the ship, handed the baskets and discharged them into the bunkers with marvellous rapidity. It was a curious scene. A double and triple row of lighters and sampans encircled the ship, many of them having an open fire, which flickered on strange forms of boats and men, all of whom talked volubly as they handled the bales, and shouted when they felt disposed. The outlines of the two Russian men-of-war loomed dimly in the darkness, and caused almost the only gap in the circle of lights upon the shore which enclosed the *Thibet* in a ring of fire.

All the Chinese babies and their mothers went on shore, and Peace, looking doubtfully, however, at the Talking Machine, returned to the ship.

January 12th.—We left Nagasaki at daylight, and Japan had faded out of sight in the afternoon.

When he reaches the open sea, the inquiring passenger begins his questions. His appetite for knowledge is insatiable. He wants to know everything, from the

price of a squeegee to the exact moment when the ship will arrive in port. He assails the officers with his nautical ideas, under the impression that the only subject which a sailor cares to talk about is the sea, and he makes a feeble joke, over which he has endeavoured to sprinkle some marine seasoning, to the captain. But everyone will acknowledge that curiosity on the subject of the ship's daily run is legitimate. For some reason the daily run is not published on board the *Thibet*, and we are thereby deprived of one of the few topics of conversation that are invariably interesting on board ship.

Next to the passenger who wants to know everything, the greatest bore is the passenger who wants to lend everything he has.

January 14th.—The Dead Secret has been disclosed; the mystery of the ocean has been revealed. Something far more interesting than the sea-serpent, or the cause of the tiff between Miss H. and the first officer, now happily at an end, has been brought to light by strategy. A passenger put the artless question to the third officer, who was taken off his guard, and answered, 291 miles. The ship's run, which is too sacred a subject to be published to vulgar eyes, and displayed, as in other vessels, in the companion, but which should be spoken of in dark corners with bated breath and awe, was, by the cunning of a mere traveller, made known just before luncheon. After this, further concealment was useless, and the officers frankly confessed that the lighthouse which came in sight soon after sunset was Turnabout Light on the coast of China, and that the *Thibet* was not more than 390 miles from Hongkong.

January 16th.—The sound of the whistle awoke the sleepers at sunrise as the *Thibet* steamed through the fleet of fishing junks in the Lye-ye-moon Pass

By eight o'clock we were hanging on to the P. and O. buoy at Hongkong, and in a few minutes the ship was surrounded by lighters, each with a cooking-stove on board. Before beginning to unload the cargo, the coolies squatted down and had their breakfast. Bowls of rice, stews of meat, boiled fish and vegetables, all well cooked, were soon rapidly and dexterously consumed. To see a Chinaman eating rice, or taking a piece of meat from a dish, with a pair of chopsticks held in one hand, extorts wonder far greater than that aroused by the dexterity of a Frenchman loading himself with peas by means of a knife. A delicate pair of chopsticks is certainly a food implement more suitable to a refined nation than the knife, fork, and spoon. With the two former we lacerate and handle our food as a beast of prey does with his jaw and claws, and the idea of a spoon we have taken from his tongue. What a charming picture a beautiful English girl eating strawberries and cream with a pair of dainty ivory chopsticks would make!

January 17th.—The *Thibet* is but a shuttle in the P. and O. loom running to and fro between Yokohama and Hongkong, where passengers for the west join the larger steamers on the main line from Shanghai to London. The *Sutlej*, to which we were transhipped, is a fine vessel of over 4,000 tons, and reasonably fast. She has been on shore once at least, and, next to the *Rome*, is said to be the most accomplished roller in the service. She is clean and comfortable. Punctually at 4 p.m. she cast off from the buoy. The crowd of officers from the garrison and the men-of-war, the Parsees and natives of Hongkong, who had come to say farewell to the passengers, tumbled over the side into the steam launches, and slowly she threaded her way through the crowd of shipping. The P. and O.

Zambesi signalled a farewell message by semaphore as we crossed her bows, and soon we reached the open sea through the western channel, and the peaks and islands of Cathay faded away with the daylight.

January 19th.—The Cochin-China coast was in sight at mid-day. There is a lull in the monsoon, and the China Sea is as calm as a millpond. The heat during the day is trying, as the wind is right aft, but the evenings are delightful. The quarter-deck is lit with electric lights, and a piano has been brought up, and the strains of sea songs like "Tom Bowling," and of bread-and-butter ballads like "Polly," or "Two Little Pattering Feet," are wafted nightly over the waves.

It was bad enough having the Male Talking Machine handed over to us from the *Thibet*, but now we find that a greater infliction—a Female Talking Machine—joined the *Sutlej* at Hongkong. Unfortunately, it is impossible to pair them off, for with unerring instinct they avoid one another.

It was proposed to have a picnic in the engine-room by way of relieving the monotony of the voyage, but the idea was not received with enthusiasm.

January 20th.—The weekly fire and boat drill was performed at 11 a.m. Blankets were brought on deck, and a pile of preserved meats, soups, and biscuits was in readiness outside the companion to provision the boats, which were lowered with tolerable promptitude to the rail. A cordon of stewards passed buckets full of water to quench an imaginary fire, and every preparation for a disaster was made. The swarthy Lascars hurrying to and fro in their red turbans and sashes gave the *Sutlej* the appearance of a ship in the hands of pirates.

January 21st.—The ship's cat, the only animal except the officers allowed on the bridge, is a most intelligent creature. He has a thorough contempt for human beings,

though perfectly polite to them. It is painful to remark how they bore him. To be addressed as "poor pussy" is almost too much for his manners. He walks away with dignity, and takes refuge in one of the quarter-deck boats, where he ponders over the comparative succulence of the Shanghai mouse, the rat of the London Docks, and the Sydney sparrow. Sometimes he honours a passenger so far as to take possession of his deck-chair, but he never allows the condescension to be made an excuse for familiarity. As he sits upright on the quarter-deck, with his tail stretched out behind him, he is the picture of dignity. Some people might call him morose, but he is not really so. His demeanour is that of a philosopher surrounded by chimpanzees.

January 22nd.—There was a fragrance of spices and flowers in the air this morning as we entered the Straits of Malacca, and approached the island of Singapore. A dozen canoes, each manned by a Malay boy, accompanied the *Sutlej* for some distance before she reached the wharf. The dexterity of the boys in jumping in and out without upsetting them and in diving for coins is wonderful. They bale the water out with their hands and feet, shouting out all the time, "Yes, sir! Yes, sir!' alternately with "All right, sir! All right, sir!" the only English phrases they have learnt.

The P. and O. wharf is on a little peninsula, which runs out into the channel at the foot of a hill covered with pineapples, and by 10 a.m. we were tied up to it. The peninsula is covered with cocoanuts, travellers' palms, fan palms, and mangoes with orchids growing on them, and all kinds of bright flowers abound. Some of the banks are hidden by masses of sensitive plant, of which, if the stem be ever so gently touched, all the leaves and tendrils seem to wither away. A shady lane leads to the highway on the mainland, and the

town of Singapore is two miles distant. The road crosses a series of tidal swamps, in which one or two small hamlets are built. The houses are perched on piles out of the reach of the water, and it is surprising that any inhabitants survive to occupy them, for a more unhealthy situation cannot be conceived.

Singapore is not an attractive place. The tropical rains soon destroy the external decorations of the houses, and the European town will not bear comparison with that of Kobé, Hongkong, or Shanghai. The Anglican Cathedral is a building of some architectural merit, but the climate has given it a mottled, uncared-for appearance. Flowers and trees are abundant, and there is a good cricket-ground on the Bund. No one, however, would stay longer than was necessary in Singapore. The hotels are scarcely tolerable, and the odours of the place are varied and plentiful. The chief place of resort is the Botanic Garden. A military band plays there once a month when the moon is full. On one occasion an unexpected total eclipse brought the music to an end. Everyone in Singapore now knows that a lunar eclipse can only occur at the time of full moon.

The prosperity of Singapore is shown by the thronged streets and the number of ships at anchor in the bay and moored to the wharves. Here India, China, and Malaysia are welded by a European flux. The Indian *gharry* and humped oxen are seen in the streets; the jinrickshas are drawn by Chinese coolies; the Malays are kept in check by policemen from the Punjab; and Europe is represented by German and English merchants.

What a comfort it must be to live in a place where the sun keeps regular hours! Here in Singapore, only a few degrees north of the equator, he rises and sets all

the year round within a minute or two of the same hour.

January 23rd.—If the ladies who came on board the *Sutlej* before she steamed away at 4 p.m., to say good-bye to their friends and relations, are not selected samples, then Singapore is inhabited by the most beautiful and charming women in the whole wide world! It may be that we have lately seen too much of the Chinese and Japanese style of beauty to be critical. But it *was* a pleasure to be able to look upon the lovely features of Mrs. Pressgrave, who came on board for too short a time to see her brother, an Irishman in the Chinese navy on his way to England with a Chinese crew for one of China's new ironclads. She charmed us for a summer's afternoon, the most beautiful flower in all Singapore; and her perfect form and bonny face made the *Sutlej* an enchanted ship.

O beautiful lady, if ever these lines meet your eye, accept this little tribute to the witchery of your glorious beauty! Happy the traveller who has the good fortune to have a stage in his journey made bright by your presence!

January 24th.—The Female Talking Machine left the ship at Singapore, but the Male remains. Half-a-dozen passengers came on board, and they are regarded by us older travellers much as new boys are at school. They wander around aimlessly, and do not know the ways of the ship; but they behave well.

January 25th. — All yesterday we were steaming quietly down the Straits of Malacca, always within sight of land, and at sunrise this morning we anchored off Georgetown, in the channel between the island of Penang and the Malay Peninsula. The town is built on the shore, with a range of wooded hills rising at the back of it. The European cantonment is delightfully placed in the midst

of a grove of cocoanut palms. Hedges of prickly bamboo separate the compounds and run along the roads. It is very pleasant to exchange the shade of deck awnings for that of palms for a little while. A few miles from the town a cascade falls from the hills, and though it can be reached only by a long and dusty road, it is worth the exertion. It falls almost perpendicularly into a ravine, wherein all kinds of tropical flowers and ferns grow luxuriantly; the appearance of the spot is, however, spoilt by a very ugly little pale-blue Buddhist temple. The ravine opens into a valley, the head of which has been cleared and converted into a public park, whose green lawns and gravelled paths are bordered by flowers that in England are seen only in hothouses. The wooded hills encircle it on three sides, and on the fourth it is bounded by a forest of palms and plantains, under the shade of which the road approaches it. When the *Sutlej* weighed at 1 p.m., a brief but pleasant visit to Penang came to an end.

It is extraordinary to see the Malays at the jetty basking in the almost vertical sun as though there were no such thing as sunstroke in the world.

January 26th.—We passed Acheen, and entered the Indian Ocean at mid-day. It is perfectly calm, and looks as though a typhoon or the monsoon had never ruffled its surface. There is a peculiar gloss upon it, and in colour it is a very lovley greyish violet, rather paler than that of the Pacific.

Some mangosteens and durians were brought on board at Penang. The former is a kind of orange of most exquisite delicacy and flavour, a fruit which one never seems to tire of eating. The durian is a subject which causes great divergence of opinion. Some people asy that it is the most disgusting and nauseous substance that ever passes men's lips; others that it is the only

fruit worth eating. All, however, agree in saying that the shell must be broken and the seeds, which are covered with a rich pulp, extracted in the open air, as it exhales a very powerful odour, resembling sewer gas. The taste of the pulp, which smells like rotten fish, resembles a mixture of bad eggs with strong onions, but this soon disappears from the palate, and is succeeded by a flavour of strawberries and cream. Herein lies the crucial test of the merits of the durian. Its admirers assert that the earlier flavour is soon forgotten in the later ecstasy; its detractors say that the strawberry and cream notion is all moonshine. The captain of the *Sutlej* confesses that it took him sixteen years to learn to appreciate the durian.

After dinner the chief engineer conducted a tourist party through the most interesting part of the ship—the stoke-hold and the engine-room. To see the massive cranks and rods moving so powerfully, yet so noiselessly that it is hardly necessary to raise the voice, is an impressive sight. Every part is perfectly clean, and the metal-work is as bright as a mirror; and there is scarcely a tremor on the platforms and gratings, although the power of 4,000 horses is being exerted. The shaft-alley is cool, and the shaft so highly polished that it is difficult to see whether it is revolving. Even the stoke-hold is cleaner than might be expected; and when we had been almost cremated there, we adjourned to the refrigerating room, where another engine churns the air into frost, and where we made some snowballs!

When a modern mail steamer such as the *Sutlej* is compared with a ship of the last century, it is remarkable to find how very few of the changes are due to the professional mariners. Almost all the improvements in shipbuilding, navigation, and propulsion have not only been made by landsmen, but also have been effected in spite

of the sailors. The latter opposed the introduction of steam, the use of chain cables and wire rigging, the fine and hollow lines at the stem and stern now universal in fast ships; every chief point, in fact, in which the *Sutlej* differs from the packet-ship of the last century. A sailor cannot point out any organic change in the method of crossing the sea which has been introduced by one of his own profession. If we had been dependent upon him and his predecessors, we should probably now be crossing the Indian Ocean in a kind of Noah's Ark.

January 28th.—The Indian Ocean has been so calm ever since we left Penang that an outrigged racing eight-oar might have crossed it in safety. They say that, had it been the typhoon season, the lovely sunset this evening would have indicated a change in the weather; but as the monsoon has still many weeks to blow, there is no fear for to-morrow. As the sun drooped to the sea, a lane of light no broader than his diameter was thrown across the water. On the horizon was a purple haze, which brightened into crimson where it was pierced by the rays of the sunset; and a golden sheen, tremulous with gentle undulations, covered the ocean towards the west. When the sun disappeared, the surface was almost as bright as ever, and clearly marked the line which separated the still glowing sky from the luminous water. The dark bank upon the western wave grew darker as the sun sank below it, and as it swept round the horizon to the east it appeared to merge itself in the ocean. Every variety of purple, lilac, and sombre green tints was painted upon the eastward surface, and on the side of the sunset the mirror waves were bright with orange, gold, and pale green, streaked here and there for a moment by the tracks of the flying-fish; and a solitary cloud far away rose out of the water like an island.

Before even the brief twilight of the Tropics was over, the moon rose in the east, and made the darkened waves, still showing the hues they had lately borrowed from the sunset, sparkle with her pale gold light. Nothing can be compared to the exquisite loveliness of the colours which fell from heaven upon the waves of this lonely ocean, and never will the magical beauty of that short hour be forgotten.

January 29th.—Ceylon was in sight at daybreak this morning, but a haze hid the features of the coast, though Adam's Peak was visible above it. An Austrian frigate steamed leisurely past us on her way to Madras shortly before we reached Colombo. By 1 p.m. the *Sutlej* was moored inside the breakwater, in a line with the *Brindisi* and the *Britannia.* Bumboats soon swarmed round the ship; crows perched upon the rigging; and Singhalese jewellers, with tortoiseshell combs and chignons on their heads, came up the side and squatted on the deck. The *Nepaul* will not leave for Calcutta until the end of next week, an interval which must be spent in seeing as much as possible of the Isle of Gems.

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February 10th.—The P. and O. Agency at Colombo has been fully occupied for a day and a half in sending out notices every few hours of the postponement of the *Nepaul's* departure for Calcutta, which various causes have delayed. Shortly before noon, however, the jewellers were cleared off the deck, and advised to wait for the arrival of the next Australian mail steamer; and the ship steamed out to sea under a cloudless sky. As the sun went down upon the shining waves of the west, Point de Galle was abreast—the only break we had seen in the forest of cocoanuts which line the shore. The *Nepaul* is not in her first

youth, but she is fairly comfortable. Last year she signalised the close of a *jeunesse orageuse* by running down a Chinese transport on the Yang-tsze-kiang, and drowning twenty tons or so of Chinese soldiers. Lately the Company has fitted her with the electric light, like a mother who decks a *passée* daughter with diamonds. In calm weather she is remarkably steady. Among the passengers—a good average lot—is a bridegroom with a banjo, of one day's seniority, who is embarking almost at the same moment upon the turbulent waves of the ocean and the equally turbulent waves of matrimony.

February 12th.—Some of the hills on the Coromandel coast came in sight soon after breakfast, and in an hour the lighthouse and the towers of Madras rose out of the horizon. Before noon the *Nepaul* anchored inside the breakwater, near the Austrian frigate *Faisana*, which we had passed a fortnight ago in the *Sutlej*. The breakwater has recently suffered from the effects of a typhoon, and it is hard to say whether it looks half-destroyed or half-finished. For a part of its length it resembles a line of rocks awash, and it affords little real protection; few ships, in consequence, frequent Madras, which, though one of the largest cities in India, has little maritime trade. An iron pier projects into the haven enclosed by the arms of the breakwater. The rollers come in from the Bay of Bengal through the gaps of the stonework, and there is almost as much surf inside as outside.

Scarcely had the *Nepaul* been made fast to the buoy when the kites pounced upon the ship. They are handsome birds, as fearless and as plentiful as crows in Colombo. They were soon followed by other animals of prey—the sellers of Madras embroidery and the proprietors of performing birds; and Masula boatmen

at once surrounded the steamer and touted for fares. The Masula boat is a curious craft, used for landing passengers through the surf which breaks ceaselessly on the shallow Coromandel coast. It draws little water, and has high sides of planks *sewn* together and made partly watertight by an interior poultice of straw; but one of the crew of each boat is kept constantly employed in baling out the water that finds its way in through the seams. Not a particle of metal is used, Beams running from gunwale to gunwale serve both as stretchers and as seats for the eight or ten rowers, who shout and gesticulate like Frenchmen, and row with oars having blades in the shape of a heart, while the skipper stands up in the stern and steers with a long oar. The boat touches the ground in the midst of the surf, but the high sides prevent it breaking inboard; and the passengers are carried on shore on the men's backs—an uncomfortable and undignified way of landing for the first time in the splendid Empire of India.

How often joy and sorrow come hand in hand to the same spot! Two women came out from England in the *Nepaul*, one to join her husband, the other to be married. One was met at the pier gates by her lover with a marriage licence in his hand, the other by a messenger from the Hospital to say that her husband had met with an accident and was dying.

February 13th.—Madras, when seen from a distance, appears to be a handsome city. The Post Office, the lighthouse, the churches, and some public buildings rise above the roofs with good effect; but disappointment is the result of a closer inspection. Everything is brown: the dust, the houses, and the people. There is little activity in the streets, and the alternations of heat and wet have left their mark on the weather-beaten walls.

Madras does not seem prosperous. Only the markets—which are much inferior to those of Japan in cleanliness and neatness, and in the manner in which the goods are displayed so as to attract the eye—are at all crowded. They contain few things of native manufacture, but are full of cheap articles from England and Germany. There is an air of the Sahara about the open spaces, which even the sight of Madrassee boys playing at cricket does not dispel. The capital of the Benighted Presidency—whose time, however, is adopted as the standard time of India—offers no allurements to detain the traveller, who returns to his ship with glee.

Soon after tiffin the *Nepaul* steamed out of harbour. The Bay of Bengal was calm, and in a very few hours the coast was out of sight, except a few hills which remained in view until sunset.

February 16th.—We passed the outer lightship at the mouth of the Hughli yesterday morning, and anchored after dark off Saugor Island, famous for tigers and malaria. When the tide turned this morning, we weighed and steamed up the muddy river, which seems to contain a large proportion of the India peninsula in solution. The low shores are hardly visible for some distance above the mouth, but gradually the banks approach and green growths appear, and the channel becomes so narrow and tortuous that the steering engine is constantly at work. In the reach below Diamond Harbour we met a fleet of outward-bound steamers and magnificent four-masted sailing ships. Porpoises gambolled in the water, and boats so piled up with straw that they resembled floating haystacks drifted down with the tide. Masts of sunken wrecks emerging from the surface showed the peril of the river; and a sand-bank, bearing the thoroughly Oriental name of the James and Mary Shoal, was pointed out. A short halt

was made to discharge the *Nepaul's* powder, and again we stemmed the stream between shores lined with palms, cotton trees red with flowers, and bamboo grass. The sun was setting just as the anchor was let go in Garden Reach, with the straggling palace of the King of Oude on one side and the brilliant flowers of the Botanical Gardens on the other. The voyage was over. The Anglo-Indian, who during the voyage has been a dictator acting in a vacuum, assumed fresh airs of importance as his servants boarded the ship, and in ordering them about in a loud voice reasserted the suppressed authority which had been trying to escape ever since he went on furlough to Europe.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE CITY OF PALACES.

CHANCE, more often than policy, chooses the position of a country's metropolis, with the result that the site of Calcutta violates all the rules by which an intelligent Romulus of the present day would be guided in founding a great city. The capital of the Indian Empire lies within the Tropics, in the north-east corner of Hindostan, remote from the centre of gravity of the population, on the banks of a minor channel of the delta through which a sluggish river slowly percolates into the Bay of Bengal. It is surrounded by a low and malarious district, frequently devastated by cyclones; and the heat in summer is so intense that Europeans cannot live in it during several months of the year. In addition to these physical drawbacks, Calcutta is peculiarly exposed to the pernicious influence of a sect which has arisen during the last few years. The Anglo-Indian has ordinarily a mind of masculine fibre, not liable to be unduly swayed by local public opinion, but there are signs that it is wavering in presence of the Bengali Baboo, an individual who, though weak in body and lymphatic in temperament, has done what neither Sikhs, nor Mahrattas, nor Afghans, nor Mahomedan and Hindoo mutineers could do; for he has almost succeeded in making a portion of the British governing community, both at home and in India, stand in awe of him.

In a word, Calcutta has almost all the defects which a capital can have. It is unhealthy, it is out of the way, and it is subject to political malaria. All the arguments are in favour of the removal of the seat of government to some more central and salubrious station, and their force has been partly acknowledged. Calcutta is still the capital of India, but during the summer it is placed, as it were, upon half-pay, and its duties are performed by deputy. On a certain day in March the weather is officially declared to be hot. At that date, and no sooner, punkahs are set up in the European barracks; and the governing hierarchy, having provided for the comfort of the lower ranks of the British occupation, transfers itself to a village in the Himalayas, and Calcutta is left to blister in the sun.

Places as well as individuals can suffer injury through inappropriate nicknames or fancy titles, and the person who, whether in irony or in rhetorical exaggeration, called Calcutta the City of Palaces, is mainly responsible for the discontent which the first sight of it usually creates. The traveller who has pictured in his mind a city of Oriental magnificence, and who expects to be bewildered and astonished by edifices of grand proportions and gorgeous architecture, wherein dispossessed Kings and mediatised Maharajahs live lives of indolence and luxury and intriguing Begums pass their time in splendid captivity, will certainly be disappointed. Few places realise the expectations that have been formed through the means of common report, and Calcutta is not one of them. Its *sobriquet* is known all over the world, with the result that it is sometimes perhaps unjustly disparaged. It is a handsome city of the Anglo-Indian type, but no more. It is deficient in historical and antiquarian interest, and Eastern splendour is almost entirely absent from it.

There is hardly a corner of the British Empire which does not contain some remarkable object, either civil, military, or ecclesiastical, designed by the Royal Engineers. In India especially the versatility of the Scientific Corps is more evident than its genius. The Anglican Cathedral is an experiment in Gothic architecture by an Engineer officer, who also built the Mint, in which he followed a classical model, the Temple of Minerva on the Acropolis at Athens. The Cathedral is not a pleasing structure, but it is well hidden by trees. Government House is a range of yellow buildings diversified with sage-green shutters, and surmounted by a dome and the Royal Arms. It is massive rather than ornamental, and its cleanly appearance is its most noticeable point. The Law Courts, the Secretariat, the Post Office, the Town Hall (where a native municipality learns the methods of self-government at the expense of the patient city), and the Departmental Offices are either edifices of the Whitehall and South Kensington type, modified to suit the requirements of a tropical climate, or examples of the simpler forms of classical architecture. None of them possess a very admirable or a very objectionable feature. The details are usually elaborate, but the general effect is poor. Many generations will pass by before the footmarks of Addiscombe and Chatham in Hindostan can be effaced, and they remain to bear witness to the standard of artistic design which was accepted in England during the first half of the nineteenth century. The work of Cooper's Hill is of better quality and more pleasing to the eye, but that institution has been too recently established to effect an appreciable change for the better in the style of the public buildings of India.

Fort William, which stands on the left bank of the Hughli, was intended to be a place of refuge for

the European population in case of insurrection, and it is connected with Government House by a subterranean passage. Bastions and ramparts, disposed after Vauban's star-fish principle, enclose a spacious area by the river-side. It is a complete military city. The arsenal contains modern arms of all descriptions, besides a park of antiquated artillery. A cricket-ground is in the heart of the fortress, surrounded by cool and airy barracks for several regiments; and near at hand is a small and ugly chapel, designed probably by some Engineer officer who had once seen the chapel of King's College at Cambridge. Fort William is too modern to contain many objects of historical interest. There are a few relics of the struggle for the possession of India between France and England in the eighteenth century, and some Mahomedan standards captured during the Mutiny. The remarkable absence of other trophies—save a tribal banner or two, or a mountaineer's matchlock—shows that though hardly a year passed, in the period between the expulsion of the French and the revolt of the Sepoys, in which the gates of the temple of an Indian Janus would have been closed, the British Empire in India was never seriously endangered.

The Maidan or Meadow forms the esplanade of Fort William. It is an open space, on which no permanent buildings are allowed to be erected; and it is flanked on one side by the river Hughli, and on the other sides by barracks and public buildings and by Chowringhee. Along the river face a fleet of the finest sailing vessels that the world can show is constantly moored. Although every new development of naval architecture and mechanics tends to diminish the beauty of the ships of the sea, here may be seen vessels as handsome as any that traversed the ocean

before the boiler and the compound engine superseded the taut mast and the studding-sail. A four-masted sailing ship of the present day, with her fine lines and gracefully moulded hull, is fully as beautiful an object as any three-decked man-of-war of fifty years ago. The Maidan is at once the playground and the pasture of Calcutta. Cricket-grounds, football fields, lawn tennis courts, bowling greens, and a racecourse are circumstantial evidence of the presence of the athletic and sporting Anglo-Saxon. A broad drive, crowded at sunset with carriages full of pale and languid Englishwomen and of Englishmen surmounted with the tall hat, reproduces in its way the road opposite the Knightsbridge Barracks in Hyde Park. Herds of draught cattle browse on the Maidan turf; droves of donkeys assemble under the mangoes; *syces* lead the horses and polo ponies of the English officers for exercise before the sun is high; and still earlier in the day the ground is usually occupied by the garrison. White troops do not always appear to advantage by the side of native troops. The swarthy *sowars* of the Bengal Cavalry, splendidly mounted and dressed in a picturesque uniform, need not fear comparison with the Life Guards of any Western Monarch. Too much white helmet and too little private is the characteristic of the British regiments in India; while a Bengal Lancer is, at least as far as appearance goes, an ideal soldier.

Most of the statesmen and generals who helped to establish or to maintain the British Empire in India are represented by statues on the Maidan. Some of these are meritorious works of art, as, for example, the equestrian monument to Outram. On the other hand, the Ochterlony Column strongly resembles a factory chimney surmounted by ornamental ironwork. The inscriptions on the

pedestals, as well as the epitaphs in the cathedral—with the exception of a few written by Macaulay—are deficient in almost every quality that they should possess; they are bloated with epithets, and though exceedingly diffuse, give neither a sufficient account of deeds nor a clear impression of character. Dr. Johnson was probably right in holding that monumental records should not be expressed in the English language. The art of terse, vigorous, and lucid writing, if it ever existed in Anglo-India, has not been able to resist the enervating influence of the circumlocutions and decorative phrases of the native dialects. There is but one perfect epitaph in Hindostan, and that is inscribed on the tomb of Lawrence at Lucknow.

On the side remote from the Hughli the Maidan is bordered by Chowringhee, the Park Lane of Calcutta. The houses are large, and appear to be handsome when seen at a sufficient distance. Here the traveller thinks that he has at last found the palatial abodes of the City of Palaces. A nearer view dispels the illusion. Chowringhee is but an architectural elephant, more remarkable for dimensions than for beauty. The houses are built of brick, roughly covered with pink plaster. The majority of them, however, are detached and surrounded by gardens bright with tropical flowers and trees. The Museum is the solitary stone edifice in Chowringhee, but a subsidence in the treacherous alluvial soil has unfortunately cracked it from roof to basement.

The hospitable portals of one mansion, which was once the Indian home of Macaulay, and is now occupied by the Bengal Club, will be remembered with gratitude by many winter visitors to Calcutta. It may be imagined that in a country where Englishmen have for generations compensated themselves for lengthy and, in former days, often lifelong absence from their native land by adopting

every available appliance of comfort and luxury, the chief club will embody the experience of many thousand Anglo-Indian sybarites; and neither in Pall Mall nor in Fifth Avenue will be found a better social establishment of its kind than the Bengal Club. It is a redeeming feature of Calcutta. It possesses an excellent library; and if the same drop of ink may, without bathos, commend the curries, nothing more need be said to show that it is an unrivalled institution, the comforts and luxuries of which are not selfishly reserved for the benefit of permanent members alone.

At the north-east corner of the Maidan are the Eden Gardens, separated from the river by a broad drive. They take their name from the family of a former Governor-General, and are well laid out, carefully tended, and lit by the electric light. There are a miniature lake and shady walks among groves of tropical shrubs and beds of flowers; and a Hindoo pagoda in the centre is covered with elaborate carving. A lawn on which a band plays every evening at sunset occupies a large portion of the Gardens, which are the only outdoor social rendezvous of Calcutta. The drive is blocked with carriages full of Englishwomen, who languidly listen to the strains of the music; and the lawn inside is covered with people sauntering to and fro, among whom the natives are conspicuous from their brilliant dresses and the English officers from the tall hats which they are compelled to wear in public places. As the sun goes down, the western sky glows with colour, varying from an incarnadine tinge to a deep rich red, and falling with magical effect upon the throng. In a little while all is changed, for the twilight of the Tropics lasts but a few minutes. The pale stars overhead come forth, and soon all that is left of the day is a faint streak on the horizon beyond the palms on the further bank of the

river. The rosy electric light suddenly sparkles upon the lawn, and the crowd increases. When the National Anthem has been played, everyone is seized with a desire to get away as soon as possible, and the swarm disappears almost in an instant.

The flat roofs of Calcutta give the city a somewhat forbidding appearance; nor will the time occupied in exploring the remoter quarters be well spent, as there are few places of interest except in the neighbourhood of the Maidan. The chief of these are the Burning Ghat and the Botanical Gardens. The latter extend for a mile along the right bank of the Hughli at Garden Reach, some distance below the Maidan, and contain some magnificent palms, as well as the well-known Banyan Tree, which is rather a grove than a single tree, as it covers nearly an acre of ground. On the opposite side of the river is the palace of the King of Oude. It is quaint in appearance, but has no architectural merit. A pit of live snakes in one of the courts is an extraordinary sight. The whims of Eastern potentates are often as astonishing as the triumphs and reverses of their lives. The titular monarch of Delhi once added to his collection of animals a Polar bear, which did not long survive its removal to a tropical climate.

The Burning Ghat is on the left bank of the Hughli, above the Howrah Bridge. The ceremony of cremation, which excites so much unreasonable abhorrence in England, is performed every evening in a small roofless building with high walls, and often in the presence of travellers from all countries in search of a new experience. The body is placed in the centre of a pile of resinous logs, and the flames, which rise above the walls and flicker weirdly on the stream, are sufficiently intense to burn the corpse without allowing much effluvium to

escape. Friends and relations are grouped round the pyre, ready, when all is over, to cast the ashes into the sacred river. Higher up the stream the ceremony is performed in a ruder manner. The poor Hindoo cannot afford the pomp and luxury of the Burning Ghat; often he is unable even to buy fuel enough for complete cremation. The body is brought down to the muddy banks of the Hughli, and laid upon a smouldering fire hardly sufficient, in many cases, to singe it; but so long as a morsel of sandal wood, be it ever so small, is flaming upon the dead, the function is satisfied. The rich man's pyre is constructed wholly of this wood. The corpse, which is often only charred at the extremities, is placed in the water. Sometimes it floats away; sometimes it is brought back by the pariah dogs, and hacked by the vultures. Sick persons are carried to die by the water's edge; and die they must, under penalty of losing their caste. It is hardly probable that recovery should occur on such a bed of sickness as the mud of the Hughli, but the attendants take steps to avert such a calamity.

The variety of headgear in Calcutta is a curious feature of the place. From the chimney-pot hat through all the gamut of military and civilian helmets there are specimens enough to stock a museum. The introduction of the tall black hat into India is a good example of fashion and custom prevailing against comfort and utility, for of all coverings for the head it is the least suited to a tropical climate. A pith hat can assume almost as many forms as a lady's bonnet. One kind is shaped like a mushroom, another resembles a pumpkin sliced longitudinally, while a third is a replica of a pilot's sou'-wester or of the headgear of a coal-heaver. This tendency should be carefully kept in hand, for a man has so much to be thankful for in the simplicity of his dress, and its freedom from constant liability to change

when compared with a woman's, that if he is wise he will beware of showing any originality in the adornment of his person.

The East Indian Railway, which is the main artery of Hindostan, was projected and begun more than forty years ago. It is now complete, and extends from the terminus at Howrah, a transpontine suburb of Calcutta, to Delhi, the former Mogul capital. The traffic is heavy, and the prosperity of the company a few years ago was so great that the covetous eyes of the Indian Government, always in search of means to relax the tension of taxation, fell upon it, and it was virtually acquired by the State. The management was, however, left in the hands of the company, which was permitted to retain a small portion of the surplus profits in order that the efficient and economical administration of the line might be encouraged.

The bargain is a remarkable example of the moral condition of the official mind. When the Secretary of State announced that the ownership of the railway was about to be assumed by the Government, he explained the reasons why it was not advisable to undertake the executive control of it. He confessed, with cynical candour, that a non-official body is placed in a more favourable position for carrying on an undertaking than a Government Department, because the latter is exposed to the interference of public opinion, more especially in its relations with and its treatment of its servants. A mere railway company possesses enough *vis inertiæ* and obstinacy to resist external pressure, and is not burdened with feelings to which appeal can be made. When the weight of moral responsibility is distributed over a corporate body it sits very lightly on the shoulders of each individual. On the other hand, a State institu-

tion is liable to become the favourite target of political theorists and philanthropists, who are often too persistent and influential to be disregarded. Briefly, the Indian Government refrained from assuming the management of the railway because it could not afford to work it with and did not dare to work it without a conscience; and the surplus profits still paid over to the shareholders are, in fact, the penalty paid by the Indian Government for its release from the natural obligations of its position.

Indian railways are comfortable, though not luxurious. All the carriages are constructed so as to afford sleeping accommodation at night; and if they cannot be compared to Pullman or Mann cars, they are more roomy and airy than English first-class carriages. The stoppages are frequent, and the trains run at a very moderate speed, though the country is generally level. Early in the morning, soon after sunrise, a sufficient halt is made for *chota hazri*, or the Little Breakfast of tea and toast which ushers in the Indian day. In all the chief stations there are bath-rooms, and in some sleeping accommodation may be obtained. In no other hot country is travelling less fatiguing and irksome. If the journeys are sometimes longer than they need be, the racket and jolting of a European express are thereby avoided. In many of the station restaurants really excellent meals are provided. The dust of travel may be washed off as often as necessary without leaving the train, as the majority of the carriages are fitted with shower-baths, and during the hot season they are cooled artificially. Bells are not used, but a rail suspended within the station is struck with a hammer, and gives out a deep and rather musical sound, in every way preferable to the shrill clamour which elsewhere announces the arrival or the departure of a train.

To accommodate the various European and native castes, four classes run on many of the railways, differing so widely in fare that the expense of travelling in the highest is seven times greater than the expense of travelling in the lowest class, which is about one farthing a mile. The railway is popular with the natives, and all the carriages of the lower classes are crowded. Time is not a valuable thing in the East, and the people make sure of travelling in a certain train by arriving at the station several hours before it is due. They bivouac in the entrance-halls and waiting-rooms, which at night are often rendered impassable by the prostrate forms of the natives. The space is further curtailed by the vendors of local manufactures or curiosities, who are allowed to display their wares upon the platforms. It is not unusual during the hot weather to see the body of a cholera victim taken out of the train, and coffins are kept in readiness at many stations for the grim episode.

Some of the arrangements are annoying to a traveller accustomed to the prompter service of English or American railways. Division of labour is an excellent thing: when not carried too far it is the principle of successful industry; but when half a dozen coolies must be engaged to handle as much baggage as an English porter with his truck would remove in half the time, the advantages of the system disappear. A native porter considers that both his own dignity and that of his employer are compromised if he exerts himself too much. A light burden suits the former, and a long train of attendants is essential to the rank of the latter. The English traveller is regarded as a money-distributing machine. As the *bhisti* sprinkles the drops of water upon the parched roads and precipitates the dust, so does the Sahib refresh the poor coolie with a gracious flow of annas and pyce.

A long railway journey is a trying ordeal to every-

one, but it is peculiarly detrimental to a class who, perhaps from no fault of their own, can least afford to subject themselves to its baneful effects. The touch-and-go beauty, the precarious attractions of Anglo-Indian women require perfect repose and many artifices of the toilette, which are impracticable in a railway carriage, for their effectual preservation. It is a really pitiable sight to see English ladies emerging in the early morning for *chota hazri*, pale, haggard, and untidy, after a night in the train. Somehow they have not the knack, possessed by most Englishwomen of the upper classes at home, of looking fresh and charming under the most unfavourable conditions.

The history of the towns and villages through which the train passes during the first hour after leaving Calcutta is almost the history of European colonisation in India. It is a far cry from Denmark to Hindostan, and the disproportion of the countries is great, yet the Danes, who had once achieved the conquest of Britain, maintained their early renown for maritime adventure by ascending the Hughli before the close of the seventeenth century; and Serampore, a few miles from Calcutta, was Danish territory until it was acquired by Great Britain little more than forty years ago, The warehouses of Scandinavian merchants are still standing on the banks of the Hughli, and there was a time when more than a score of Danish ships stemmed the current of the river in nine months. Two hundred years ago the Great Mogul granted the right of settlement on the banks of the Hughli to the subjects of the Grand Monarque. Chandernagore, the City of Sandal Wood, still belongs to France, and is one of the few living remnants of the Indian Empire which France succeeded in establishing but failed to maintain. It has always been easily taken during the wars with

France, and always contemptuously restored at the conclusion of peace. To make Chandernagore the metropolis of India was a dream of Dupleix, and it had thousands of brick houses while Calcutta was still a collection of mud hovels whither Clive was soon destined to turn the course of Empire.

Three centuries and a half have elapsed since the Portuguese came to Hughli, the "reedy" spot from which the river takes its name, but they disappeared within the term of some men's lives, just at the time when Queen Elizabeth was signing the charter of the East India Company. At Chinsura another nation has added to the list of colonial failures. The Dutch have been for centuries the pilot-fish of Europe. They show the way to the prey and then retire. In North America and South Africa, in Ceylon and Australia, Dutch names and remains testify to the nationality of the early explorers, but except in the Malay archipelago, where the Dutch possessions are of recent acquisition and of precarious tenure, Holland has no colony of importance. The escutcheons of the old Dutch governors are still hanging up in the church of Chinsura, but the town has been incorporated in the British Empire for more than sixty years. Thus in an area of a few square miles near Calcutta are found the colonial relics of four nations, one of which was a great military power, and two others were distinguished for commercial enterprise. Yet the footmarks left by them in Bengal have been almost obliterated by the masterful, overbearing, relentless, and despotic genius of Great Britain.

Though the motto of an Indian railway is *Festina lente*, and though Time is a drug and a thing made for slaves in Asia, it was thought desirable to shorten the distance between Calcutta and the North-West by

constructing the Chord Line through a range of hills rising out of the plain of Bengal, as the original main line, which was built at a time when engineers stood more in awe than they do now of the physical features of a country, makes a detour to avoid the high ground, and follows the banks of the river. When the train has descended the northward it re-enters the plain of the Ganges, and many a long mile must be traversed before another hill will be seen. Yet the journey does not seem monotonous to a European newly arrived in India. Lower Bengal is one of the most densely populated parts of the world, and even from the window of a railway carriage it is possible to observe some of the conditions of existence in an Indian agricultural district. The labourer may be seen at work in the fields with his rude implements, and the cottage he lives in, the plants and flowers that meet his eye, the plumage of the birds that fly around him may be noted with interest. Even a fugitive glimpse of child-life may be caught when the children are seen playing in the sun or staring and shouting at the passing train.

The rivers flowing from the south into the Ganges are crossed by bridges which at first sight appear unnecessarily long; but at certain seasons the full width of the bed is occupied by the water, though the latter, for the greater part of the year, is a mere rivulet meandering between sandbanks. Fields of poppies grow by the side, and palms rise above the undergrowth. Villages of sun-dried mud roofed over with pale red tiles are scattered over the plain, and every few miles the train passes through a white station which gleams like snow in the sunlight. The soil is carefully cultivated, though the husbandry lacks the extreme neatness seen in Japan. Parrots and *minars* perch upon the telegraph wires and watch the passing carriages with unconcern. Trees are

abundant, and if some details, such as the cactus hedges and the poppy fields, are excluded, the landscape will not be found to differ so much as might be expected from a level district in Central Europe. A bend in the Ganges, never very far distant, often brings a reach of that river into view. The sun beats down upon the fields, and no cloud intercepts his rays or variegates the plain with the light and shade which would make the brilliant scene less wearisome to the eye.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE PILGRIMS' CITY.

THERE are many large cities within a day's journey of Benares, but the Brahmins say that it is 80,000 miles nearer heaven than any other place. They say also that the houses are built of gold and adorned with jewels, but that, owing to the film which covers mortal eyes, the splendour cannot be discerned by men.

It is the hope of every pious Hindoo that he may die in the sacred city and that his ashes may be cast into the Ganges. Benares is to him what Mecca is to the Mahomedan ; and as in the case of friends or relations our love for them is quickened by the trials and sufferings they may have undergone, so is the Hindoo's veneration for Benares increased by the vicissitudes through which it has passed. Although the eclipse of Brahminism by Buddhism lasted fifteen centuries, the latter was finally expelled into Western Asia, and the older religion was restored in Hindostan with Benares as its chief centre, from which it has not been displaced. It had not, however, been firmly re-established before it was attacked by another religious enemy. The followers of Mahomet followed the footsteps of Alexander the Great with more signal success. The new foe by which Brahminism was threatened was far more dangerous than the mild and philosophic Buddhism, for it was a host of wild, hardy, and fanatical soldiers,

urged forward by desire of conquest and plunder no less than by religious zeal. Twice Benares was sacked by victorious Mahomedan troops, who attacked it because it was the centre of Hindoo life. On the first occasion, towards the end of the twelfth century, the city was looted, its magnificent buildings were destroyed, and a thousand temples were thrown down.

Two hundred years after, the Emperor Aurungzebe, though, as his ancestors had done before him, he made use of Hindoo troops as a matter of policy, repaid their services by attacking their religion. He exacted a poll-tax, a peculiarly hateful impost, from the inhabitants of Benares, and allowed his elephants to trample under foot the members of a deputation who prostrated themselves before him and pleaded for relief. He took advantage of the incident still further to insult his Hindoo subjects. He razed the lately restored temples, using the images as steps for the faithful to tread on their way up to the Mosque which he erected with its proud minarets overlooking the disgraced city; and he left no means untried by which he could show his hatred of the ancient religion. It seemed as though it could never survive the degradation.

But better times were coming. Aurungzebe's attention was drawn off by an unexpected enemy. He heard the English merchant adventurers pounding at the gate of India. They came accidentally to the aid of Hindooism at the moment of its greatest peril, and proved to be the unconscious instrument of its preservation. The Emperor tried to humble them as he had lately humbled the Hindoos. He soon found, however, that he was confronted by an enemy scanty indeed in numbers, but possessed of great resources and indomitable resolution. Though he had subdued and humiliated many millions of Hindoos, he could not drive out a

handful of strangers from the West who had founded a trading colony on the Hughli. In a few generations Benares had passed away from the Mahomedan dynasty and had become subject to the king of an island in a distant ocean; and Brahminism, for the first time for more than two thousand years, reasserted itself without molestation in its ancient capital.

Although the annexation of Benares to the British Empire, like many other episodes in early Anglo-Indian history, was not an act which reflects honour upon the statesmen by whom it was effected, it is easy to judge them too harshly. It is as unjust to measure public men except by the moral standard of the age they live in as it is to try a criminal under an *ex parte facto* statute. It is the age rather than the men which should be blamed. All we can expect of them is not to offend against the contemporary feeling with respect to moral obligations. Perhaps, when the twentieth century shall have run half its course, it may be thought a disgraceful act for a public man to appeal from law to ochlocracy, to excite class prejudices by flattering the people, and to make specious promises to ignorant multitudes in the hope of obtaining their suffrages.

Although Benares became once more the metropolis of Hindooism, the ancient places of worship were not restored. Myriads of pilgrims flock to the city every year, but the hundreds of temples and shrines which it contains are all modern and insignificant. Few of them are worth a visit, and owing to the sanctity in which the Hindoos hold certain animals they are often repulsively filthy and squalid. Dogs and brown apes play about in the courts and on the walls of the Temple of Durga, and scramble up the steps of the tank for the sweetmeats which every visitor is expected to give them. A passage through narrow and unclean alleys and a

dirty flight of steps lead to the opening overlooking the court of the Golden Temple. It is not a gorgeous edifice of marble and gold such as might have been looked for in India, but a little building with two spires and a copper-gilt dome. In an adjoining court is the Gyan Bafi or Well of Knowledge, into which the idol Bisheshwar is said to have cast itself in terror at the approach of Aurungzebe—the Hindoo version of the more probable story that the iconoclastic Emperor himself caused the image to be thrown into the well. The pilgrim's offering of rice and flowers is laid upon the cover, and much of it falls into the water; yet though the latter is putrid with decaying matter, the devotee eagerly swallows the portion doled out by the priest. The water of the holy Ganges forms part of the votive gift of each worshipper. It is poured indiscriminately on niches, images, and platforms, and makes every part of the temple slimy and disagreeable to the senses both of sight and smell.

But the Golden Temple is not the dirtiest in Benares. That rank is held by the Temple of Annapurna, often called the Cow Temple. The main entrance is closed to strangers, but by the condescension of the Brahmins they are admitted by the passage through which the sweepings are carried out. The court of the temple is little better than a cattle-shed. Here, as in the Golden Temple, the extreme of fanatical degradation may be witnessed. Cows and bulls chew the marigold garlands offered reverently by the pilgrims, who kiss the beasts and brush their own faces with the sacred tails. No London slum is half so filthy and disgusting as these Brahmin sanctuaries. Repulsive images and emblems in the interior are matched by the hideous deformities of the beggars outside. Some of the shrines are artistic, but the pleasure of seeing them is destroyed by their surroundings. The temples are built on the

same model. There is a small cloistered court enclosing a shrine standing in the centre. The shrine is open on three sides, and on the fourth there is usually an alcove with an image in front, surmounted by a spire or dome. Each spire is formed of a cluster of smaller spires, rising one above the other in the figure of a pyramid. The priests have no distinctive dress or mark, but they can be distinguished from the miserable crowd of worshippers by their sleek appearance and their persistent begging. They batten on the pilgrims' *backshish*, and seem to be the only members of the native community who enjoy a sufficiency of food. Annapurna is the goddess who is believed to preserve her votaries from hunger, and her shrine is therefore popular with beggars, but she appears to give a monopoly of her favour to her priests.

The traveller who has seen the Golden Temple and the Cow Temple leaves them without the slightest wish to explore the remaining fourteen hundred temples of Benares, a city which is reckoned to possess no less than half a million divinities, who considerably outnumber the population. With scarcely an exception the temples are deficient in artistic and antiquarian interest. The Moslem sword had cut too keenly. They are a phase in Hindoo religious life and no more, and as such they are worth visiting once. Few persons will care to return through the mean alleys, jostled by fanatics and elbowed by deformities, to the unclean courts where malignant deities are propitiated and where human beings, cattle, and idols are mingled in one crowd. It is not as though the architecture, the proportions, or the decoration of the edifices were worthy of great admiration. No pleasurable sensation is excited, but only abhorrence. In magnificence, order, and beauty the Buddhist Temples of Japan stand out in noble contrast to the condition of



BENARES.

the holy places of the religion which expelled Buddhism from its cradle on the Ganges, and are typical of the purity of one religion when compared with the other.

The Temple of Bhaironath is usually visited. It was built little more than half a century ago, and its solitary feature of interest is the personage to whom it is dedicated. Benares has from time immemorial been under the protection of Bhaironath, a useful deity entitled the Kotwal—an office combining the duties of a police magistrate with those of a mounted constable. He patrols the city riding on a dog, and therefore dogs are not only admitted to, but even fed in his temple. It might be objected that this peculiarity would make him somewhat conspicuous, and that he would be scarcely more efficient in ferreting out crime than a London detective. He and his dog, however, are endowed with the unique power of making themselves invisible, and he is thus placed at the head of his profession. An invisible policeman is the perfection of criminal law.

If the Hindoo fanes of Benares are calculated to excite disgust rather than admiration, the appearance of the city itself when seen from the south is superb. The physical advantages of its position have been developed to the utmost. It is an ideally composed picture. Benares is built on the heights overhanging the left bank of the Ganges, where the river bends towards the east in a curve of wide radius. Ghats or flights of steps, many of them erected by princely pilgrims of India, lead up from the water to the higher ground, and the roofs of the palaces on the shore reach almost to the same level. The hillside and the brink are covered with massive buildings of stately elevation, somewhat marred by the subsidence of the soil, which has thrown many of them out of the per-

pendicular. The river flows silently at the base of the amphitheatre; the walls rise out of the water; and the sky-line on the edge of the hill is broken by the domes of the shrines and by the minarets of the Mosque which Aurungzebe built on the site of Vishnu's Temple. The Mosque is on the east side of the city, and stands on a platform at the summit of a ghat of a hundred steps. The building is plain, but it is redeemed from poverty of appearance by the tall, slender minarets soaring far above the flat roofs of the houses. From the pinnacle of the southern minaret —the other is considered dangerous, and is therefore closed—a very fine view of the city and the river is obtained. A stone can almost be dropped into the Ganges far below. Parrots, pigeons, swallows, and crows hover around and perch on the crevices and sun themselves on the ridges. The cries of the city are subdued, and reach the height with a mellowed sound; and the bright robes of the people clustered on the riverside or ascending and descending the ghats give animation to the scene.

The absence of chimneys and the flat roofs make the city appear peculiarly massive, and the scenic effect is heightened by the lack of traffic on the river and of habitations on the further shore. Benares is the most magnificent city in the world, and there is no time when it does not charm the eye. When the morning sun falls upon it, the steep river-bank, covered with ghats and palaces, gleams in the golden rays that fly across the plain from the east; and when the sun setting behind the hill crowns it with a brilliant sky, which is reflected in the calm waters of the Ganges, the dark city looms out between the bright river and the brighter heavens with extraordinary grandeur.

The Hindoos regard bathing as a religious act. The

ablution of the body removes the impurities of the soul, which is almost the only harmless symbolic rite in their religion. But every person is not at once fit to bathe in the holy waters of the Ganges. A stranger is not permitted to enter the river until he has first purified himself in the fetid waters of the Manikarnika Well, which to all appearance retains the taints and distempers left behind by many generations of pilgrims. In the early morning the ghats are crowded with bathers, and the throng is so dense that in some places little piers of bamboo have been built out into the river to relieve the press. On these and in the water stand men, women, and children. Some of them may be seen scooping up the mud from the river-bed and using it as soap; others content themselves with taking up the water in their brass vessels and pouring it over their heads and clothes. A father may be seen with a child in his arms and teaching him to say his prayers to the sacred stream, and so intently occupied with his devotions that he takes no notice of a boatful of English travellers drifting down within a few feet of him. Close by is another man who is sensually rejoicing in the water as the greatest luxury of a hot climate. Every few feet along the banks a priest is stationed under a straw parasol to receive the alms which the grateful people give for the privilege of bathing in the Ganges. The Panchganga Ghat is the most popular resort of the bathers. Its name implies that it is situated at the meeting place of the five rivers—Dhutapapa, Jarnanada, Kirnanadi, Saraswati, and Ganges. Of these only the latter has a real existence. The others are either streams of the imagination or are not discernible to eyes that cannot see the gold of which Benares is built.

Life and Death are huddled together with strange unconcern on the riverside. In the midst of the uproar

of the bathing ghats is the *marghat*, the dusty corner reserved for the cremation of the Hindoos. No boundary sets it apart from the rest of the bank; no emblem stands to signify its peculiar use. Close by the boats moored to the shore receive their cargoes; within a few yards the people are hurrying carelessly along the streets. The bodies, wrapped in white or red shrouds according to the sex, are dipped in the sacred river, and then placed under a roughly built arch of wood. A funeral official, taken from the caste of Doms, walks three times round the pyre, and applies fire under the head of the corpse, and in a short time the ashes or the charred trunk—for complete cremation is a ceremony only attainable by the rich, as it involves an expenditure of five rupees at least—are ready to be cast into the Ganges. The Hindoo bathing in the river hardly turns his head towards the sight, though it may be that the fire is consuming the body of some friend or relation; and the only spectators, albeit men are passing to and fro almost within reach of the flames, are probably travellers from the West. The sole memorials of the dead on the *marghat* are the small stone tablets commemorating widows who suffered by Suttee—the most incomprehensible form of self-sacrifice, now prohibited by law.

As the city recedes from the river the population becomes less dense, the streets grow wider, and the smells which may be recognised as akin to the odours of Canton are more diluted with clear air. Small houses built of thin bricks take the place of the stone mansions and palaces; and wells, from which the water is drawn in buckets of hide by bullocks working on an inclined plane, are seen in the open spaces. Oblong tanks surrounded by steps of masonry are not unfrequent, and room is found for a garden here and there. A shrine in

the suburbs to which the European traveller always finds his way is the Palace of the Maharajah of Vizianagram. It is an Oriental building furnished in the style of a Brighton lodging-house. The walls are hung with well-known sporting prints, and among the pictures is the coloured plate of the uniforms of the British army seen in every tailor's shop in London. Dishes of wax fruit lie upon the tables; glass chandeliers, with the usual tinkling prisms, hang from the ceiling; and at the end of the hall stands a mechanical orchestra. The rough model of a rigged ship's mast and rigging, such as may be seen on the Esplanade or Marine Terrace of an English sea-side town, stands in the courtyard. It is a pity that the Europeanising proclivities of the Indian princes are not more intelligently directed. Yet perhaps we are the last persons who should find fault. A traveller from India who saw the miscellaneous collection of Indian, Chinese, and Japanese ornaments in the drawing-rooms of London indiscriminately surrounded by æsthetic wall-papers, Queen Anne furniture, and the photographs of the period, would have probably more reason to complain of want of true artistic feeling. To the Maharajah of Vizianagram Benares is indebted for the Town Hall, a building in which the Gothic style has been combined with the Hindoo. The guide-books, with kindly forbearance, do not give the name of the architect.

At Sekrole, half-way between Benares and Sarnath, are European cantonments of the usual type. High-roofed bungalows are surrounded by compounds more or less tidy, and a network of excellent roads intersects the settlement. The Church and the Racket Court are conspicuous and ugly objects. An air of orderly dulness pervades the place.

It is a relief to turn aside from the Hindoo Temples to the relics of a purer faith. Though many centuries

have passed by since Buddhism was expelled from India, the monuments of the still more distant period when it was dominant in Benares remain. Formerly the city stood away from the river at a distance of some miles from its present position. At Sarnath not only the ruins of the more ancient Benares may be seen, but also the tower which was erected to commemorate the promulgation of the law by Buddha. The former are shapeless masses of brickwork cropping out of the soil, but the Dhamek Tower is in fair preservation. Sarnath is reached by a pleasant road passing through orchards of mangoes, guavas, and custard apples, and by the side of fields of indigo and sugar cane, and shaded in many places by *cachnars*—trees which are covered in spring with a beautiful purple flower resembling an azalea.

A clay lane leads from the main road to the Dhamek, which is a solid cylinder of brickwork not unlike a martello tower. The upper portion was apparently never finished. The lower portion is encased in stone slabs covered with ornamentation, much of which remains. Geometrical patterns and carved flowers encircle the tower in alternate courses, and the curve of the exterior is relieved by eight projections pierced by niches for the reception of images. The designs are worthy of reproduction. The lines and channels of the triangles and other figures are sharp and carefully cut, and the contrast of the formal patterns with the sculptured leaves and petals is particularly effective. As an example of honest workmanship fittingly adorned by Art the Dhamek Tower might be usefully studied by modern builders. In it simplicity and strength are seen suitably embellished; and though many centuries of neglect and exposure in a district peculiarly subject to political and religious turmoil have made it a ruin, it still bears witness to the constructive genius and

artistic instinct of the remote period of its erection, which is probably anterior to the time when the inhabitants of Britain were dyeing themselves with woad and living in rude huts on the edges of the forests. Though the Dhamek Tower is a monument of the early teaching of Buddha, the Hindoos soon adopted it as an object of adoration, and they have honoured it by affixing patches of gold plate and gold leaf to the ornamental courses. A modern explorer of the Royal Engineers attacked it characteristically by driving a tunnel through the base, which has become a refuge for cobras and bats.

The tower is surrounded by ruins. The chapel and cells of what was apparently a Buddhist monastery can be distinguished in the débris, and a well in which Buddha bathed still exists. The establishment seems to have been suddenly attacked and burnt by a hostile faction. The condition of the cells when first examined showed that the monks were surprised in the midst of their daily occupations, with the articles of common use and ornament around them, and overwhelmed in a moment. At a distance of half a mile from the Dhamek is the Chandauki Tower, standing on a mound of bricks which are the remnants of another Buddhist monument. The tower itself is comparatively modern, as it was erected to commemorate the visit of a Mogul Emperor. The summit of the mound is at a height sufficient to afford a good view of the surrounding country. It is a pleasant prospect in the spring, before the sun has scorched the land and changed the green shoots into the sere leaf. All around are fields of careful husbandry, dotted over with clumps of mangoes; and to the south the domes and minarets of Benares, standing above the plain on the ridge which skirts the Ganges, appear over the intervening foliage.

India has contributed many startling chapters to history, but has never produced a historian ; and if we were dependent upon native writers for information, the origin and purpose of the Dhamek Tower would be obscure. It happened, however, that in the fourth and seventh centuries Benares was visited by Chinese pilgrims ; and these, Fa Hian and Hiousen Thsang by name, anticipated the modern traveller's excellent habit of writing an account of his travels, and handed down to posterity almost all that is now known on the subject ; and had it not been for them, there is no saying to what wild speculations about Sarnath Indian archæologists might not have committed themselves.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE CITY OF THE SIEGE.

LUCKNOW—or, as the Anglo-Indian pedants prefer to style it, Laknao—formerly the rococo capital of the upstart Kings of Oude, a dynasty which dates back no further than the second quarter of the eighteenth century, and which lasted with little renown until the time of the Mutiny, may be regarded either as a large Eastern city or as the scene of a notable event in the military history of Great Britain. The latter aspect has naturally the greater interest for an Englishman. Lucknow as a war memorial would reflect honour upon any army. No arch of triumph adorning the boulevard of a European city; no trophy of victory cast from captured artillery, inscribed with the names of victorious generals, and erected by the victors on the battlefield, speaks so eloquently of valour and self-denial as the dumb walls and palaces of Lucknow. The merit of a victory should be measured by the disproportion of the forces rather than by their numbers. Lucknow is the Marathon, the Thermopylæ of the British Army, and is worthy to be compared with them; and such battles as Austerlitz, Waterloo, and Sedan belong to a lower category, for in none of these were the victors greatly outnumbered. No one can read the thrilling story of the defence of the Residency without wishing that

he too might have been enrolled in that band of men, women, and children who were welded by the fire of common danger into one family. A feeling of awe and humiliation chills the mind of the traveller as he contemplates the scenes of the drama. His own life, when compared with the lives of those who formed the garrison, appears so useless and frivolous, a mere routine of selfish comfort. The battered walls seem mutely to reproach him.

A monotonous plain nearly two hundred miles in width separates Benares from Lucknow. A few unimportant towns intervene, and no physical features of interest abate the tedium of the weary journey which the Oude and Rohilcund Railway performs in less than ten hours. The cities have little in common. Benares is Hindoo to the core, almost prehistoric in antiquity, and owes its position in India to the pilgrims who have flocked to it for generations. The houses are for the most part solid structures of stone, effectively placed on or near the banks of the river, and even the humbler streets are not altogether mean in aspect. Lucknow, on the other hand, is a Mahomedan city which was unknown before the beginning of the last century, when the dissolution of the Mogul Empire was imminent. A mushroom growth of superficially attractive palaces sprang up, and the city was peopled with the miscellaneous assemblage which clusters round an Eastern Court. Simulated grandeur, that is soon unmasked by a closer investigation, is the characteristic of Lucknow; stately repose is that of Benares. The magnificent edifices on the Ganges are replaced by gaudily decorated structures of brick and stucco on the Goomtee. In the distance the capital of Oude seems as beautiful as a mirage. The illusion is destroyed, and Lucknow is discovered to be a city in

e'ectro-plate, the history of which is creditable only to its enemies.

Lucknow lies in the centre of the plain of the North-West Provinces, and is the largest city in India except the three Presidency capitals. If the possession of a number of large edifices gives a claim to the appellation, it is more deserving of the name of the City of Palaces than Calcutta. They were erected during the last hundred years—a period when in Asia, as well as in Europe, a low standard of art prevailed. They are striking in appearance, and on the whole effective, if somewhat cheap. If the gleam of the sunlight upon them were caused by white marble instead of white-wash, if they were tastefully adorned, if masonry took the place of stuccoed brick, the palaces of Lucknow would be matchless. As they stand they might have been erected by a tribe of stage carpenters for the representation of an Indian drama on a magnificent scale. There is an air of the footlights about them, and architecturally they are hardly superior to the Pavilion at Brighton. On the other hand, the European quarter and cantonments, though not containing any remarkable building, are pretty, cheerful, and well laid out. Flowers are abundant in a hundred gardens, and the settlement is, for India, unusually home-like.

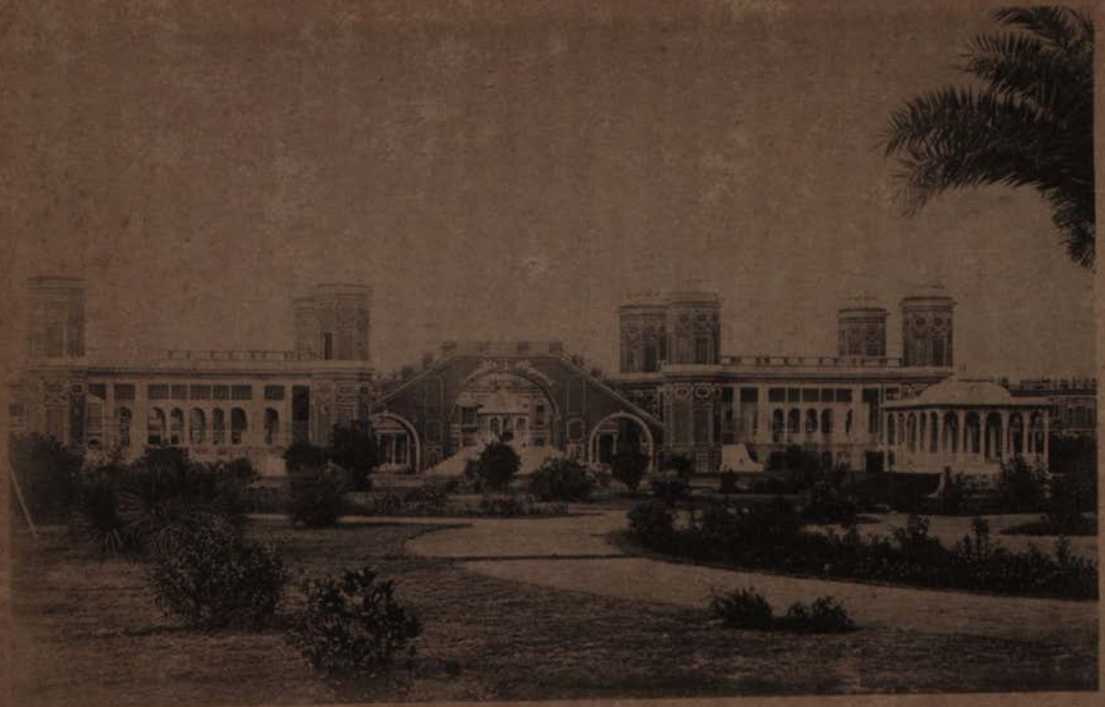
It is little more than thirty years since Lucknow was annexed to the British Empire, an act which was the primary though not the ostensible cause of the Mutiny, or an act, rather, which made the Mutiny a popular movement; and now a large English military and civilian population occupies and takes pains to adorn the city, which has become one of the pleasantest stations in India. The cantonments lie on the south-east side. At one corner a fortified blockhouse, which is eventually to be armed with machine guns, has been

erected; and it is intended to form a protected quadrilateral triangle enclosing the railway station and the encampment by building forts at the other angles. The bungalows are placed in a charming park intersected with drives and covered with groves of mangoes, sheltering lawn-tennis courts.

Not far off is the Government Elephant Establishment, and the process of grooming the bulky creatures in the spacious yard affords a novel and interesting sight to a European. They lie on their sides in luxurious ease while coolies scrub their hides with rough stones and pour rivers of water over them. They are perfectly docile, and even assist the attendants with their trunks. The contrast between the intelligence, sagacity, and common-sense displayed on all occasions by an elephant and the idiocy and childish behaviour of a horse when confronted with unfamiliar objects or placed in unusual situations is remarkable. The horse, on the strength of his handsome appearance, has been placed far too high on the list of intelligent animals.

A very beautiful public park has been laid out near the cantonments, and the banks of the Goomtee and the gardens are as delightful as a Scotch gardener and a tropical climate can make them. It is pleasant to emerge from the heat and dust of a city in a very sunny plain into a retreat where the rose-trees exclude the glare of the outer world, and the solitude is unbroken save by the little trustful squirrels.

The sights of Lucknow can be visited without a guide. A little Hindustani and an intelligent *gharry-wallah* are sufficient. The Kaiser Bagh—a palace which was built by the captive of Garden Reach for his harem a few years before his deposition, at a cost of eighty lacs of rupees—somewhat resembles the college of an English university. It encloses a quadrangle laid out in gardens,



KAISERBAGH.

to which access is given from the city through fine gateways of moulded stucco, roughly but rather effectively ornamented. The walls are rudely coloured in chocolate and fawn. On the daïs of a pavilion standing in the centre of the court, and used not many years ago as the royal banqueting hall and as a dancing floor for the nautch girls, the bands of the garrison now play English valses and operetta airs every evening at sunset. Outside the Western Lac Gate, which records its cost in its name, a high building, called the Kaiser Pasend, dwarfs the low oblong range of the Kaiser Bagh. It is covered with gingerbread ornament, and has been both a prison for rebels and the residence of a Court favourite. The fishes which were the armorial bearings of the Kings of Oude appear on it, as on every public building in Lucknow. A charge of grape-shot from a gun posted at the palace killed Neil as he was bringing his artillery through the gateway which now is all that remains of the city wall; and not far off is Dholy Square, where during Havelock's advance the bearers abandoned the wounded to the rebels, who set fire to the litters and massacred the occupants.

On the eastern side of the Kaiser Bagh are two fine examples of a form of devotion so common in India—the noble mausoleums erected by Ghazi-ud-din-Hyder over the tombs of his father and mother. To him, also, Lucknow owes a structure of more practical utility—an iron bridge which he ordered from England to span the Goomtee. He did not survive to cross the river upon it, and various causes delayed the completion of the work for thirty years after his death. The bridge is styled elegant by the guide-book. A fanciful edifice, the Chutter Munzil or Umbrella Story—so called from the gilt umbrellas which crown the domes—stands upon the left bank of the river. It was built by Naseer-ud-

din-Hyder for the ladies of his harem, but it has been more than once diverted to uses very remote from its original purpose. The roof served Campbell as a station from which to direct the attack upon the Residency; and at the present time the halls and corridors are in the possession of the Lucknow Club, and give accommodation to the bookcases and shelves of the Public Library. Though similar instances of the vicissitudes which Eastern edifices undergo are common in India, a parallel case has occurred in England. A house in Brighton, which had once belonged to Mrs. Fitzherbert, is now occupied by the Young Men's Christian Association of that place.

In a time of famine the good King Asaf-ud-daulah relieved the starving people by building the Great Imambara as a place of assembly. It is the finest edifice in Lucknow, and the design is creditable to Kaifiat-ullah, the successful candidate in the competition which the king instituted among the architects of the period, stipulating only that the structure should be unique and of surpassing magnificence. The cost is said to have been ten million rupees. The Imambara is a splendid Oriental palace of good design and proportions, faithfully built of stone throughout, but disfigured with meretricious ornamentation. The stone is covered with yellow plaster. A grand vaulted hall—the largest in Asia—occupies the greater portion of the building, and at either end is a smaller octagonal chamber. The only structural decoration is a wooden balcony running round at the spring of the roof. A vulgar canopy stands over the tomb of the founder, and tawdry chandeliers and mirrors are set up with a prodigal hand both here and in the adjoining Hosseinabad, which is aptly called the Palace of Lights, and is externally a beautiful building. In the interior, however, silver paint, silver



GREAT IMAMBARA.

paper, tinsel, and other frippery adorn roughly fitted marble panels. The workmanship is neither neat nor accurate. Broad bands of mortar lie between the flags of the pavement. In the courtyard stands a bad model of the Taj. The lamps used at festivals hang in festoons on the wires, and make the place look like an English tea-garden. Indian native art has been declining for many years. Agra and Delhi show it at its zenith; Lucknow shows it at its nadir. The advent of the English gave it a blow under which it is still staggering. The conquered insensibly assimilate themselves to the feelings of the conquerors; and as the period of the English occupation of India includes the time when art was not only uncultivated but even despised in England, and when the beautiful was universally thrust aside to make room for the useful, it is not surprising that the genius of Indian artists was blunted.

By the side of the Cawnpore road, a mile or two distant from Lucknow, is the Alumbagh, once a château belonging to the King of Oude. It is a plain, square building, surrounded by a walled garden. Here Havelock's forces, which had just defeated ten thousand insurgents, paused to take breath before attacking Lucknow. The sick and wounded were left behind with a guard of four hundred men, but the rebel ranks closed up, and they were isolated from the force which had gone on to the relief of the Residency. The loopholed and shot-stricken walls of the garden tell of the struggle successfully maintained by the little garrison, which was finally relieved, not from Lucknow, but by a column from Cawnpore. The body of Havelock, but not his brave spirit, returned to the Alumbagh. His grave is under a tree in the garden, and a long epitaph obscures his merit in a cloud of words. By some strange fatality the epitaphs upon the tombs of

Indian heroes seem doomed to be unhappy. Even the simple, hopeful word *Resurgam* has been torn to pieces by an unskilful stonecutter. "Resu" appears upon one side of a tombstone, and a blank fully a foot in width separates it from "rgam"; and in thirty years no one has cared enough for the memory of the dead to repair the grotesque blunder.

Havelock died at the Dilkusha, a hunting lodge of the King of Oude, two miles from the Alumbagh. A few days before the house had witnessed a happier scene. The half-starved women and children who had been imprisoned for five months in the Residency were rescued by Campbell at the second relief of Lucknow, and brought off to the Dilkusha, where, through the thoughtful kindness of the officer then commanding the Ninth Lancers, they found an abundant repast prepared for them—a banquet at which the host could show and his guests could appreciate hospitality in its most kindly form.

A fantastic building in various styles, extravagantly ornamented with grotesque figures, intermingled with mythological subjects, stands near the Dilkusha. On the south front it bears the motto *Labore et Constantia*, whence it is sometimes without much reason styled the Constantia. It is usually called the Martinière, from the name of the founder, a French adventurer. The native architects are free from the reproach of having designed so extraordinary an edifice. Claud Martin went out to India in the last century as a jewel-cutter, and polished diamonds at Lucknow with such success that he died a rich man, a Major-General, and the friend of King Wajid Ali. He offered to sell the edifice for ten millions of rupees to the King, who shrewdly replied that he had but to wait for the owner's death, when the Crown would take possession of it. The

Frenchman, however, was a match for his Sovereign, and at once built a mausoleum beneath the building, which in due course his infidel body occupied, and thereby outwitted the King, for no Mahomedan will inhabit a dwelling which is defiled by the corpse of an unbeliever. Though the Martinière is one of the most monstrous and ridiculous structures in India, as a school for Europeans and Eurasians it is doing useful work.

The Secunder Bagh was laid out by the same King as a pleasance for a favourite wife. It is a walled garden; and the care that was taken to screen the Queen from the eyes of men proved an instrument by which a terrible vengeance was enacted for some of Nana Sahib's cruelties. When Campbell's army approached to relieve Lucknow for the second time, two thousand rebels were discovered in the garden, which is but one hundred and twenty yards square. One of the two gates had been blocked up, and the sepoys were entrapped in the enclosure. Half an hour's pounding by artillery effected a breach just wide enough to admit two men abreast. But that was sufficient for a Scotch regiment. The Ninety-Third Highlanders, whose sergeant-major was the first to enter and the first to die, raced with the Sikhs to the opening. Soon the gateway was forced open, and in a little while the dead and dying were piled in heaps at the entrance. The rebels fought as men will fight for whom there is no escape. In four hours two thousand sepoys were lying dead among the rose trees. But the battle was not yet won. The British troops passed on. The tomb of Ghazi-ud-din-Hyder is not far from the Secunder Bagh. The field-guns of the artillery were not powerful enough to dislodge the enemy from it, nor could Peel, with his sixty-eight-

pounders from the *Shannon*, breach the walls, against which the remnant of the Ninety-Third dashed themselves in vain. All appeared to be lost, when Hope, a name of good omen, discovered a little side-door, and led some of his men through it. The courtyard was empty. The gallant bearing of the Highlanders had struck terror into the men within, and the enemy had vanished.

But the Residency is the centre which chiefly irradiates the lustre of the story of Lucknow. While Oude was still independent, it was the official dwelling of the East India Company's Resident or Ambassador at the King's Court. It was surrounded by a low wall, and guarded by a detachment of troops, but in other respects an English country house would be more easy to defend successfully. Outside the grounds a dense mass of native buildings hemmed it in, while the hospital, the post-office, and other houses within the enclosure, not only imperilled the safety of the main building by their liability to capture, but also masked the fire of its defenders. Apparently a more hopeless place of refuge could not be, but there was no choice. Yet a small body of men maintained themselves here against crueller enemies than any that British soldiers had ever before encountered, and thereby saved three hundred women and children from falling into the hands of rebels who had learnt lessons in massacre from Nana Sahib. Lucknow was spared the tragedy of Cawnpore, and will remain until the end of time a monument not only of the bravery of the British Army, but also of the calm, patient, unselfish endurance of the British nation, all classes of which were numbered among the captives.

The Residency was invested on the 1st of July, 1857. As shipwrecked mariners on a desolate island

scan the horizon eagerly every day for a sail, so did the garrison gaze across the burning plain of Oude from the tower to catch the first sight of relief. Sometimes a cloud of dust upon the Cawnpore road deceived them—the tramp of the rebels had stirred it up. Day by day and month by month passed away without a sign of help. The leader was killed by a shot from one of his own guns, which he had been forced to abandon; and the grim forms of cholera and small-pox were stalking through the midst. The garrison was reduced to less than a thousand men; the rebels were confident. Not until the 25th of September did the welcome skirl of the Highlanders' bagpipes reach the ears of the defenders. Havelock found it a comparatively easy task to march from the Ganges to Lucknow, but to squeeze through the narrow streets leading to the Residency was an effort that cost him nearly a fifth of his men; and all the time the defenders, who could hear the noise of the fight, were tormented with fears lest he should fail, for his troops had to run the gauntlet between houses loopholed for musketry and teeming with desperate armed rebels, before they could reach their destination. But the thin red line which the Muscovite axe could not sever at Balaklava wriggled out of the defile; and as the sun was setting, Inglis saw Havelock's bayonets gleaming through the smoke, and with cheer upon cheer the Highlanders debouched into the street, and the Residency was saved at the last moment; for it was impossible that the garrison could have held out many days longer. The siege, however, was not at an end; for the relieving force was insufficient to bring out the women and children through the rebel army which again invested the city, and they remained immured in the Residency until the 18th of November, when,

after five months of captivity, their liberation was effected by Campbell.

The buildings of the Residency remain as they were at the suppression of the Mutiny—all stamped with the deadly pattern of war. Shot-holes and bullet-marks cover the bare walls, clustering most thickly near the doors and windows. On the Baillie Gate there is hardly a square foot unscarred by missiles. Here a deep indentation shows where a round shot found its billet; there the wall has been pierced by successive projectiles; close by is the void caused by the explosion of a well-aimed shell. The ruinous condition of the floors, roofs, and staircases shows the terrible ordeal which the defenders went through. Only the naked walls remain, and no army can claim a more honourable war memorial. The spots connected with the chief incidents of the siege are indicated by marble tablets, and the old soldier in charge points out the different rooms. Here the food was stored; here the officers messed; here the European sentry was posted over the native prisoners; here the wounded lay; in that cellar the soldiers' wives lived; this is the passage through which food was brought to them; here A. died; there B. was wounded; that building was used as a hospital: every corner has its story.

A garden now surrounds the Residency, which has become a quiet, solitary place. Creepers have climbed the walls and hidden some of the scars. Bright flowers glow among the ruins, and the parrots flutter around undisturbed. The grey tower still looks down upon the scene: its shadow falls across a lawn. The guns of the *Shannon*, dragged up from Calcutta, and now posted in the midst of the shrubs, show that the British Navy can fight 700 miles from the sea. The cemetery lies in the rear, but the church, which was destroyed during the

siege, has not yet been rebuilt. The graveyard is small and the tombs of the comrades of Lucknow are very near together; and

HERE LIES HENRY LAWRENCE,
WHO TRIED TO DO HIS DUTY.

CHAPTER XX.

THE CITY OF THE MOGULS.

ETYMOLOGY brings words into strange companionship and discloses unexpected affinities. Punjab and Punch have apparently little in common, yet they contain identical roots. The latter is an exhilarating beverage composed of five elements ; the former signifies a district watered by the five rivers Jhelum, Chenab, Ravee, Beas, and Sutlej, which join the Indus and flow into the Arabian Sea. The eastern boundary of the Punjab is, however, a Gangetic river, the Jumna ; and Delhi, which stands on the right bank, is the most populous city of the province, though not belonging to it of geographical right, but only by authority of the Indian Government.

The havoc and the splendour of the East are shown more plainly than elsewhere in the North of India in the ruins of older Delhis, which cover an area of nearly fifty square miles around the site of the present city, and in the relics—such as the Palace, the Citadel, and the Mosque—of the time of its prosperity under the magnificent Mogul Emperors. A Delhi, either the existing city or one of its predecessors has been taken, plundered, and sometimes destroyed by Mahomedans, Persians, Afghans, Tartars, and Mahrattas. But the incidents of warfare are not sufficient to account for the vicissitudes of the various cities which have occupied either identical or neighbouring sites on the banks of the Jumna.



A REACH OF THE JHELUM.

The whims and caprices of the monarch were often quite as effectual in causing the abandonment of one city and the establishment of another in its place. If an Emperor wished to eclipse the glory of his predecessors he would build a new palace at a distance and defend it with a citadel, to which the inhabitants of the old city would soon resort in order to obtain the protection of the soldiers against the predatory tribes, as well as the countenance and the patronage of the Court; and the old name would survive in the new city.

The Delhi of to-day was the work of Shah Jehan, a Mogul Emperor contemporary with Charles the First and Oliver Cromwell. In the time of his son and gaoler, Aurungzebe, it reached the height of a prosperity which soon attracted the attention of watchful enemies. It was pillaged by the Persians; and in the early years of this century a feeble descendant of Timour handed it over to an English general's protection, which, after a brief interval at the time of the Mutiny, culminated in the realisation of the dream of a Jewish statesman and novelist when under the walls of Aurungzebe's Delhi an English Queen was proclaimed Empress of India.

A wall of five miles in circuit, pierced by gateways named after the places towards which they face, encompasses the city. The European and least attractive quarter lies between the Calcutta Gate and the Cashmere Gate. The hotels are inferior, but the railway station is a fine building, and the inducements it offers to leave Delhi are greater than the temptations to remain offered by the former. A garden has been laid out along the banks of the aqueduct, and the roads are shaded by trees which are used by the monkeys for their gymnastics and as places of refuge when chased by the dogs. The native city contains few objects of interest besides the Citadel and the Mosque, but the splendour of these

makes amends for the lack of other noteworthy edifices. Not many Indian cities contain a street that is long, clean, broad, and straight; but the Chandni Chowk or Silver Street of Delhi is a mile in length, forty yards in breadth, and is maintained in good order, and, except for one slight deviation which is soon redressed, uniform in direction. It is the chief public place of Delhi. Here stand the Municipal Buildings, the Clock Tower, and the Museum and Institute recently erected by the Government. Here a Persian monarch sat in state to witness a massacre which he had ordered, and here the rebels were executed after the Mutiny. It is thronged with dogs, bullocks, naked children, and men, and the mutual forbearance of all these animals mingled in strange confusion is astonishing. The fierce features of an Afghan may often be distinguished in the crowd; lepers put themselves in evidence with the hope that the pity and horror which their condition excites may be crystallised into active charity; and almost touching them stands the sleek dealer in Cashmere shawls and Delhi embroidery at the door of his shop, trying to induce the European distributor of rupees to enter.

The Jumna flows beneath the walls on the eastern side of the city, and nearly half the river frontage is occupied by the citadel or fort which surrounds the palace. The impression made by the latter on a traveller will depend upon what he has already seen in India. If he comes from Lucknow he will be delighted; if he comes from Agra he will be disappointed. A high wall of red sandstone, having deep, narrow battlements and two elaborate gateways protected by flanking towers, on one of which a tiny Union Jack floats from sunrise to sunset, forms the barrier between the palace and the city. Inside the Lahore Gate a long, vaulted aisle, occupied by the garrison bazaar, leads to a spacious

courtyard. Many of the palace buildings have been removed to make room for barracks, on which the thumb-mark of the Royal Engineers is plainly visible. The Emperor's Music Hall is richly ornamented with external as well as with internal carving. It fell into trouble, however; the Royal Engineers came to it with pails of whitewash, and it is now used as a soldiers' mess-room. The prevalence of whitewash in all places and on all things under the authority of the British Government will, no doubt, in time cause the natives to regard it as the symbol of the British *raj* in Hindostan. Further on is the Dewan-i-am, or Public Audience Hall. It is a vast portico raised by a few steps above the ground level, and covered with a stone roof resting upon a triple row of red sandstone pillars. A staircase in the wall—for the portico is open on three sides—leads up to the marble throne from which the Sovereign delivered his decrees with all the splendour of the Mogul Court around him. It is elevated ten feet above the floor of the Hall. Four pillars of white marble support the canopy overhead; and at the foot of Shah Jehan's throne, within the precincts of a splendid pavilion, is the bar from which a canteen sergeant retails beer to the garrison at two annas a glass. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

A French artist who was in India towards the middle of the seventeenth century, one Austin of Bordeaux, decorated the walls of the Throne Room with mosaics of the flowers, fruits, and birds of Hindostan in precious stones, and the work shows all the stiffness and artificiality of French art of that period. Instead of the delicate flowers, graceful tendrils, and simple geometrical patterns which a Mahomedan artist would have designed, the walls are covered with large, square, black panels, each framing a single gaudy parrot. Many of the stones have disappeared, and some of the voids have been filled

with coloured composition, which is also used, to the exclusion of jewels, in all the decorations above the level of the eye—but it is hypocritical for a citizen of the nation which has established a beershop under the steps of a Mogul throne to censure such trifles. It is better to acknowledge humbly that the Dewan-i-am is a wonderful work of art.

The Dewan-i-khas, or Hall of Private Audience, stands on a platform on the river wall, and is open, like the Dewan-i-am, on three sides. The Palace Gardens border it on the west, a marble court faces it, and the remaining side commands the Jumna. It was looted by the Persians, but much of its former beauty remains. It is a square marble pavilion supported by massive and highly polished pillars. The ceiling was composed of gold and silver filigree work, but all this "was broken up and walked away with by the Jats," to quote the homely language of the guide-book. A portion has been renewed in brilliant colours by the Indian Government after the style of the London Alhambra. A balustrade of marble runs round the outside of the Pavilion, and at each corner of the roof is a marble kiosk surmounted by a gilt dome. The ladies' rooms are set apart by a perforated screen of exquisite workmanship.

The famous Peacock Throne, which derived its name from a jewelled representation of peacocks' tails on the back, was carried away into Persia. It was formerly adorned by the Koh-i-noor, and is described as a structure of solid gold inlaid with gems, and overhung with a gold canopy supported by gold pillars and fringed with strings of pearls. On either side was an embroidered umbrella of crimson velvet, with handles of solid gold studded with diamonds—the work of Austin of Bordeaux. The nationality of the artist, perhaps, induced another

French jeweller, one Tavernier, to appraise the throne at the extravagant sum of six millions of pounds sterling. At the back of the Dewan-i-khas is the Seraglio, where formerly female sentinels stood on guard, and beyond are the Royal Baths, once richly decorated with mosaics. Time, however, and the pilferings of the British soldier and the British tourist* have left voids which composition cannot suitably fill. Between the Dewan-i-am and the Dewan-i-khas stands the private chapel of the Emperor—the little Moti-Musjid or Pearl Mosque—of white marble, which unfortunately has not escaped injury.

The world has probably never witnessed a more splendid scene than the spectacle of a Mogul Emperor enthroned at Delhi. The imagination cannot adequately picture the pomp and beauty of the ceremony on the terrace between the garden and the river. The clear sky was above; the brilliant sunshine glowed on the pageant; the scent of the flowers was exhaled from one side, while the ripple of the Jumna was heard whispering on the other; the dark eyes of the harem peered through the marble screen of the zenana to catch a glimpse of the Court grouped around in superb attire, and to be dazzled by the swords and spears glittering in the rays of the sun. Nothing was wanting which either the outward conditions or the genius of man could furnish to complete the magnificence of the display; and the Persian inscription on the crown of the arch, where it still may be read, did not err when it declared: "If ever there was a Paradise upon earth, it is this, it is this."

* They manage these things better in America. At Mount Vernon, the birthplace and home of Washington, a basket of certified chips is provided by the authorities, out of which travellers can help themselves: and much whittling of trees and wooden furniture and fittings is thereby avoided.

In the Mahomedan cities of India the Jumma Musjid, or Friday Mosque—Friday being the Mahomedan holy day—is usually the finest place of worship, corresponding to the cathedral of a European city. The Jumma Musjid of Delhi is one of the most magnificent sacred edifices in the world. It stands upon a small tableland in the heart of the city. Three noble flights of stairs give access, through sandstone gateways, to a quadrangle paved with red slabs. In the centre is a marble tank; a colonnade skirts it on three sides, and at each angle is a domed marble pavilion. A reliquary in one corner is said to contain a hair of the prophet's beard and parchments inscribed by his grandsons Hossein and Hassein. At the side of the quadrangle nearest to Mecca is the Mosque, surmounted by three cupolas of white marble, out of which rise gilt spires. It is faced with marble, and inscriptions in black marble letters on the compartments along the cornice record the circumstances of its erection by Shah Jehan. The floor of the Hall of Prayer is paved with oblong marble slabs bordered with black and of a sufficient size to allow each worshipper to assume the attitude of devotion without inconvenience. The interior is devoid of ornamentation, but its very plainness invests it with grandeur. At each extremity of the Mosque stands a tall minaret of white marble and red sandstone in vertical stripes. The spacious courtyard with its arched colonnade prevents the domes from appearing too large, and the architectural balance is further sustained by the slender flanking minarets which the artistic eye of Mahomedan architects long ago found to be an indispensable detail if the harmony of the general effect was to be preserved.

The internal simplicity and almost bareness of a Mosque in no way seems to repel the Mahomedan mind accustomed to Eastern splendour. The gorgeous and

bedizened Hindoo shrines which are sometimes found within a stone's-throw of the Moslem place of worship do not tempt the believer to turn aside. His conception of religion is lofty. Though he is sensuous by nature, he associates it not with elaborate ornamentation and outward forms, but rather with personal observances. He prostrates himself towards Mecca on his carpet in the court indifferent to the presence of the prying stranger. It is not unusual to see at the Jumma Musjid of Delhi a group of dusky Afghans, black-bearded, wild-looking sons of the hills, fighting-men by hereditary instinct, crouching on the pavement and absorbed in earnest and humble devotion.

In architecture and decorative art Delhi occupies a position between Agra and Lucknow, but it lies nearer to the former than to the latter. Lucknow belongs to a period of false Art in India which corresponds with the Georgian era in England. A wave of error seems to have impinged upon widely sundered shores at the same time. None of the buildings of Lucknow, with the doubtful exception of the Imambara, are worthy of a place in Delhi, still less in Agra. Modern Delhi was built at a period when Art had indeed begun to decline, but before it had fallen. It was necessary to employ a foreigner to adorn the Palace with mosaics. The artists of Agra trusted for effect to the exquisite grace and simplicity of their designs. The magnificence of Delhi is the magnificence of a degenerate age. Paint and carving are lavishly used, and marble is often placed in contiguity to stucco. But there is one edifice in Delhi that would adorn the city of the Taj. If in the Moti Musjid Agra possesses the most beautiful Mahomedan Temple in the world, in the Jumma Musjid Delhi can claim the grandest. The latter will convince many persons that Saracenic architecture is more

capable than either Gothic or Classical of creating on an imperial scale edifices the parts of which, though treated with great variety, are nevertheless so perfectly balanced and their proportions and elevation so stately that the eye is both fascinated and awed.

In a lower rank of Art—that, namely, of which the final cause is the adornment of the person or the embellishment of the dwelling—Delhi has attained distinction. The embroideries are usually, though not by any means invariably, executed with good taste, and with due reference to the harmony of the colours; but the work is inferior to that of the Japanese. The dealers are not ignorant of the course of fashions in London and Paris, and the traveller is surprised by hearing tea-gowns and other garments discussed by a native in the Delhi bazaar. They endeavour to propitiate the male customer by offering him the Anglo-Indian national beverage, whisky and soda-water, and they ask six or seven times more for their goods than the price they will eventually take. The difficulty of deciding between the merits of rival dealers is best met by having a competitive display on neutral ground —such as the verandah of the hotel, or a room in it. It is the only means of ensuring the quality of the goods and the fairness of the price. It is best to admit not more than two or three at a time: a larger number would drive a traveller wild. The bundles are opened and the goods exposed, side by side, upon the floor. Each dealer is envious of the other's reputation, and volubly draws attention to the superiority of his own articles. The lowest price—which in very few cases proves to be the eventual irreducible minimum—must, before all things, be concealed from the rival seller, and is only confided under promise of secrecy to the intending purchaser. The hubbub within is echoed

by the shouts of the dealers outside who have been excluded, and who are heaping every epithet of the expressive Hindustani language upon the fortunate rivals who have been already admitted to the presence of the dispenser of rupees. The ground is loaded with piles of piano covers and wall hangings, and if any space remains unlittered with shawls and silks, there will be found a row of exquisite miniatures which some stealthy artist has contrived to introduce unobserved, and which he hopes may chance to attract the eye. If an English tradesman were as well acquainted with human nature, as apt to discern and take advantage of personal foibles, as persistent and as keen as his Indian fellow, then it would be necessary to enact, for the protection of husbands and fathers, that a woman should be considered incapable of making a purchase, and that no bargain should be valid unless the buyer was a man.

A mile or two outside the battered Cashmere Gate, on the North-West side of Delhi, lies a low, rocky ridge. Here was encamped the besieging army which finally wrested a strongly fortified city out of the possession of a force thrice as numerous and amply supplied with ammunition and provisions. It is a maxim of strategy that besiegers should outnumber the besieged, but the proportion was reversed before the walls of mutinous Delhi; and though the attacking force was hampered by the presence of native troops of doubtful loyalty; though one commander succumbed to the strain and another was unequal to it and compelled to relinquish the command through illness; though despondent critics at a distance counselled the retirement of the force, the motto *Vestigia nulla retrorsum* prevailed, and the city was eventually taken.

Twenty years passed by, and Delhi saw another

sight. Mogul pomp was revived; European and Native soldiers presented arms side by side and saluted the birth of a new Empire of India. A hundred rajahs and their trains acquiesced in the proclamation of a lady who had never quitted Europe, as Empress of India on the very spot where her troops had lately been fighting for their lives. What pageant shall Delhi next behold? Who can tell that it will not be the spectacle of a Romanoff Prince receiving the homage of the satraps of Asia?

CHAPTER XXI.

THE CITY OF AKBAR.

EITHER the fort which Akbar built or the mausoleum which his descendant, Shah Jehan, erected over the grave of the Mumtaz-i-Mahal, the beautiful mother of the great Aurungzebe, would suffice to make Agra a very notable place; but the presence in one city of a superb example as well of Oriental luxury as of Oriental devotion has given it a surpassing interest. Yet, unlike Benares, Agra owes little to natural advantages of position. It lies on the banks of the Jumna, which, except during a few weeks of the year, is a dwindled stream running in channels between parching sand-banks, at the edge of the low hills which the western winds have built up grain by grain out of the deserts of Rajpootana, while on the further side is a broken, desolate country scarred by ravines.

Akbar had been two years on the throne of the Moguls when Queen Elizabeth began to reign in England, and he survived her by two years. If he had ever heard of his great contemporary, the island Begum of the West, he probably looked upon her as we should now regard the chieftain of some savage African tribe; for even 150 years after, a Nawab of Bengal, the infamous Surajah Dowlah, who thrust his prisoners into the Black Hole of Calcutta, declared that there were not 10,000 men in all Europe. Elizabeth,

on the other hand, no doubt knew by report of the splendour and power of the Indian Emperors, and if she could have seen Akbar's City of Agra, she might have been dissatisfied with the northern simplicity of her own Court. Not many years after her death her successor despatched Sir Thomas Roe as ambassador to Delhi, where he obtained from Akbar's son Jehangir, who little imagined that the concession would open floodgates that were destined finally to overwhelm the Mogul Empire, permission for some English merchant adventurers to establish a house of business at Surat; and in course of time a descendant of her own Cecil wielded more than Akbar's power as Secretary of State for India.

The proud red walls of the Fort have a circuit of more than a mile, and enclose an oblong tract near the left bank of the Jumna; and crenellated ramparts and semicircular towers jutting out from the sides break the outline, and at each end a lofty gateway gives access to the interior. The paved ascent through the Delhi Gate, commanded by an inner battery, doubles back almost immediately, and, having passed under a second portal of fine proportions, leads to the heart of the fortress, where barracks, stores, offices, guardrooms, and parks of artillery are placed in incongruous proximity to the Mosque, the Audience Halls, and zenanas of Akbar and his successors. In the centre of the court-yard and surrounded by dismounted howitzers stands the huge stone bowl in which the Emperor used to bathe. Everywhere the East and the West are contrasted, and not invariably to the advantage of the latter. The stalwart Sikh sentry, who stands at attention whenever a European, whether civilian or military, passes his post, dwarfs the puny British soldier lounging outside the barracks. All the modern buildings are in

the plainest style of garrison architecture. It is no doubt a grand thing to be able to point to the Union Jack fluttering over the tower of Akbar's Fort, but the feeling is modified by regret that more respect was not paid to the traditions and associations of the place when it became necessary to adapt it to the requirements of a British military station.

A narrow stairway in a lofty wall leads to a small platform in front of a pair of mighty doors, which admit to the cool shade of a white portico, and reveal the Moti Musjid, the Pearl Mosque of Agra, aglow in the light of the mid-day sun. The court is laid with marble slabs, and cloistered at each end; and snow-white domes rise above the Hall of Prayer, the groined roof of which is supported by a triple row of arches. Except some verses of the Koran inlaid in black and a narrow band of black stone running round the pillars and each slab of the floor, there is nothing to vary the white and grey of the marble of which the Pearl Mosque is wholly built. The sun has bleached the domes and the pavement, but within the soft colouring of the stone remains.

The view from the roof is dazzling. The white court is outspread below, and all around are the red ramparts of the fort which encloses the Palace. The Jumna is seen flowing towards the Taj and washing the terrace-wall, above which rises the most beautiful Tomb in the world; the minarets of the Jumma Musjid and the gilded spires of the domes glisten in the sun. A few trees break the line of the horizon, which trembles in the noonday heat. The lack of beauty in the natural scenery serves to place the splendid creations of the Mahomedan architects more boldly and effectively before the eye. The loveliness of the picture is not diminished, but rather enhanced, by the simplicity of the frame.

Beyond the Moti Musjid is the palace erected by Akbar and Jehangir, and enlarged and embellished by another imperial builder, Shah Jehan. The capabilities of Saracenic Art are well shown in it. Public halls, private audience chambers, porticoes, verandahs, and colonnades are seen on every side, each treated in a style of its own, yet subserviently to the idea of the general design. Each site is occupied by some edifice which seems to be the very structure indispensable to it and which could not be displaced without marring the harmony of the effect. Fretted arches, delicate marble screens, mosaic walls, and bas-reliefs are scattered lavishly throughout the palace. Whenever the union is possible, red sandstone is combined with its perfect antithesis, white marble. All the work is faithful and honest. There is no scamping of those details that are not brought prominently before the eye, and the only blemishes are the modern restorations and repairs.

The Palace of Agra reveals to later generations a glimpse of the whole machinery of social and political life under the Mogul Emperors. The Dewan-i-am, or Hall of Public Audience, where they received the complaints of the people and pronounced their judicial decisions, is, as might be expected, a noble and prominent edifice; and adjacent to it is the Dewan-i-khas, or Hall of Private Audience—a smaller chamber of marble, enriched with carving from floor to ceiling, in which the viziers and officials of the Empire were admitted to the presence.

Within a few paces is the entrance to the Zenana, where the lives of the prisoners of the harem were made tolerable by every appliance of Art known to Eastern luxury, and where they could spend their days enjoying every pleasure save those in which the intellect could take part. There are the cool corridors open to the

four winds, and white pavilions hedged in by pierced marble screens which the breeze but not the eyes of man could penetrate; narrow winding stairs lead to kiosks on the roof or to the dungeons below; secret underground passages to places without the city give access to some favourite resort, or, if need be, provide a way of escape from an alien foe or from the followers of a too powerful vassal or aspirant to the throne.

Each apartment and saloon remains substantially as the Sovereign left it; for furniture was scarcely used either for decorative purposes or for convenience. All ornamentation was an integral part of the fabric: the alcoves, the arched roof, the inlaid pavement were far too beautiful to be encumbered with the paraphernalia necessary to hide the plainness of a modern European room. No pictures concealed the lovely mosaic flowers on the wall; no heavy drapery put out of sight the beaded lintels; and such a gaunt object as a drawing-room table or chair of the present day would have been deemed an uncouth superfluity in the midst of low carved couches covered with silks.

A large portion of the Palace is devoted to the wants and pastimes of the harem, and the solicitude which the Mogul Emperors displayed for the well-being, comfort, and happiness of their wives is very evident. It might have been thought that, as the affections of a polygamous husband are widely distributed, and therefore diminished in intensity, he would be less anxious to ensure the content of his numerous wives than a husband whose whole love was concentrated upon one woman. Whatever might have been their faults, the Mogul Emperors certainly were not wanting in consideration for the female sex. No European wife was ever housed in such luxury and splendour as that which environed the inmates of the harems of Agra, whose condition, as far as physical

comforts could avail them, might well be an object of envy to a Roman Empress in the past or to a great lady of Paris of the present day. They lived in palaces which were designed by architects and adorned by artists who have never been excelled, and which are still the wonder and the admiration of the world.

If the ladies wished to purchase jewels—and what woman does not?—there was a bazaar within the precincts where the diamonds of Golconda and the precious stones of Ceylon might be seen sparkling in the sun. A pond in the Muchi Bhawan Court was teeming with fish, which a favourite might catch from a marble balcony overhanging the water. The chief Sultana had her boudoir in the Saman Burj, or Jasmine Tower, wherein, adorned with most delicate tracery, was a deep portico inlaid with rarest art, and a vaulted chamber beyond, and a pavilion looking out towards the river—wherein also British artillery has left its mark in the form of five jagged holes in the stone trellis-work. No one who has stood upon the marble terrace which runs along the wall above the moat, and has gazed at the exquisite structures all around, can quit them without pain and without envying the little green parrots who flutter there from morn till eve and build their nests in the crannies of the walls.

From a gallery close at hand Akbar and his wives directed the movements of living counters on the *pachisi* board in the court below—an Oriental game in some respects resembling draughts. Deep verandahs and shady bowers opened upon the Ungaree Bagh, a garden of vines and roses where the plash of the fountain never ceased to echo through the halls and corridors. Often the balconies on the ramparts were filled with beautiful women eagerly watching the tiger and elephant fights in the ditch below, for which English ladies who sit on

cane chairs and look on at the slaughter of doves at Hurlingham should not censure them. Adjoining the Ungaree Bagh is the Shish Mahal, or Palace of Glass, which contains the ladies' baths. The walls are inlaid with a thousand mirrors set in marble frames, which appear to be covered with the finest lace-work—in reality the reflection of the tracery on the opposite sides diminished by the convexity of the glass lenses. On the ledges of the walls are little marble pockets, which were used as receptacles for jewellery. In the centre of the floor are sunken baths of inlaid marble, to which water was admitted by cascades falling through vertical channels, resembling chimneys, in the walls, from which it passed under the marble pavement into the bath. The water-passages are ridged and curiously carved, so as to impart the appearance of waves and even of fish to the flowing stream, and fountains so ingeniously contrived that they could be illuminated from within threw their crystal drops into the air.

Nor were the personal tastes of the ladies of the harem neglected. The Hindoo wives of Jehangir dwelt in a cloistered court decorated in the Hindoo style. It is built of red sandstone, a material which lends itself kindly to the chisel of the carver, who has worked upon the pillars with excellent effect. The dilapidations have, however, been clumsily repaired by the Royal Engineers, who with untoward genius have replaced a fallen pillar of stone by a square column of brick, neatly pointed, and have imitated the ornamentation of the capital in painted woodwork. The gem of the edifice is a certain quiet courtyard where much of the original carving remains, and where the Indian Government, in its mercy, has used the whitewash brush more sparingly than usual.

Thus did the faithful fare. She had no cares, she

lived in a superb palace, and everything that could add to her pleasure was supplied by her lord. But for the unfaithful wife there was quicker, more certain, and more effectual punishment than any that could be inflicted by the censure of public opinion or by the slow process of a Divorce Court. A low doorway and a few steps leading down from the Garden of Roses gives admission to a long underground passage by which the offender was conducted to a small round chamber in the depths of the fortress. On the roof was the fatal beam, and through a hole in the floor her body was cast into the Jumna.

Indian Princes are more liable than other men to be the victims of the caprice of Fortune, and in the palace at Agra a room is pointed out in which a once powerful Mogul Emperor, after having spent seven years as the prisoner of his own son, who had usurped the throne, died with his eyes still fixed, as they had been constantly in life, on the tomb of that son's mother.

The romantic figure of the Emperor Shah Jehan stands out more brightly in the dark pages of Indian history than the personalities of most of his successors or predecessors. Scarcely one of them has achieved a name through the display of any good quality of the heart. The general character of the Mogul Monarchs may be inferred from an epigram on one who was by no means the worst of them. Of Aurungzebe, Shah Jehan's son, it was said that "if he had had no father to imprison, no brother to murder, and no subjects to oppress, he might have been a blameless man!" Shah Jehan won imperishable renown neither from the extent of his dominions, nor from the power of the foes vanquished by him, nor from the splendour of his Court, but from his devotion to his consort, the lovely Mumtaz-i-Mahal, the Chosen of the Palace. She came of a Persian

stock noted for the beauty and charm of its women. Her aunt, Nur Jehan, was Shah Jehan's stepmother, the wife of Jehangir, who in his memoirs confesses that before his marriage with Nur Jehan he had not known the true happiness of wedlock. He resigned his power to her, and she appears to have been an excellent Sovereign. Her charitable deeds are still remembered: she encouraged art, and she was, moreover, a poetess.

Her niece, the Mumtaz-i-Mahal, exercised a similar magical influence over Shah Jehan. With him it was, "All for Love, and the World well Lost." He cherished her with fondest care during her lifetime, and after her death, in giving birth to the great Aurungzebe, he spent treasure equal to three millions of pounds sterling in erecting a mausoleum over her body. On her deathbed she made him promise that her tomb should be the most beautiful thing in the world. Only an Oriental despot could have the power to perform such a vow. All Asia was laid under contribution. China sent crystals: the depths of the Red Sea were explored for coral: Rajahs made presents of precious stones: Persian amethysts, Ceylon sapphires, Thibet turquoises, Golconda diamonds, and jasper from the Punjab were brought to adorn the white marble of Jeypore and yellow marble of the Nerbudda. No trouble was spared, no expense was grudged by the devoted Emperor to make the tomb worthy of the love he bore for the dead. A Mahomedan —an adherent of the religion which degrades woman into a position little better than that of an animal—was destined to erect to the memory of a woman a monument justly considered to be the most beautiful example of architecture ever designed, and one moreover which every woman may regard as a tribute to the benign power of her sex to mitigate the storm and stress of life.

The Taj—the word is an abbreviation of Mumtaz—is not well placed for effect, as it stands on a low site close to the bank of the Jumna a mile below the Fort. The first impression made by it on approaching Agra by railway from the East is no doubt disappointing, as the point of view is considerably higher than the base of the mausoleum, which therefore seems to be smaller than it is in reality. Its full beauty is not revealed to those who gaze at it from a distance at which even the tawdry palaces of Lucknow would appear to greater advantage. But its charm is soon felt as, like the loadstone, it irresistibly draws the spectator to it. It is such a calm, pure, beautiful Thing. Yet no two persons think alike upon it. The variety of the emotions which it excites is shown by the different metaphors which have been applied to it; yet all of them agree in ascribing an immaterial and unearthly character to it. It has been called a Palace of Faery, a Dream in Marble, a Crystallised Poem.

A road built during a famine fifty years ago leads to a splendid gateway of red sandstone crowned with more than a score of marble cupolas. The great door swings back, and within is the Garden of the Taj. Paved paths on either side of a narrow canal, in which many fountains are playing, lead to the marble platform of the mausoleum. The waterway is divided in the middle of its length by a *chibootra* or stage with a larger fountain playing in the centre. The garden is under the care of the Indian Government, but the water is stagnant and dirty, and the flower-beds are not cared for as gardens should be that lie under the shadow of the loveliest edifice in the world.

From the gateway the Taj is seen gleaming at the end of the avenue formed by the dark foliage of the trees and shrubs bordering the canal, and in the still

water the white marble dome and arch are reproduced without a flaw. If the picture is beautiful when the glistening stone is seen dazzling in the light of the mid-day sun between the twin lines of the tall, sombre growth of the garden, or when the red glow of the sunset falls upon it from the west, it is enchanting by moonlight when the silver domes and the minarets mysteriously glimmer under the soft midnight sky. The scene is a rarer vision than could be conjured by the most fanciful and fertile imagination to delight the eye and thrill the heart of man. The Taj seems to stand immeasurably apart from the sin and the turmoil of the earth, and it is hard to believe that it is not some exquisite mirage which the magic of the desert has raised with a transitory spell, and the ejaculations of admiration evoked from the lips are spoken tremblingly lest the dream-fabric should be shattered by some chance talismanic word.

The mausoleum is an octagon edifice placed upon a square marble terrace rising out of a platform of red sandstone. At each corner of the terrace is a minaret, and at the angles of the platform stand low towers of red sandstone capped with white marble kiosks. A swelling dome, the broadest portion of which, as is customary in Saracenic architecture, is some distance above the base, rises over all with a gilded spire having a crescent at the summit. The dome is encompassed by four smaller domes, and forms the culminating point of the whole pile. Each end of the platform is occupied by a mosque of red sandstone. Only the mosque lying on the side nearest to Mecca is used for prayer, the other being the *jawab* or double necessary to maintain the symmetrical arrangement of the whole.

The vault containing the bodies of Shah Jehan and the Mumtaz is reached by a falling incline of polished

marble. The Empress's tomb is in the centre, where the subdued light from the entrance can fall upon it. In the hall immediately above the vault are the cenotaphs, encircled by an octagonal screen of perforated and richly ornamented marble. So wonderful is the fidelity of the mosaics to nature that real flowers of all kinds seem to be lying on the sarcophagi and clinging to the pierced panels, and though the varying tints of the petals are each of them a distinct fragment of a gem, the pieces are so minute and so skilfully arranged that the colours are perfectly graduated. Nor is the ear less charmed than the eye. The notes of the voice are caught up and repeated by the music of the echo, which swells and soars and undulates and dies away at last with most exquisite rhythm in the lofty chambers of marble; and the thrill of that melody never ceases to vibrate in the ravished ears whereon it has once fallen.

When the Taj was completed the Emperor dreamed a dream; and an angel appeared before him, and told him that it was the most beautiful thing in all the world, and then the Emperor caused the ninety and nine appellations of the Almighty to be inlaid upon the fabric in letters of black marble. A large portion of the Koran is also inscribed on the walls of the edifice in the beautiful Persian character, which is itself a decoration.

Shah Jehan intended to erect a mausoleum for himself on the other bank of the Jumna, and to connect it with the Taj by a bridge of silver, but fortunately for his subjects—on whom the cost would have fallen—the civil war between his sons, which ended in his deposition, prevented him from carrying out his purpose. As an American author neatly expresses it, "Fate conceded to Love what it denied to Vanity." He was buried by the side of the Mumtaz-i-Mahal, and shared in death as well as in life a palace with her.



TAJ MAHAL.

Shah Jehan is one of the suppressed characters of History. To the great majority of educated persons his name is unknown. Yet for more than thirty years he governed a powerful State of which the annual revenue was not less than that of some considerable European monarchies at the present time; and although the last years of his reign were darkened by the quarrels of his sons, his subjects were not oppressed as they had been by some of his predecessors. A very pathetic interest tinges the seven years of his captivity in the Palace of Agra. He lived with his eyes almost constantly fixed on the place where the embalmed body of his beloved wife was lying. The recollection of the beautiful Mumtaz consoled him in his prison, and the Jumna at his feet bore his loving thoughts gently on its breast to the cold marble bed on which she was resting. He dwelt apart from the cruel world, and his imperishable love salved the sting of his misfortunes. It has been said that the living are governed by the dead; it is no less true that the living are consoled by the dead.

CHAPTER XXII.

CLOUDCUCKOOTOWN.

SIMLA, the summer capital of India, is a small town perched up in the Himalayas. Few people, however, are aware that it is little more than a hundred miles from a province of the Chinese Empire, and that the Thibet frontier and the nearest Indian railway are about equally distant. Thus, as far as geographical position goes, Simla is situated midway between the fossil civilisation of China and the upstart civilisation of Great Britain. The moral barrier of Chinese exclusiveness and the physical obstacle of the Himalayas have nevertheless preserved Simla from permeation by customs or ideas issuing from the adjacent frontier; and it is in fact often less Chinese in its ways than Downing Street. On the other hand, its comparative inaccessibility by railway gives it a serenity and a composure suitable to the capital of a great Empire. Simla is an Olympus where great men can stand at ease. Less than a square inch of matter connects them with the outer world, and if that were not composed of a few telegraph wires their condition would be indeed most enviable.

Umballa, the screen through which men and women and other things must be riddled before they can pass to Simla, is a pleasant military station lying in the plain of the Punjab within the blink of the eternal snows. Barracks, parade grounds, broad roads, and bungalows are

neatly arranged on the Maidan outside the native city. Soldiers, sepoys, orderlies of the Punjab Cavalry, and fox-terriers in dog-carts with their British subalterns in attendance, continually pass to and fro. There is, however, little to distinguish Umballa from other stations, except its relation to Simla, which enlivens it and gives it some importance. It is the entrance lodge of Cloud-cuckootown, and it is also renowned for its banyan trees.

The road to Simla from Umballa traverses for nearly forty miles a fairly level country until Kalka, at the foot of the hills, is reached. The journey is usually made by night, and is not uncomfortable. The interior of the carriage is constructed so that it is possible to lie at full length, and as the road is good the jolting is inconsiderable. It is, however, often necessary to employ bullocks to drag the vehicle through the rivers. At Kalka the four-wheeled *dak-gharry* is exchanged for a light *tonga*, a two-wheeled carriage with four seats placed back to back, drawn by a pair of ponies. The arrangements of the stages are excellent. Every few miles a fresh pair is taken, and though the gradients are heavy—Simla being five thousand feet above Kalka—an average rate of over seven miles an hour is maintained. The change of horses is made in almost as short a time as in the days of mail-coaches in England. Traces are not used, but an iron cross-bar is fitted on to the shaft and attached on each side to a groove in a light saddle, in such a manner that the latter is allowed a certain amount of lateral play. The ponies are well-bred, and often run away up the inclines. The only drawback is the dust. The *tonga* travels in a halo of it. With this exception the journey from Kalka to Simla is pleasant, and not made unduly long by unnecessary delays. The scenery is fine, and the notes of the bugle which the driver

constantly sounds in order to arouse the *syces* at the changing stations and to warn approaching vehicles at the corners, echo musically among the hills.

It is a rare delight to breathe cool air and to look upon mountains face to face after many a long day spent in the sultry plains below, glimpses of which still appear now and then through the openings in the hills. By leaving Umballa in the evening the lower ranges of the Himalayas will be reached early next morning. The dawn upon the peaks does not appear in gorgeous colours, but in a very beautiful, pure, brilliant white, which soon spreads over the eastern sky. A confused mass of hills, ridges, and spurs seems to rise suddenly on every side, and as the light becomes more intense, it clothes itself in all shades of brown and blue, diversified with patches of verdure in the places where the grass-cutters have not yet been. The hill slopes are cultivated in terraced fields. The air is so clear that the distant peaks appear to be within a stone's-throw. Birds are not scarce, and lizards are seen darting in and out of the crannies of the walls. Long trains of bullocks or camels are frequently met, either resting at the open spaces by the roadside with the native drivers curled up asleep in rugs beside them, or trudging along and stirring up the dust that lies so plentifully on an Indian highway. The meek, patient, yet intelligent look of the gentle bullocks contrasts strongly with the woebegone expression of the camels. Children run after the *tonga* and shout for *bakshish*, which, judging from the size of the applicants, appears to be the first word that the Indian baby learns to syllable upon its mother's knee.

The mountainous nature of the country compels the road to take a very serpentine course. It was constructed to develop commercial intercourse between Hindostan and Thibet, but it carries little or no traffic for places

beyond Simla. Sometimes it runs along the top of a retaining wall built upon a steep slope, and twists back upon itself after a circuit of nearly a mile. At one place the military sanatorium of Dagshai, perched on the summit of a precipice, almost overhangs it, and thence for many miles it scars the face of a steep hill which encompasses like an amphitheatre a cultivated valley. A little further on it is borne upon the ridge which forms the water-shed between the rivers flowing into the Bay of Bengal and those discharging themselves into the Arabian Sea. A drop of rain falling on one side would be carried away to sea by the Indus, while its fellow, which a gust of wind had tossed across the road, would go to swell the volume of the sacred Ganges. At Solon, half-way between Simla and Kalka, a *dak* bungalow gives the traveller an opportunity of escaping from the dust, and of slaking it with whisky and soda-water, while a *khit-mitgar* cooks some eggs or curries a chicken which he has just caught after an exciting chase. Soon Simla, gleaming in the sunlight, comes into view upon the crest of a hill. It does not appear to be very far away, but when the goal is near the miles grow longer, and the road, moreover, has, in addition to many minor deviations, to pass round a mountain and double back from the head of a valley before the last milestone is reached: and at length the crimson flowers of the rhododendrons glowing in the midst of the foliage of the dingles are a sign that Simla is near.

Simla is placed upon the ridges and shoulders of a minor range of the Himalayas, which rises to the height of from six to eight thousand feet above the level of the distant ocean. In one direction the town looks up to the snowy peaks of the Chinese frontier; in another it overlooks the plains of the Punjab. As in mountain ranges there is a snow-line, so on the heights occupied

by Simla there is a house-line. With few exceptions, the higher parts only are inhabited, and the plan of the station follows roughly the crest of the hills. It is a long, narrow settlement, with arms issuing out of it at various angles. The steep sides of the gullies below are covered with rhododendrons and cedars, whose aromatic fragrance fills the serene air. Simla is not a strictly beautiful place, but the scenery is wild; and leopards occasionally venture into the compounds, and they have been known to seize the pet dogs of the British community. Monkeys are plentiful, and not only infest the groves, but climb on to the roofs so as to be in the way of stealing anything handy. The mountains are scarred by bare volcanic furrows; and though the woods do not deserve the title of forest nor consist of forest trees, they present a mass of foliage which is agreeable to the eye. There is, perhaps, too much detail in the prospect, without the Himalayan grandeur. No lofty ranges as at Darjeeling tower above Simla. It owes much of its reputation to the relief felt by those who go up to it from the scorching plains. Many other hill stations have greater natural and acquired advantages; but Simla in spite of its inaccessibility maintains the preeminence, chiefly because it is the summer capital of India. If it were ever forsaken by the Government, it would probably be seldom visited. Nature is usually worsted in a struggle with Fashion.

The topography of Simla is simple. Jakko and Prospect Hills form the extremities of the town and are connected by a narrow ridge or plateau. Elysium Hill juts out at right angles, and the deep valley of Annandale, containing the cricket-ground, the racecourse, and the public gardens, lies at the foot of the steep northward face of the ridge. A few streets have been built on the southward slope. The hills are wooded, but

many of the trees have been removed to make way for the villas, most of which are pleasantly situated where the gleam of light from snowy ranges can reach them. Little, however, can be said for their architectural merits. To combine comfort with comeliness seems to be beyond the power of those who build houses for Anglo-Indians to live in. The slopes when seen from the ridge appear to be covered with corrugated iron. Every house is roofed with it, and the metallic lustre glitters disagreeably in the midst of the woods and on the hillsides.

Nor are the public edifices of Simla less unattractive. It is the habit, or possibly the destiny, of British Governments to spoil the appearance of the places which come under their dominion. For a long time it was uncertain whether Simla would be a temporary encampment of officials, until some more suitable site could be found, or the established capital of India during the hot season: but after several years of indecision the authorities fixed their choice upon Simla. Government Offices were erected, the style adopted being that of the model lodging-house in London with certain embellishments. The outside stairs, the verandahs, and the iron pillars make the resemblance almost perfect. The municipality of an English country town, or even a School Board, would have installed itself more handsomely. There is scarcely a house in Simla which would not look indifferent in a desert. The small native bazaar alone is picturesque. The absence of all attempts to make the appearance of the station congenial to its position and surroundings is remarkable. Simla might have been built by a speculating contractor. The new Vice-Regal Residence which the men of Cooper's Hill are erecting is, however, likely to be an ornament rather than a disfigurement to Prospect Hill.

The mansion occupied by the Viceroy bears the name of Peterhof. Whether it was so called in order to pay an ironical compliment to the Autocrat of Russia and would-be potentate of Hindostan is not known. Certainly not many English officials would be guilty of such fine satire.

CHAPTER XXIII.

FROM DELHI TO BOMBAY.

THE power of the Governor-General in Council, tempered by the occasional interference of the House of Commons, is supreme from the banks of the Hughli to the upper waters of the Jumna; and in travelling through India from Calcutta to Delhi no district is traversed in which an intermediate authority exists between the Indian Government and the people.

The sway of England, however, is not exercised directly over the whole of Hindostan. Some provinces have been retained under the hereditary sovereignty of native Princes, who, so long as they treat their subjects leniently, promulgate just laws, and commit no act prejudicial to the Indian Empire, are not coerced. The position of these States is in some respects analogous to that of the States of the American Republic. They are not permitted to form external alliances, but they are autonomous in matters not involving imperial policy: and though subject to the suzerainty of a despotic Government, they enjoy a liberal measure of Home Rule. They may maintain a military force, and are even encouraged to do so; and their recognised rulers possess many of the prerogatives of Royalty. The prerogative to which a Native Prince attaches most importance is the right to be saluted by artillery, and no greater punishment can be inflicted on him than

the reduction of the number of guns to which he is entitled. To be deprived of his proper ration of gunpowder when on progress is as irritating to the feelings of an Indian Rajah as the ignoring of her rightful precedence is to an Englishwoman in middle-class society.

Rajputana, a district lying south of the Punjab, is mainly composed of small native states. The western portion is a sandy desert, but the remainder is a fairly fertile country, broken by hills of no great elevation. It is traversed by a narrow-gauge railway which connects the Punjab with Bombay. It had been intended that the line should be of the standard gauge, but considerations of economy intervened, with the result that the carriages are small and unsteady, and that the journey of less than two hundred miles between Delhi and Jeypore occupies eleven hours. Jeypore, the capital of a native state of the same name, is one of the most beautiful places in India, though it is a modern city, and though it has been for many years under the sway of Maharajahs of reforming tendencies. These princes, however, have had the good sense to adapt rather than adopt European resources of civilisation.

Fortified hills surround Jeypore on three sides. At the time of the Prince of Wales's visit the word Welcome was inscribed in white letters on one of the slopes, and it remains a conspicuous feature of the scenery; but the kindly intention of the act disarms criticism of its effect upon the landscape. The city is surrounded by a lofty wall of red sandstone pierced by handsome gateways, some of which are enclosed in extramural courtyards. The streets are wide and clean, and laid out in rectangular blocks; and the roadways and the sidepaths are not only paved, but also in better condition than those of many English and most American towns. Jeypore is one of the few Indian cities lit by gas, and

the lamps are of a really ornamental pattern. A tramway conveys the refuse to a waste place outside the walls. The houses are well-built, large, and handsome. The pink plaster, ornamented with designs in white and colours, with which they are covered, gives them a peculiarly smart appearance. A School of Art in the main street shows that the influence of the age has reached even a small native state in India. The excellent drinking water which has been brought from a river a few miles distant proves that modern sanitation—the contemporary of modern art—has not been forgotten. The security of life and property in Jeypore is demonstrated by the huge canopied bedsteads placed outside the houses on the footways, where during the hot weather a large proportion of the inhabitants pass the night. The names of the streets are legibly inscribed on the corners in Native and European characters. The number of the European residents does not exceed fifty, and the crowds of people thronging the thoroughfares rarely contain a non-Asiatic unit.

It is said and acknowledged even by some Anglo-Indian officials that the condition of the natives is more prosperous in native states than in the provinces under direct British rule, and the appearance of Jeypore bears out the assertion. The broad, airy streets, the substantial houses of many stories, the demeanour of the traders in the market-places contrast favourably with the narrow alleys, squalid hovels, and other marks of poverty visible in the cities of the Gangetic plain. It is possible, however, that the more benevolent system of government may give better protection to the poorer and weaker classes, who under native rulers are liable to be thrust out of the community; and that the apparently greater prosperity of the native states, which is very remarkable, is in fact the result of the survival of the fittest.

The Palace of the Maharajah and its appurtenances occupy a large area within the walls, the stables and exercising grounds alone covering many acres. The horses are fed upon butter, and are as fat and their coats as glossy as the unusual combination of gee and *ghee* can make them. They are secured by a rope attached to each leg. The fore-legs are tethered by short lengths under the manger; and two longer lines from the hind-feet, running through a ring fastened a few paces behind the heels, allow them a certain freedom of action. There are no divisions between the stalls, and the stables are open at the back. White is the favourite colour, and many breeds are represented, including Walers, Arabs, and English hunters and cobs. A large room is filled with a collection of English saddles, and in a paddock at the end of the quadrangle stand the steeds reserved for the use of English travellers, to whom the Maharajah courteously offers the means of making excursions in his dominions. The horses, however, are more fit for taking part in the pompous procession of an Eastern potentate than for hard work across country, as an abundance of rich food produces ungainly proportions which gentle exercise in the courtyard cannot modify. At the side of the quadrangle rises a tower from which the Maharajah is accustomed to survey his fair city.

Not only the human but also the animal population of Jeypore appear to live and thrive. This, however, is not peculiar to that city. All over India the traveller is struck by the fearlessness of the animals. The flocks of pigeons congregating in the open spaces, surrounded by all the bustle of an Oriental bazaar, as well as the peacocks strutting about outside the city walls, testify to the kindly nature of the people. The sparrows come into the houses without suspicion; the goats and cattle

roaming along the roads hardly take the trouble to get out of the way. Even the squirrels may be approached within a few feet, and the pariah dogs lying in the middle of the streets, or curled up under the kerbstone, often cause a passing *gharry* or bullock-cart to turn aside. In England the first instinct of an unoccupied man is a desire to kill something. The victim may be a stag, or it may be a stickleback. Sometimes a gentle dove is his quarry. When circumstances render it more convenient that he should not take life with his own hand, the operation is performed by proxy. Hounds are sent in pursuit of the fox, and terriers are encouraged to worry cats. A harmless animal in England stands in almost as great danger as a noxious animal. But happily in India the English are not yet so numerous that the dumb creatures have lost all their confidence in man.

Not only is Jeypore one of the most beautiful cities in Hindustan, but the most beautiful gardens lie under its walls. They were planned by a German, and laid out by the late Maharajah at great expense. The turf is as green as on an English lawn, and the flower-beds are both neat and artistically disposed. Conduits and intersecting channels of water keep each plant and tree as fresh as is possible under a tropical sun. Every part is free and accessible to all, and notices forbidding the plucking of flowers or other misbehaviour are rendered unnecessary by the absence of a rough or larrikin element, which is non-existent among the lower classes of India. Numbers of natives are constantly seen strolling along the paths, or even sitting on the benches—a novel position of rest for an Eastern, who usually squats upon his heels. In the centre of the gardens stands the Museum, a modern yet admirable Saracenic edifice of white stone, containing a small and excellently arranged collection of the usual specimens and objects. All the

interior fittings are in perfect taste. An open colonnaded court is ornamented with the sayings * of the wise men of India inlaid upon the walls in Hindustani and English.

Everywhere the hand and the mind of an enlightened native Prince are discernible, and Jeypore stands alone, or almost alone, among the cities of India for good appearance and rational assimilation of European ideas, while at the same time the native and picturesque element is not unduly thrown into the background. The State of Jeypore is not harassed by the entanglements of foreign policy or local politics, and therefore all the attention of its rulers can be directed to the welfare of the people. It is protected by the Indian Government from external assaults, and gently guided in internal matters by the experience of the Lords of Hindustan. The municipal institutions of Europe cannot show many cities—not mere places of pleasure resort—better ordered, more attractive, or apparently more happy than the city of Jeypore. The majority of country towns in England might take lessons from it; and if ever an observant native of Jeypore should cross the "black water" to the land which holds India in its grasp, he will not find many things relating to the government of cities very worthy of imitation; and if he were inclined to investigate the various political systems of Europe, he would probably come to the conclusion that the form of government most conducive to the happiness of the people is an intelligent and benevolent despotism, such as that of the Maharajah of Jeypore.

The ruins of Amber, the ancient capital of Jeypore, lying within a few miles of the modern city, emphasise the distinction between old and new India. The road

* One of these is striking enough to be reproduced—"Life is a Bridge, which men should cross but not build upon."

passes through the northern gate out of the turmoil, and traverses a forsaken plain strewn with relics of old palaces and pleasances. On one side is a deserted pavilion rising from the midst of a shallow lake; on the other are abandoned gardens full of beautiful weeds. Kiosks at the angles of the walls, belvederes, prospect towers, and summer-houses preserve in decay their original architectural grace, and the columns which supported the domes and roofs of the halls for many generations have survived the Oriental caprice for whose gratification they were erected. A considerable space between Jeypore and Amber is covered with the haunts of former Maharajahs. Now the little waves of the mere lap upon the disjointed steps and wash the fallen pillars of the island palace; lizards, squirrels, and parrots hold undisturbed possession of the gardens, whose beauty, though impaired by neglect, has not been destroyed. The aspect of the lonely lake, and the waned splendour of the edifices on its margin, are full of melancholy loveliness.

By the kindness of the Maharajah, elephants are provided for the use of English travellers desirous of seeing Amber. An elephant, however, is not altogether a comfortable beast of burden. The sidelong, swaying motion is disagreeable to a novice, who finds some difficulty in keeping his seat on the padded saddle; but the intelligence and common-sense of the great unwieldy brute soon reconcile the rider to an uneasy position. An elephant never makes a blunder in obeying the verbal instructions of his driver, and is as careful of his rider's safety as of his own.

The road, after crossing the narrow plain of ruined palaces, begins to ascend to a pass in the hills, whence it descends gradually to the banks of a calm and clear lake, and brings the deserted city into view beyond. A steep slope rises from the northern shore, a palace stands

proudly on the hill-side above the water, and the summit is crowned with a fort. Next to the appearance of Benares on the banks of the Ganges, the scene on the silent Amber Lake is the most impressive in India. A zigzag path leads up to the palace, the only edifice in Amber still intact. A square garden, green with foliage, seems to float upon the water below the palace walls, which rise sheer from the shore. For solitary romantic grandeur Amber cannot be surpassed, and its loneliness is soothing and acceptable after the thronged streets and teeming life of other Indian cities. The hills, except in one place where a depression reveals a glimpse of the Rajputana plain, exclude the outer world from view. The scene from the palace roof, midway between the luminous surface of the lake and the fort which overhangs it, is weird and unreal. The long castellated walls, rising and falling across hill and valley, are no longer needed to keep out the foe. Half-ruined but still handsome houses fill up the valley below the retaining embankment of the lake, and razed walls litter the slopes. No crowds jostle in the streets, the bazaars are closed, hardly a footstep is heard ; the only inhabitants are a few Hindoo priests. The strange silence, the absence of motion or life, the dark-grey ruins of a once populous city sleeping in the bright sunshine, the lack of those brilliant colours that are seen everywhere in the East, the hollow echoes in the houses that are no longer homes, the pathos of the place—all these touch the heart like the memory of some mournful melody or fragment of song once heard from the lips of her who has long since passed away. The ruins of Amber, though by different means, impress the mind with the sense of that melancholy, pathetic beauty which is the characteristic of the Blue Mountains of New South Wales.



CASTLE OF AMBER.

Ajmere is a British state in the heart of Rajputana, distant about a hundred miles from Jeypore. The city is well placed among the hills, but the traveller coming from the latter will find it deficient in interest and beauty. British rule seldom enhances the natural attractions of a city, but it is a convenient halting-place on the journey from Delhi to Bombay. It is bordered by a lake which here neutralises the tendency of Indian scenery to become monotonous. The streets are narrow and dirty, the principal sight is an ill-kept mosque, and the commercial community is composed mainly of money-lenders. Mayo College, a benevolent experiment of the Indian Government, stands on the plain outside the city. It is a Saracenic building, designed by a military architect, to whose reputation it will not add, for the education of young Indian Princes, who reside in mansions in the grounds. Though well equipped and organised, it has not been a success. The young rajahs have not flocked to the well of knowledge, and the old rajahs who contributed to the cost of the institution now find themselves called upon to keep it out of debt. Ajmere is not a place where many days can be pleasantly spent. The scenery, though pretty, is too frequently obscured by a cloud of dust, which even a gentle breeze calls up out of the Rajputana wastes.

An interval of twenty-four hours spent in a train, and made less endurable by the difficulty of procuring food on the way, separates Ajmere from Ahmedabad, which travellers will rejoice to find is the terminus of the narrow-gauge railway. There was a time when Ahmedabad was the most splendid city in Western India, with nearly a million inhabitants—more than nine times its present population. It had originally belonged to the Mahomedan Empire of Delhi, but the viceroys, following the

usual practice of an Indian lieutenant,* threw off their allegiance and became independent Sovereigns of Gujerat. Great prosperity followed, as in the case of America, the declaration of independence. Trade expanded, and some of the arts flourished. But prosperity begat internal dissensions, and at last the great Akbar was called in by one political party; an interference which naturally resulted in the re-annexation of the city to the Mogul Empire. Though Ahmedabad lost its freedom it regained its good fortune, and a traveller who saw it at the end of the seventeenth century compares it to Venice. When the suzerain Empire fell to pieces, the Saturnian days returned no more. The princes of the Imperial house fought for it, the Mahrattas captured and pillaged it more than once, and a century of misfortune was brought to a close when it fell for the second time into the hands of the English, under whose authority the *Pax Britannica* has lasted seventy years. The history of Ahmedabad is in its leading events an epitome of the history of Hindustan.

The founders of Ahmedabad were Mahomedans, but they were not fanatics, and they saw no reason to reject what was admirable in Hindoo architecture. The combination of the Hindoo with the Saracenic style in the tombs and mosques is perfectly effected. Each borrows from the other that which it itself lacks. The superabundance of ornamental detail peculiar to the former is tempered by the greater simplicity of the latter, and an even balance is maintained between opposing tendencies. Composite orders are not usually successful, but the Jumma Musjid, which is both Hindoo and Saracenic, is one of the most beautiful edifices in India. The plan of

* To this day the loyalty of the British proconsuls to the Home Government is a source of surprise to the Indian natives, who think that the securities against usurpation are insufficient.

the building is Saracenic, while most of the details are Hindoo. No less than two hundred and sixty pillars with richly carved capitals support the fifteen domes of the Hall of Prayer, and perforated marble screens, more exquisitely chiselled than those of Delhi or Agra, set apart the aisle of the women. The city, though more than four hundred years old, is regularly laid out in blocks—a system which was only adopted in the West within the memory of living persons. The fronts of the houses are curiously ornamented with a course of carved work at the level of the first floor; and stucco, the bane of architecture, is not used. A splendid triple gateway spans the main street.

The Bombay, Baroda and Central India Railway connects Ahmedabad with Bombay. It runs along the coast for the greater part of the distance, and crosses the mouth of the Nerbudda and other estuaries. The district was once subject to the House of Braganza, and in some of the seaports the churches built by the Portuguese remain, and the flag which carried Vasco di Gama round the Cape of Good Hope still floats at Damaun. Bombay was the dowry brought by a Portuguese princess to an English monarch, by whom it was so little valued that he sold it to a company of merchant adventurers for an annuity of £10. He regarded it, as well as Dunkirk, which he also put in the market, much as a landowner in difficulties regards detached or outlying portions of his estate—as a possession to be disposed of without hesitation when burdens nearer home become oppressive. Bombay—the word is a Portuguese corruption of a native name—was formerly an island, but the railway embankments and causeways which have been constructed across the shallow lagoons separating it from the mainland have converted it into a peninsula. During the early years of its connection with Great

Britain it was frequently harassed by the Mahrattas, and its existence was so precarious that it suffered greatly from the hostility of an Abyssinian piratical admiral. It did not become the capital of the Presidency until the beginning of this century, nor a very important place until much later. If in former years the Red Sea floated the ships of its greatest enemy, history after an interval of two hundred years redressed the wrong. The opening of the Suez Canal and the European fleets passing thence into the Red Sea and onwards to Bombay as the Indian port most accessible to the West have made the despised *dot* of Catharine of Braganza the foremost place in Hindustan.

Bombay, as it appears from the anchorage, somewhat resembles Liverpool. Few Oriental peculiarities are observable. The haven is crowded with European shipping. The lateen sails of the boats, almost the only feature that would seem unfamiliar in an English harbour, were probably introduced by the Portuguese from the Mediterranean. On the tongue of land forming with Malabar Hill the outline of a foot is the European and business quarter. The streets are wide, parks and gardens surround the official buildings and border the sea-wall. A handsome Church, parades and barracks, a disused lighthouse, and a Cemetery occupy the promontory of Colaba Point. On the harbour side of the thin part of the foot are the cotton wharves and the Apollo Bunder, a landing stage which receives the first and last impress of the feet of nearly all the military and civilian props of the British Empire in India.

When seen at a sufficient distance the public buildings of Bombay, like the Palaces of Lucknow, are imposing. The shortcomings of edifices designed by officers of the Royal Engineers are perhaps inevitable, and in the huge pile of the Secretariat they are con-



PUBLIC BUILDINGS, BOMBAY.

spicuous. The style is Venetian Gothic, as understood at Chatham or Addiscombe, and all that can be said is that it might have been worse. The building is of great length, and the similarity of the ends gives it a commonplace appearance. Nor are the erections of the professional architects much more successful. The Courts of Justice are called by the local guide-book, which no doubt is disposed to be favourable, "the ugliest building in Bombay;" and internally the admission of light and air is unduly restricted, and the acoustic properties are bad—an echo of the complaints so often heard at home. The Senate Hall of the University, which was designed by a celebrated English architect, might be mistaken for a College Chapel. Four feeble spires at the corners, vulgar ornamentation, and discordant details evoke wistful recollections of Agra and Ahmedabad. A tall and really beautiful tower surmounts the diminutive University Library, like a lighthouse soaring above the lighthouse keeper's cottage. The finest edifice in Bombay is the terminus of the Great Indian Peninsula Railway, which is probably the most splendid railway-station in the world. In the distance it has often been mistaken for a Cathedral.

Bombay possesses few sights or globe-trotters' shrines. At Elephanta, an island six miles across the bay, are the renowned Cave Temples. Aisles, vestibules, and halls hewn out of the living rock show a primitive form of architecture in its greatest perfection. On the road from the Esplanade to Malabar Hill three methods of disposing of the dead can be seen, one of which is Elephanta's only competitor as a sight to attract the curious attention of travellers. The smoke rising from behind the long black wall near the sea comes from the Hindoo funeral pyres. A little further on is the

Mahomedan burying-ground. When the road begins to ascend the hill, the vultures perched on the trees indicate the proximity of the Parsee Towers of Silence, in which the dead of that sect are placed and devoured by the birds. The towers are ten to twelve feet in height, and the bodies are laid on platforms inside, divided into three concentric circles, for men, women, and children respectively. The vultures are an accidental accessory which cannot be avoided when corpses are exposed in India; but no significance is attached by the Parsees to the part taken by them in the ceremony. Next to cremation, which is abhorred by the Parsees on account of the pollution of the sacred fire which they worship, this appears to be the most reasonable wa of disposing of the dead in hot climates.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE ARABIAN GULF AND THE RED SEA.

IT is no doubt a pleasant thing, as Lucretius says, to stand upon some eminence beyond the reach of the waves and contemplate a storm at sea; but the traveller who, after spending the winter months in India, is overtaken by the hot weather and rushes down to Bombay only to find that all the ships are full for several weeks to come, will, when at length he succeeds in escaping from the country, declare that it is still more delightful to lean against the rail of a homeward bound mail-steamer and watch the shore with all its discomforts slowly sinking below the horizon. No one who was not compelled to do so would remain in Bombay during April. A strong heat, which is scarcely tempered by a faint sea-breeze for a few hours of the day, makes the slightest bodily exertion an act not lightly to be undertaken; but, however enervating it may be to the human frame, it seems to stimulate the activity of the flies and fleas. The Bombay mosquito is a remarkable insect, who has never yet had justice done to him by the entomologists. Unlike the ant or the bee, he loves industry for its own sake, and not from the selfish motive of providing himself with food and lodging for the winter. Brisk, active, and alert; persevering, yet seldom disheartened; cheerfully humming a tune while at his work, he is an example that everyone would do well

to follow; and in addition to his moral good qualities, he possesses the unique power of being in two or more places at once.

When the weather has been officially declared to be hot by a despotic Government whose authority extends to the thermometer, streams of soldiers, civilians, travellers, and their women-kind flow from all parts of the Indian Empire and meet at the Apollo Bunder at Bombay, whence they are drafted off in steam launches to the homeward-bound ships at anchor in the harbour. By sunset the hot and hazy coast has faded out of sight, and the fresh breeze blows in through the portholes as the vessel steams across the tranquil Indian Ocean. Many of the fleas and all the mosquitoes have disappeared, and the struggle to keep cool is over for a few days at least. The truest kind of pleasure is that which is derived from the sudden cessation of discomfort.

A fortnight may be spent very agreeably and sociably on board a P. and O. steamer leaving Bombay at the beginning of the hot weather. Each of the three chief branches of the Anglo-Saxon race—the Anglo-Indian, the American, and the English—is usually represented on the ship. A cursory observation of appearance and demeanour is sufficient to determine the class to which any individual must be assigned. The jaded look upon the countenance and something in the manner which betrays a consciousness of transition from a position of importance in India to one of obscurity at home indicate the Anglo-Indian civil or military official. A proportion of the married women larger in this class than in any other female section of the community is addicted to flirtations behind the wheel-house or in retired corners of the quarter-deck. The women in question are not generally sociable, and except when they quarrel seldom exchange a word with

their own sex, but devote themselves to the "noblest study of mankind," namely Man. The effects of sea-sickness upon a she-Anglo-Indian's complexion already injured by a tropical climate is sometimes appalling, and one of the most touching instances of the poodle-like fidelity of man is the constancy with which their admirers cling to them under such circumstances. An Anglo-Indian woman requires both the favour of nature and the appliances of art for the preservation of her good looks; and when she lies sea-sick, yellow and dishevelled, wrapped in an unbecoming rug and blown upon by a head-wind, she is not an attractive object, and the *cavalier servente* who can survive the ordeal of disenchantment is worthy of some nobler career. When the weather is fine and she has been able to spend a few hours on her toilette, she will appear upon the quarter-deck clothed in white attire and scenting the air with her perfumes, and then she is beyond the reach of criticism. The little artifices she uses, the transparent attentions and flatteries with which she keeps her elderly *pucka* husband—who if unsuspicious is at least irritable—in a good humour are noticed by everyone except the person most concerned in them. Sometimes the Nemesis of family duties overtakes her: as, for example, when the cries of her child making every cabin near the saloon uninhabitable reach her in her Nirvana in some remote corner of the ship, and she is compelled to throw aside her cigarette and break off a promising flirtation in order to pacify the poor, desolate, wee thing whom no one cares for save the alien *ayah*.

On the other hand, the male Anglo-Indian—though as a rule he exhibits the negative side of his character out of India—occasionally becomes remarkably domestic on the homeward voyage. A P. and O. steamer which left Bombay not long ago saw the spectacle of a well-

known soldier, who had not only won but had also earned the Victoria Cross, sedulously attending to the wants of his young family—rocking their cradles; blowing their little noses; succouring them when they were sea-sick with all the skill of an Atlantic steward; and every morning before breakfast milking with his own hands the goats which he had brought on board for their use—offering a striking contrast to the methods by which the married women aided by the bachelors were beguiling the tedium of the voyage.

The American travelling contingent is usually an agreeable addition to the passenger list of any ship. The spread-eagle Yankee who talks perpetually of dollars and brandishes the Stars and Stripes is becoming rarer than was the case a few years ago, and his place has been taken by the American gentleman, who, if somewhat reserved and hard of acquaintance, is well-informed, courteous, and reasonably unprejudiced. The temper and appearance of American women are not greatly affected by the want of long looking-glasses on board ship, which cannot be always said of their English sisters. The former are clannish, and can talk to one another without giving an observer the impression that they are engaged in mutual if veiled criticism. One American girl will pass a whole afternoon by the side of another with apparent satisfaction. If they chatter too much, and in no subdued tones, their conversation is free from feline amenities. They possess the quality of loyalty to their own sex in which the British female is so remarkably deficient.

It must not be supposed that they avoid the society of Man. Far from it. The American girl ingenuously owns that she adores him. She flirts with him frankly, openly, and without offence. She is impartial, and while the greater part of her time is spent with him, the

individual is constantly changed. If she feels any preference she has sufficient self-control to hide it. Her intelligence, sincerity, vivacity, knowledge of the world, and freedom from prudery and artificial manners make her society a pleasure which is wholesomely tempered by a habit of speaking her thoughts without restraint and her candour in expressing her opinions. When married, her conduct is irreproachable. A fast American married woman is seldom seen except in London. The behaviour of an American married woman on board an Indian steamer is commonly a great contrast to that of a piratical Anglo-Indian wife or grass widow, who is in most cases her inferior in intellect, good manners, good looks, and correct instinct of dress. She has withdrawn from the contest, and from the serene heights of matrimony she complacently watches the gambols below.

Except for a few months during the monsoon, the Indian Ocean is tolerably calm. The Anglo-Indian is spared for the first part of his journey at least the degradation of sea-sickness—no slight boon for one who has been accustomed to have all his wishes fulfilled and all his discomforts removed by a crowd of cringeing servants. Yet the more impartial waves of the Red Sea lay him on his back occasionally, and then he learns that though up on the hills or in the cantonments he may be a person of consideration, nevertheless he is not respected by the heaving sea.

If the ship reaches Aden after sunset and leaves before the dawn, the lost opportunity of seeing a coaling station where rain falls but once in the year need not be regretted. The ancient water-tanks are the only remarkable objects in the place. The cheapness of ostrich feathers is sometimes mentioned by ladies as an inducement to go ashore.

The Red Sea is a long and narrow arm which the Indian Ocean stretched out to greet the Mediterranean between the continents of Asia and Africa, but the limb was withered when it touched the scorching sands of the Egyptian desert. Not a single river refreshes its salt waters. Shoals, rocks, and islands encumber the fairway, and the twelve hundred miles between Aden and Suez are beset with more dangers than almost any other equally frequented track. The heat is often intolerable. The quarter-deck of a steamer at night during the summer resembles a hospital ward. Everyone sleeps on deck. A row of beds on the starboard side is occupied by the ladies, and the port side is reserved for the men. On some lines dinner is served on deck.

Neither the geography books nor the well-informed people have explained satisfactorily how the Red Sea obtained its name. The colour is not only not predominant, but is not even traceable. At the Straits of Babel-mandeb, the Gate of Tears, where Asia is separated from Africa by a narrow belt of water, the entrance is guarded by the Island of Perim. The well-known circumstances of its occupation by British troops illustrate at the same time a common trait in the French character and an unusual trait in the English character. If a Frenchman had been able to resist the temptation of betraying a secret to a woman, and if an Englishwoman had not for once shown uncommon discretion in betraying it, the British flag would not now be floating over Perim.

The first attempt of the French to effect a settlement on the Red Sea failed through a Frenchman's inability to resist a woman's influence, but the failure was afterwards rectified, and two or three islands opposite Perim are now adorned by the tricolor. Italy has at length recovered from the exhaustion consequent on giving

birth to Columbus, and is attempting to found a colony on the Abyssinian coast, but her efforts have not been very successful; and a precarious footing behind entrenchments at Massowah will not compensate her for the French occupation of Tunis.

The Gulf of Suez is but a few miles in width, and may be considered the estuary of the Canal. The hills on either side are rocky and bare of vegetation, but the colouring is very beautiful. Fairy-like hues of the palest purple and pink upon the land intervene between the turquoise sea and the azure sky; and as Suez is approached the hills seem to stand aside and the thin line of the gleaming desert rises out of the horizon.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE LAND OF THE DELTA.

THERE is an Arab tradition, which may possibly be the fossil history of a period when the seas were not so widely sundered, that in some midway spot of the desert the call of the Mediterranean waves may be heard as well as the answering lisp of the Gulf of Suez. To unite the waters was a scheme often entertained and sometimes attempted—for the consummation of Nature's Almosts is man's favourite project—and the trough of a former channel is still discernible in the sands ; but it is only within the last generation that the divorced seas have been linked together by the persistent energy of a Frenchman, who, in spite of opposition from all the practical men of the day, completed a work worthy to be classed with the Pyramids in magnitude and far superior to them in prospect of abiding utility. In a very few years he restored Egypt to the position which she occupied in the world before the discovery of the Cape of Good Hope, and enabled her to become once more the highway between the East and the West.

The interest felt in the Pyramids is antiquarian, romantic, and speculative ; and they appear to have originated in personal or national pride, akin to the partiality now felt in America for colossal objects or to the modern desire to erect magnificent but useless edifices such as the Eiffel Tower in Paris. The Suez

Canal, a splendid work though not striking to the eye, is one of the noblest memorials which the nineteenth century can leave behind it; and if in some future generation, as far removed from the present time as the age of the Pharaohs, its origin and purpose should be involved in mystery through the supercession of ships by some other method of transportation, the archæologists and Egyptologists of that period will surely credit the engineers of the age in which we now live with genius not inferior to that displayed by the architects of the Pyramids, which are still the wonder of the world, and which remain, both as to their object and the means by which they were erected, an unanswered riddle.

The Indian steamers wait an hour or two at Suez to embark the Canal pilot. An additional plate is affixed to the rudder; and if the ship is about to make the passage by night, the apparatus of an electric light is taken on board. Though the Canal is of considerable width, the fairway, which is marked out by an avenue of buoys, will only admit one ship at a time, as the nature of the soil necessitates a broad, shelving margin on either side of the deep water in the centre. The banks are high enough to exclude the view of the gleaming desert, but the glare of the sunlight even upon these is dazzling and painful to the eye. At intervals of a few miles are the block stations where the navigable channel is widened to allow meeting ships to pass. The traffic is regulated as upon a single line of railway.

A few hours after leaving Suez the Bitter Lakes are entered. They are shallow sheets of water through which a passage has been dredged. Beacons illuminated at night indicate the channel, and here the speed is slightly increased. The central section of the canal is bordered by higher banks, and on the shores a few

reeds and bushes are seen. A high wind often delays the traffic—not only from the increased difficulty of keeping a steamer in the very narrow fairway when a lateral force is pushing her constantly to one side, but also from the sand obscuring the view. It is impossible to keep out the particles: though every port-hole and cabin door be closed, they penetrate the minutest chinks and crevices, besprinkling food and clothes. Even the dust produced when the coal bunkers are being replenished is less disagreeable than the sand of the African desert. Patience is a virtue greatly needed in the Suez Canal. When some clumsy cargo ship, whose rudder has no more effect upon her than a bit has upon a hard-mouthed cart-horse, runs her nose into the bank and lies for a week athwart the channel, while the thermometer is approaching the century and the air is thick with dust, the most placid temper is apt to become irritable, and a little display of ill-humour is very excusable. At night the effect of the electric light is very striking. The lamp is hung over the bows, and a luminous wedge issuing from utter darkness is projected forward upon the surface of the water, creeping slowly along the shore and converting the sand slopes into drifts of snow. All is silent, and the measured throb of the engines can scarcely be felt as the vessel moves cautiously onward. It seems rather that the banks are by some magic agency stealing past her at her anchor, and the midnight sky lowering above the whitened hillocks enhances the weirdness of the scene.

Half-way between Suez and Port Said another lagoon is threaded on to the Canal, forming a natural dock in the heart of the desert. Lake Timsah is a tranquil sheet of water, and the row from the anchorage to the wharf at Ismailia fills up half an hour pleasantly.

After dark the electric rays from the various ships passing to and fro are seen for many a mile on either side like swords of fire brandished over the land. Ismailia is a modern town. It was planned and built by the French, a nation eminently qualified to do so with good effect; and they tried their best to make it a success. It was intended to be an agreeable place of resort—a kind of Vichy or Harrogate—for which its position on the shore of Lake Timsah, near the junction of the Sweetwater with the Suez Canal, particularly adapted it. It is well laid out in streets radiating from a central garden, and avenues of trees have been planted in the sandy soil; and it might have had a future as a holiday *annexe* to Cairo and Alexandria if the drainage and the water supply had not been unaccountably mixed. An epidemic of fever checked its development, and now Ismailia is a dull, neglected European settlement in the midst of an African desert. It is hot and dusty by day, and by night the chorus of frogs on the margin of the lake is not less effectual in murdering sleep than the phantom dagger of Lady Macbeth.

Five hours must be spent on the journey by railway from Ismailia to Cairo, but the trains, though slow, are not uncomfortable. For many miles the line passes through the desert, in which almost the only objects to be observed are a few graves of those who fell in the earlier days of the Egyptian campaign. Tel-el-Kebir is reached in an hour and a half. The wind has rasped away much of the ramparts, and has filled the ditches with sand, but the general plan of the defence can be clearly traced. The redoubts are in better condition and the embrasures are not destroyed. Close to the station, which lies about a mile beyond the battle-field, are the neat little cemetery and the bridge over the

canal on which the despatches announcing the victory were written.

The change from the desert into the cultivated land is as sudden as a transformation scene. Only a few inches separate the barren waste from the fertile fields. On one side of a hedge the useless sand is littered, on the other the eye is gladdened with a mass of verdure. A long stretch of rich country, heavily cropped and intersected by the innumerable runnels which distribute the precious water of the Nile,reaches from Tel-el-Kebir to Cairo. Not a drop of water, not a foot of land is wasted, and the husbandry shows the greatest care and industry. Men, women, children, oxen, and donkeys are everywhere tending the fields. Camels laden with the produce plod along the paths, and each field has its primitive water-wheel of earthenware buckets worked by a bullock. Only the white ibises, of all the animal life, seem to have won their liberty. Groves of palms encircle the villages, and long rows of trees border the canal by means of which Ismail was enabled to thrust back the boundaries of the desert. Here and there a few sand-hills remain to show what the land had been before it was reclaimed from the waste, and that the fertility of the more level country is due entirely to irrigation. Now the snowy ibis hovers over the green meadows where but a few years ago the sand was thickly laid. Zagazig is an important junction of the Egyptian railways between Tel-el-Kebir and Cairo. It is a large, rambling town, which has had the appearance of antiquity and decay given to it by mud walls and flat-roofed houses. A Canadian wind-mill near the railway station seems such an anachronism that the evidence of the eyes is at first hardly credible—it is an illusion of the eye, a spectral image produced by recollections of other lands; but when an Egyptian

gentleman enters the carriage and points proudly to it as his property, no room for doubt in its reality remains.

No city conveys such a diversity of opinions as Cairo. Every person is disposed to give his attention to that which is most unfamiliar, and according to the feelings and the prejudices with which it is approached, Cairo may seem to be anything that cities can be. An Englishman notices the number of names belonging to the Latin nations over the shops, and the foreign appearance of the streets, and compares the European quarter of Cairo to a city in southern France or Italy. A Frenchman, on the other hand, only sees the soldiers of the English garrison, and exclaims with chagrin that Cairo has become an appendage of Albion. The enriched and uncultured Australian passes a few days of bewilderment in Cairo, for which an hour or two in Colombo have not prepared him. The dollarous American rushes around without committing his judgment, tacitly acknowledging that a mind trained in Pittsburg or Minneapolis has at first no retina fit to receive the impressions made by Egypt. To a newly arrived European Cairo is the East unalloyed, to an Asiatic much of it is hardly distinguishable from Europe. If a native Egyptian ever expresses his opinion, it is doubtless a conviction that though it might be hard to declare which nation is predominant in Cairo it is certain that the city no longer belongs to the Egyptians. The French, Italians, and Greeks have taken possession of the trade of the country; while the English collect and distribute its taxes, quarter their troops upon it, officer its army, and retreat before its enemies in the Soudan on its behalf.

Many cities have a mode of locomotion peculiar to themselves, independently of the methods in use all over the civilised world. London and the majority of English

towns have their Hansoms; Venice has its gondola; Sydney its Juggernaut; Shanghai its jinricksha; Canton its sedan chair. Cairo has its donkeys, which are the finest specimens of that class of quadruped to be found anywhere. If their appearance is a trustworthy test, they are here allowed to take their natural position as intelligent animals, and are not held in contempt as mere drudges. A Cairo donkey is well groomed, his coat is often trimmed to an ornamental pattern, and his trappings are splendid. His arched neck gives him a really sporting look. The downcast eye and meek demeanour of the bullied moke of Great Britain give place to something of fire and spirit in the deportment of his Egyptian cousin. But it is not all beer and skittles with the latter. As black care sits behind the horseman, so does the donkey-boy with a stick pursue the ass. The whack, whack upon his flanks reminds him that though it may be very jolly to be called General Wolseley or Sir Evelyn Baring and to be gaily caparisoned, yet twelve stone of Englishman and the attentions of a boy who is a firm believer in corporal punishment are rather a heavy price to pay for such honours. It will probably take many centuries to convince the young Arabs that a donkey is not a machine in which a force applied at one part by an external agency is usefully developed elsewhere, and that the impact of the stick is not the motive power which propels the muscles of the quadruped. However, the donkeys of Cairo do not appear to lead very hard lives. It is rare to see one bearing the marks of deliberate cruelty, and their condition shows that they are not stinted in their food. Two or three days may be agreeably spent in exploring Cairo on a donkey. The people know well the sight of a cavalcade, or rather an asinicade, of travellers rushing *hilariter celeriter* through the streets, and the bystanders are used to getting out of the

way, for the donkey never gets out of their way. He is steered like a ship, at the stern, by the donkey-boy, and the bit has little effect on his course: and what with stirrups six inches long, a flat saddle, and a huge pommel in front, the rider's attention is fully occupied.

The European quarter of Cairo is the Cave of Adullam to which the higher vagabondism of the Mediterranean has resorted. It has the air of moderate prosperity. French shops are the most numerous, and after them Italian. Hardly an English name is to be seen, and the jealousy of France at the British occupation is excusable if not reasonable. The houses, both official and commercial, are built in the French style, and the Esbekieh Gardens, where an Egyptian band plays daily, reproduce exactly the public place of a town in Provence or Languedoc. The *frou-frou* of Paris frocks is heard, and overdressed children strut about in stays, dress-improvers, and high-heeled boots. The native quarter is not very interesting to a traveller lately arrived from Indian cities, and the shops are filled with wares far inferior to those seen in the bazaars of Delhi or Lucknow. In the Cairo bazaar the upper stories of the houses project and form an arcade. The dealers sit in the midst of their goods, and offer weapons new and old—the English homicidal instinct having created a prosperous trade in instruments of warfare—silver-work, embroideries, carpets, and a thousand other things, indiscriminately huddled together on the bench. The place is crowded with men and women from every land: Turks and Arabians in flowing robes and bright red fezzes mingle with negroes in snowy attire: the sparkling eyes of the Egyptian women veiled from head to foot glance wonderingly but hardly admiringly upon the noisy British tourist. A rude picture of a steamer or a locomotive above the lintel of a house

indicates the abode of a Mahomedan who, having made the pilgrimage to Mecca, is entitled to wear a green turban and to be styled Hadji, and who proclaims in this quaint manner his pious deed to the world. That the emblem of a locomotive should have become the sign of a Mahomedan's observance of the duties of his religion is a wonderful example of the endosmose motion of Western ideas.

Tombs and Mosques are plentiful in Cairo. The Mosque of Sultan Hassan—a grand edifice—is so dirty and dusty and out of repair that its proportions cannot be perfectly appreciated. The walls are high and massive, and the minarets are said to be the loftiest in the world. As an example of the intermediate style of Saracenic architecture it is worthy of notice, and if all the details were in keeping with the general design it might be one of the handsomest buildings in Egypt. When the bright sun lights up the towering walls and falls upon the ruined canopy of the well in the courtyard, and the deep transepts and the Hall of Prayer with their coarse pendentive ornaments and mean lamps suspended from the roof are in the shade, the picture is very attractive. Some say that the eyes of the architect were put out, others that his right hand was cut off when the work was completed—a reward frequently given in the East to the designer of a magnificent edifice, in order to prevent him transferring his services to another employer and surpassing his former work, while at the same time his rivals were discouraged.

The Citadel is placed upon a plateau on the eastern side of the City. It is defended by thick walls and semi-circular bastions, and if it were not commanded by the Mokattam hills at the back Arabi would probably have made an attempt to hold it instead of surrendering to a handful of British and Indian cavalry. The feature of



CITADEL OF CAIRO.

the Citadel is the Alabaster Mosque built by Mehemet Ali. The sun has stolen the colour from the outside; but inside the effect of the yellow and white stone is very rich, though somewhat spoiled by the innumerable chandeliers. Close to the Mosque is the corner of the fortress from which the Mameluke leaped, but the height of the walls throws doubt upon the tradition that he escaped with his life.

A narrow terrace overlooking the precipice gives a magnificent view of Cairo and the desert. The Mosque of Sultan Hassan stands boldly in the foreground, with the picturesque city retreating behind it towards the river. Domes rise out of the nearer part, and the roofs of the palaces and official buildings beyond show the position of the European quarter. On the ridges of the low hills towards the south are the ruined wind-mills built by the French during their occupation of Egypt at the beginning of the century—skeletons emblematic of the present influence of France in the East. The sun-dried houses of old Cairo are seen crouching by the banks of the Nile, and the undulating outline of the desert is broken in one place by the Pyramids of Ghizeh, which when the sun is almost touching the horizon send long shadows across the land reaching to the walls of the Citadel; and in another by the more ancient but less shapely Pyramids of Sakhara. The great river passes through the midst, reflecting the light of the sky from its luminous course and bordered by green alluvial fields and avenues of trees: and in the rear the stony Mokattam hills shut out the waste separating Cairo from Suez, a desert so barren and bereft of water that the railway which once traversed it has been abandoned. The panorama from the Citadel is one of the most impressive of those scenes of which the chief features consist in edifices built by man. Almost every period in several

thousand years is represented. In the distance a tomb which has been standing for forty centuries, and is the most ancient building in the world, may be discerned; while under the walls is the railway station of yesterday. In Egypt history is crystallised. Its continuity has not been preserved; only a few events are handed down to us, as it were, in sculpture. A pyramid, a temple, the dry bed of a canal, a fragment of hieroglyphic here and there, gives an occasional glimpse of the course of time, but the intervening years are wrapped in impenetrable mystery.

In the north of the city are two sights usually visited at the same time: the obelisk at Heliopolis, said to be the oldest monument in existence, and an ostrich farm. The former is noteworthy on account of its antiquity, but little more can be said of it; still it is probable that no mind except the modern tourist's would find satisfaction in hurrying away impatiently to visit an establishment founded in order to gratify the vanity of the women of the nineteenth century. The birds are kept in pens and paddocks, and lead a life as artificial as that of the women for whose benefit they exist. The eggs are hatched in incubators, and a harvest of feathers is reaped off the adult birds at the proper season. A naked ostrich lately cropped and stalking up and down his prison would be a most ridiculous object if his condition did not excite compassion. If every English lady who is accustomed to wear ostrich feathers upon ceremonious occasions or to cool her cheeks with ostrich fans could see the miserable plight of an ostrich when stripped of his plumage the cruel fashion would soon fall into disuse. Those who have not had the opportunity of visiting an ostrich farm can form a good idea of it by going to a poulterer's shop and picturing to themselves the sight of the plucked chickens increased to a colossal

size, restored to life, and languidly promenading in wire cages.

The appearance of the Nile at Cairo does not convey the idea that it is one of the most important rivers in the world. It rises south of the Equator, and in traversing thirty degrees of latitude it flows for more than three thousand miles. Without it Egypt would be a wilderness; yet at the capital it seems to be hardly wider than the Thames at London Bridge, owing to the amount of water lost by evaporation and absorption in the desert, while no affluents replenish it. The volume of water transmitted at Berber is greater than that flowing under the Bridge at Cairo many hundred miles below. The Egyptian husbandman, who is dependent upon the overflow of the equatorial lakes and the rainfall on the Abyssinian mountains for the irrigation of his fields, watches its height with far greater anxiety than the English farmer who consults the barometer in hay-time and harvest. A low Nile means famine in Egypt; an insufficient Nile means destitution to the *fellaheen;* a too full Nile causes loss by inundation. An ancient river-gauge now called the Nilometer has been used for many centuries to record the river level at Cairo. It is a graduated post in a large well connected with the Nile by a submerged passage. Formerly the amount of taxes leviable was assessed proportionately to the volume of water in the river, and the advantage of having the gauge placed in an enclosed tank was evident. A dwindled treasury could easily be filled by the simple expedient of cutting off the communication with the river; which is as though the income tax in England were regulated by the height of a thermometer kept in the kitchen of the Chancellor of the Exchequer's official residence in Downing Street. It is not difficult to imagine the sardonic grin which must have overspread

the countenance of an Egyptian Minister of Finance of the time of the Pharaohs as he obstructed the passage. The financial troubles of Egypt began very early in her history. What with the ancient deceitful Nilometer and the modern bond-holder, and very many intervening spoilers of the Egyptians, the tax-gatherer has always been busy in the Delta.

The architectural mounds called Pyramids are spread either singly or in groups over a narrow tract on the brink of the desert along the left bank of the Nile. Many treatises have been written upon them, and hardly a year passes without some new theory of their origin and purpose being suggested. Some persons regard them as astronomical instruments or observatories, others as mausoleums or even as granaries. The mystery is never likely to be solved satisfactorily, nor can the mechanical agencies by which the huge piles were set up be explained. One of them originally covered an area of twelve acres, rose to a height of nearly five hundred feet, and weighed seven million tons. Like Stonehenge in England, the Pyramids have survived not only history but also tradition. Even at the present day the erection of a Pyramid would be no easy task. To hew the stone, to transport it from a distant quarry, to shape, manipulate, and place in position the massive blocks at a height of several hundred feet, would require all the modern appliances of engineering, and without them the execution of such a work seems hardly practicable. A few obscure references to the machinery in ancient authors only serve to make the methods more hard to understand. All that can be said with certainty is that at a very remote period there was a race of men in Egypt who built not one but many colossal edifices, which for size, excellence of workmanship, accuracy of design, and skill shown in



PYRAMIDS OF GHIZEH.

overcoming natural and mechanical difficulties, can only be compared with the finest structures of the present century. The cutting of the Suez Canal was an easy task in comparison with the erection of the Great Pyramid.

The Pyramids of Ghizeh, the finest though not the most ancient in Egypt, stand a few miles west of Cairo, just outside the belt of cultivated land. An hour's drive along a good road shaded by an avenue is terminated at the foot of the higher ground on which they are built. The three larger Pyramids are placed in echelon towards the south-west, and the sides therefore face the cardinal points of the compass. When approached from the east the Great Pyramid appears to loom into the sky with swelling dimensions, which, owing to the elevation of the platform at the base not at first attracting the notice of the eye, seem to increase more rapidly than the decrease in the distance can account for. From the end of the avenue the vast pointed fabric is seen reared prominently in the foreground like a sentinel posted on the rampart of the desert, and the spectator is face to face with one of the seven wonders of the world. The purple brown of the stone is the very tint that should be found with a clear, cloudless sky, and a sun shining on the white sands: for had the material been of a nature to reflect the light, it might have produced an effect more dazzling, perhaps, but far less impressive than that calm, dark, yet not gloomy mass.

The Great Pyramid served as a quarry when the city of Cairo was built, and the outer casing was long ago ruthlessly stripped off, leaving the sides in rugged courses of masonry forming steps to the summit. The blocks lying at the angles and near the ground-line were taken away without compunction: and though the shape and general proportions of the structure have not been

materially injured, the spoliation of the corners and the disappearance of the stones forming the apex have made it impossible to measure the exact dimensions. The inclination of the sides is a little more than half a right angle, but their height is so great and their solidity so impressive that when viewed from beneath they appear to rise almost perpendicularly out of the ground.

At the present time it is almost impossible to see the Pyramids as they should be seen, in perfect solitude. A Restaurant and an Hotel have obtruded themselves within a stone's throw, and a tribe of Arab *backshish* hunters has established itself on the spot in the guise of guides. Except to explore the interior a guide is unnecessary. A traveller who cannot see the Pyramids without one had better stay at home, though some assistance is advisable for those who wish to climb to the summit—an adventure which would otherwise be extremely fatiguing if not dangerous. The pleasurable awe which the stupendous edifice inspires is more than half destroyed by the gang of pestilent loafers who, in spite of remonstrance, dog the footsteps of every pilgrim and disturb his thoughts by commonplace remarks in bad English. If he sits down upon a block and gazes at the magnificent structure in dumb admiration, in a moment an Arab will be at his side with a handful of spurious antiquities, or a remark upon the relative merits of the two guide-books most in use. The Arab cannot understand mute and solitary contemplation of a notable object, and regards the traveller who indulges in it as a doubtful and irresponsible character, whom it will be neither expedient nor in accordance with the laws of hospitality to leave by himself. There is no saying that he might not attempt to carry off the Pyramid, if not carefully watched; and the loss of the Pyramid means the stanching of the flow of *back-*

shish. The Arab is not a sufficiently acute observer to notice when his services are unnecessary; and no doubt, like a London detective, he thinks it his duty to follow any person whose behaviour excites suspicion. It is not too much to say that the so-called guides make the Pyramids almost intolerable to a meditative traveller who desires to muse and reflect in the presence of the incomparable relics of a grand age.

Yet, after all, the Arabs are not wholly to blame. Many Englishmen, especially those who travel with tourist parties, visit the Pyramids because it is the correct thing to do, and these would be altogether lost without the natives. They meekly allow themselves to be led round to the various standpoints in due course, and are grateful for the attention. For such as these the Pyramids are but huge masses of masonry strikingly placed upon a picnic ground. The Pyramid Gymnastics were founded by them and their kind. A few tourists once were of opinion that the associations of Ghizeh were deficient in interest. There was nothing exciting about a mere Pyramid; the sporting element, the jolly lark, were wanting: some new attraction was necessary. The circumstances of the case seemed to militate against its discovery; until at last a bright idea occurred to an individual who would have been far happier on a racecourse or running-path at home. An Arab was hired to make the best of his way from the top of the Great Pyramid to the summit of the second pyramid, with assurance of additional *backshish* should he perform the task under a certain time. Now, whenever a party of Englishmen visit the Pyramids, a dozen or more Arabs offer themselves for the job, and usually profit handsomely by it: as they protest that it cannot be accomplished in less than ten minutes, and by stipulating for a premium for every quarter of a minute saved

they often earn ten or twelve piastres. It is really wonderful to see the agility with which they leap down from block to block in descending the Great Pyramid, rush wildly across the interval, and scramble up the side of the second Pyramid within the space of seven minutes. But the spectacle of the Pyramids converted into a go-as-you-please track for the benefit of the British tourist is enough to make the very mummies gnash their teeth in anger.

The Sphinx stands in a hollow some hundred yards to the south of the Great Pyramid. The sand has been cleared away not only from the figure, but also from the old wall which was built as a screen and in its turn overwhelmed, and from the temple hard by in which the services in the Sphinx's honour were held. The temple is constructed of red granite blocks, some of them sixteen feet in length, and so truly squared that the blade of a penknife cannot be inserted between them. The design is plain, but the fabric is extremely massive. The kingly power which could cause such buildings to be erected must have been very real, and they were no doubt built by forced labour—a form of slavery that was not extinct in Egypt until the Suez Canal was half finished.

The face of the Sphinx still wears a very benign and kindly expression, though it is too much battered to afford a complete idea of its original appearance. In its present condition it is not exactly beautiful, but it fascinates to a remarkable degree. The calm, enduring lips, which have smiled upon the joys and troubles of countless generations, now seem as it were to have moulded themselves into a look of good-natured contempt for the conceits of the creatures of an hour, who lightly come to gambol under the shadow of forty centuries. The Sphinx is a link in every age between the present and the past. The weeds and the flowers of

the day spring and die around it: Egyptian kings, Roman legions, and French soldiers have lifted their eyes to it, and it will remain unchanged until the end, with its couchant figure crouching a little apart from civilisation, on the confines of the desert, like a lion escaped from the Libyan waste and gazing in magnificent repose at the cradle of History.

An excellent express train runs twice a day in each direction between Cairo and Alexandria through a rich country watered by the Nile and the artificial channels which derive their supplies from it. Alexandria was founded by Alexander the Great, but few traces of its antiquity remain. The streets are partly Oriental and partly French, a mixture of Moradabad and Marseilles. With the exception of Pompey's Pillar, which now stands in the midst of a Mahomedan cemetery, the structures of the Greek and Roman period have been almost entirely effaced. At the present time the chief interest in Alexandria is the bombardment of 1882; and the lesson which that catastrophe enforces is that a half-hearted garrison of rebels, with less than two score rifled guns capable of being effectively used against ironclads, can withstand for the best part of a day the attack of 36,000 tons of armoured vessels unharassed by mines or torpedo boats and carrying seventy-six armour-piercing guns served by British seamen.

CHAPTER XXVI.

ATHENS AND THE LEVANT.

A POLYGLOT assemblage of passengers was gathered on the deck of the Khedivial mail-steamer *Charkieh* as she left the harbour of Alexandria before the noon of a sunny April day. Armenians, Englishmen, Frenchmen, Germans, Greeks, Italians, and Turks were elbowing each other on a limited area which had lately been still more densely thronged by crowds of leave-takers. Owing, no doubt, to the circumstance that a journey is a rarer and therefore a more important event in the life of a Latin or Levantine than in an Anglo-Saxon's, the former collects round him all his relations and friends to witness his departure; and these chatter with increasing volubility as the supreme moment approaches. On such occasions an Englishman, who is said to be, like his home, an island, prefers to be left alone. Rational conversation cannot be maintained at the door of a railway carriage when the engine whistle is about to sound, or on the deck of a ship when the bell for the shore has rung. Not so the traveller of Latin or Greek origin. He stands in the middle of his company with great satisfaction, and when the last moment has arrived he embraces them once more ere they tumble headlong into the boats tossing at the foot of the ladder. The boatmen gesticulate and shout, and by some marvellous good fortune no one is drowned. The waving of hands and the final farewell

cries continue long after the ship is under weigh. The deck passengers begin to dispose their rugs, pillows, and mattresses under the bulwarks and near the engine-room skylight, and unpack their baskets of provisions and produce their bottles of wine—and their fleas take the opportunity of going the rounds.

The Egyptian element on board the *Charkieh* was apparently restricted to the Egyptian ensign floating over her counter: for she was built on the Clyde, officered by various nationalities, and manned by a crew of miscellaneous Levantines. Her skipper mounted as much gold lace on his cuffs as any English post-captain, and the crew even of an American man-of-war would have contained a larger proportion of men owing allegiance to the flag under which they sailed. The meals were arranged in pairs. A *lever-du-rideau* of tea, coffee, and bread and butter, styled a collation in the printed regulations, was quickly followed by a tolerable breakfast; and when after a long interval a plentiful dinner had been served late in the afternoon, a second collation of light materials quickly appeared in the saloon.

The troop of pilgrims whose tales beguiled the tedium of the road between the "Tabard" at Southwark and the shrine of St. Thomas-à-Becket at Canterbury was not made up of more dissimilar components than the passenger roll of the *Charkieh*. At the head of a long list of obscure items such as bagmen and tourists stood a Greek Patriarch, a pair of German Professors, a prominent American politician, and a beautiful English lady. Of this quintet the Greek prelate was the least remarkable. His kindly face and comfortable person were pleasing objects on deck or in the saloon, but his ignorance of Western languages prevented closer intercourse. The American politician had been a Member of Congress and also Mayor of one of the most important

cities of the central States. He was clever, egotistical, argumentative, and well-informed. A sincere admiration of Great Britain, whom he acknowledged to be even more than America the guardian and pioneer of liberty in the world, was checked in its natural development by the exigencies of American politics. Instead of being a leader of the people, Democracy was trailing him behind it. He was a mouth-piece rather than a guide; it never seemed to occur to him that voters stand more in need of counsellors than of spokesmen; and like all his class he thought it an honour to be dragged in the triumphal car of Demos. That a public man should ever be justified in raising his voice against a popular cry was in his opinion a treasonable notion; for the mediæval theory of the divine right of kings had given place to the modern doctrine of the divine right of the democracy.

Between an American politician and a German scientist there is a gulf almost as wide as any that can exist between two human beings. The former floats upon the surface of the stream and is carried hither and thither by eddies, whirlpools, and currents like a boat without a helm or oar: the latter lives apart among the mysteries of nature and the problems of antiquity like a bathybius in calm dark depths that are never disturbed by the fickle breezes playing upon the surface. Yet one at least of the German professors on board the *Charkieh* had achieved a reputation which will be remembered when the whole catalogue of American politicians shall have been forgotten: and probably one of the most difficult tasks likely to be set before the German historian and archæologist of the distant future will be to disinter the statemongers of America from the obscurity which so quickly overwhelms them.

A barque laden only with politics and professors

would have sailed joylessly even under the bright skies which are reflected by the limpid waters of the Mediterranean; but the *Charkieh* was chosen to restore to Europe one of the most charming and beautiful Englishwomen whom the West had ever lent to the East. It would not be seemly to mention her well-known name, to whose honourable reputation in the world of public life she has added the lustre of her own excellence; but if that might be done there would be many to wish that they had been wayfarers on the track of light which she threaded through the maze of the bright islands of the Ægean.

The voyage from Alexandria to the Piræus lasts two days in fine weather. The light reflected from the white sands of the shallow Egyptian coast imparts a pale milky hue to the water near the shore, but as the fathoms increase the waves grow darker. Alexandria soon sinks below the horizon, and at a very short distance from land all sign of the city disappears and the ship is left alone upon the tideless waters of the Mediterranean. During the greater part of the next day the hills of Candia, the turbulent island celebrated in proverbs for the ignoble qualities of the inhabitants, remain in sight, and the steamer, after passing the eastern promontory, enters the region of the isles which form stepping-stones from Europe to Asia. On all sides the shadowy forms rise out of the purple Ægean, until at length the continuous outline of the mainland of Hellas comes into view. The land closes in upon the vessel as she enters the Gulf of Athens, fenced round by hills; soon the Attic plain is seen reaching down to the shore of the Bay of Phalerum; the Acropolis, familiar in appearance to many eyes that have never seen it, rises boldly in the midst, and there is Hymettus looking down upon it. Natural beauty is

interwoven with the grandest historical associations in this favoured spot; the air is as clear and the water as blue as they were two thousand years ago; and modern civilisation has hitherto done little to impair the features of the landscape. The scene outspread before the passengers who flocked to the starboard rail of the *Charkieh* as she crossed Phalerum Bay is the same as that on which the mariners of the Greek fleet gazed ere they set sail from the same haven for Troy. Commerce has not yet settled with her dingy streets and blackened walls upon the shore of Attica. No clouds of smoke issuing from the minarets of industry besmirch the sky, and the sunlight is supreme: there is no hurry of trade upon the strand, for in Greece Time has not yet been transmuted into Money.

A hilly promontory, formerly an island which the sands of the Cephissus joined in course of time to the plain of Attica, lies on the western side of Phalerum Bay. Three harbours indent the coast-line, but of these only the Piræus, a haven formed by the projecting headland of Eetionia, is sufficiently spacious to admit modern shipping. The smaller basins of Zea and Munychia are enclosed by ancient moles and filled with the clearest water. The docks and slips built for the service of the galleys of old and the stone bollards to which they made fast are still visible; but the harbours are disused except as bathing pools, and they retain all the charm which crystal waves stolen from the sea and hemmed in by a rocky shore can give to a little haven.

In the middle ages the Piræus lost not only its early importance, but even its name. During many centuries it was termed the Porto Leone, from a sculptured lion which once stood upon the shore but which now adorns the Arsenal at Venice. A Scandinavian inscription on the body long puzzled the archæologists, but it was at

length deciphered and found to be a record of the Levantine exploits of the Norseman, Harold Hardrada, who entered the service of the Byzantine Emperor, and who, after an adventurous life in the East, unsuccessfully invaded the dominions of an English King, from whom he received the allotment of territory which the latter had scornfully promised him—namely, seven feet of English soil to bury him in: for he was taller than other men. He made himself master of Northumbria, but he was defeated by his namesake, Harold the Second of England, at Stamford Bridge; and thus a country village in Yorkshire became the last home of a soldier of fortune who had fought in the land of Themistocles. In a very few weeks, however, his death was avenged at the battle of Hastings by William the Conqueror, another invader of Scandinavian descent.

History, as usual, repeats itself; Scandinavia is again concerned in Greece, so long as a branch of a Danish dynasty occupies the Hellenic throne. The Norsemen have at all times been a link between the West and the East, and every generation produces fresh evidence of their exploits. In December, 1890, a hoard of coins minted by the Mahomedan Caliphs of Samarcand and Bagdad was discovered in the Isle of Skye, where they had no doubt been deposited for safety by some Norse Viking.

When the lion was taken away by Morosini to a lagoon on the Adriatic, the term Porto Leone lost its significance, and the port resumed its ancient name of the Piræus. It is a good harbour sheltered on all sides, but the entrance is somewhat narrow. It is no longer possible to sail into it, as a classic haven should be approached, on the poop of a trireme, but it is not necessary to do further violence to the associations of the place by entering Athens from the portico of the

railway station. The road is good, and the time occupied but slightly longer than by the railway when the delays incurred in waiting for the train and manipulating luggage are taken into account. If a halo of dust travels with the carriage, it is some consolation to know that dust is indestructible, and that perhaps the very same particles besprinkled Socrates or Aristophanes. An avenue of silvery-leaved poplars lines the highway, and on either hand are vineyards and olive gardens, and fields gay in spring with poppies and yellow daisies. The approach to Modern Athens from the Piræus is not striking. The road enters a poor suburb, and almost immediately joins the ill-paved Street of Hermes, which, however, improves somewhat before it enters the Place of the Constitution, the centre of the residential portion of the city. Here Modern Athens appears to be a clean and cheerful metropolis, but no more. The public buildings are either unpretentious edifices or commonplace imitations of the Classical style; and it is evident that the genius of Architecture has long forsaken the plain of Attica. The Royal Palace might easily be mistaken for a Hospital or for Barracks; but the lack of beauty in the elevation is partly redeemed by the lovely gardens which surround it, and which, by the kindness of the King, are often thrown open to the public. It is an enchanting spot, where roses and all other flowers grow luxuriantly; where the pleasant shadow of trees, so grateful in a land of sunshine, falls upon winding paths and running water; and where the song of birds is heard. When the Attic dust is enveloping the plain and the city is glowing with heat, the Palace Garden offers a delightful retreat to a parched traveller.

A few quaint little churches, picturesque but devoid of artistic merit, are found here and there in the streets. Some of them are scarcely larger than cottages, and they

are almost the sole relics of the period when Athens was subject to the Byzantine Empire. Of the other epochs there is scarcely a trace. The eclipse of Athens lasted nearly eighteen hundred years. The Franks, Florentines, and Venetians who in their turn conquered the country left no mark save that of destruction upon it. At one time Athens had dwindled to the dimensions of a village. It lay under a spell from which it was at length aroused by the cruelty of Turkish despotism. When all Europe believed that Greece was dead, flesh began to grow upon the dry bones: and at the present time there is at least a possibility that the Greek Empire may be restored, with Constantinople, however, rather than Athens as its metropolis, and with a territory stretching from the Black Sea to the Adriatic and Cape Matapan—a fitting sequel to the so-called "untoward event" which brought a struggle of sixty years to a close and compelled the Powers to declare Greece independent of Turkey.

When the choice of a capital for the new nation was in question the ancient reputation of Athens rather than its existing qualifications for the post caused it to be selected. As in many other countries, circumstances apart from political, utilitarian, or geographical advantages determined the site of the seat of Government; but Greece alone of all the nations, with the exception, perhaps, of Italy, allowed antiquarian sentiment to prevail. Athens is an unsuitable metropolis in many respects. The juxtaposition of a modern city built in haste and the superb ruins of former grandeur is unfortunate. The former suffers from the contrast, and is liable to be unduly disparaged. If the plain of Attica, which once permeated the world with Art and Philosophy, had been reverently set apart as a vast Museum or State Reserve, Greece might have revered it more and

might have been influenced by it in a greater degree. Familiarity has bred a sort of contempt. Many even of the educated classes in Athens confess that the Acropolis has no interest for them. Few of them ever visit it, and the work of exploration is left almost entirely to the foreign archæological schools.

Greek merchants and men of business are naturalised and prosperous citizens in many of the Western commercial centres, and are content to leave the Government of their country in the hands of a class of politicians who, with one or two exceptions, look upon Athens as a temporary refuge pending the dissolution of the Turkish Empire and the re-establishment of Constantinople as the capital of a new Greek Empire. Athens is a City of Great Expectations, which may or may not be realised, but which certainly retard its development by diverting men's thoughts to vague external schemes of Empire. If the Greeks had studied rightly the lesson of the History of Greece, they would not watch the course of events so impatiently and impotently, but would rather strive to show themselves worthy of their past and capable of taking a larger share in the control of Eastern Europe. In the short space of sixty years three revolutions have occurred; and recently Greece was only prevented by the brute force of a blockade from igniting a conflagration in the Balkan Peninsula. Greece is the stormy petrel of the Levant.

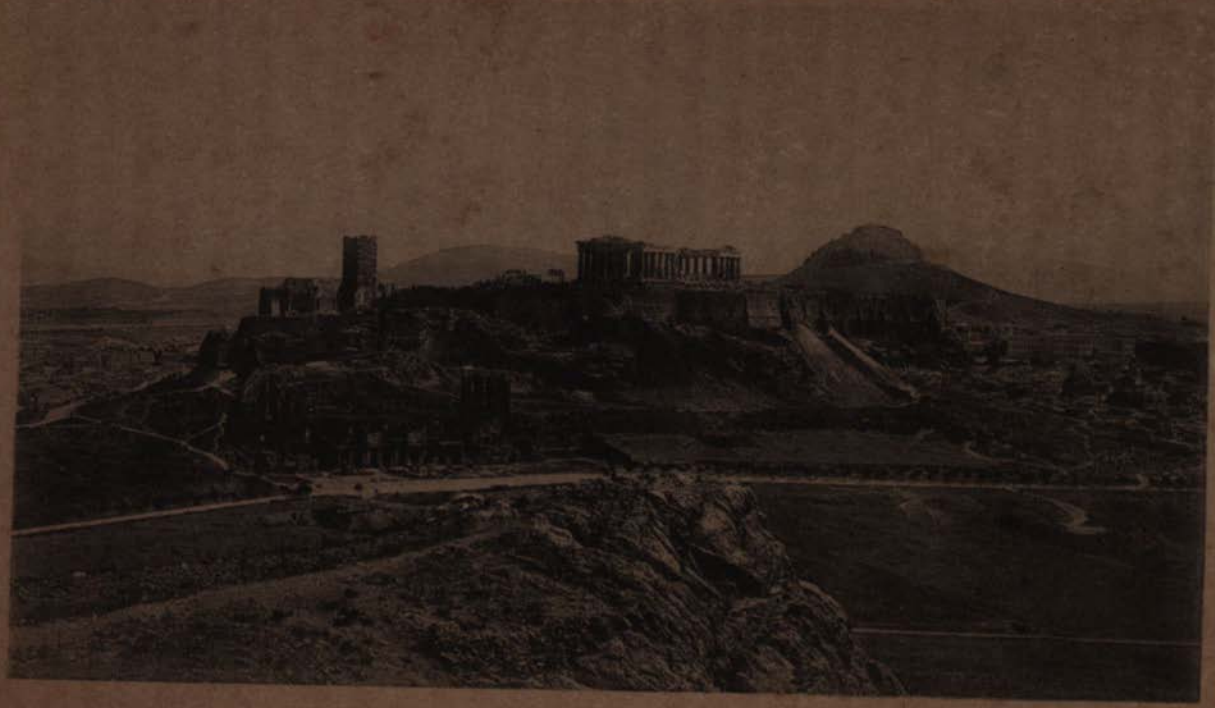
Such are some of the causes which make Modern Athens a disappointing place. Travellers visit Greece with the expectation of witnessing a revival of the old Greek spirit, but they find her exploited by lawyers and turbulent editors and in a condition of mild political brigandage. The language of Demosthenes, Plato, and Sophocles, rich, sonorous, delicate, nervous, and

expressive, has become a vapid, careless dialect; and literature is restricted to the journals of the day. The swarthy faces of the men bear no trace of the noble features of their reputed ancestors; and a beautiful or even a pretty woman is rarely seen. Comparatively few native costumes are worn, and almost every other passer-by is a soldier dressed in a slovenly uniform and slouching in gait. A smart, well-set up man is rare even among the officers. A private in a British regiment of Yeomanry or Militia presents a far more martial appearance. The salute is given in an offhand manner, more as a matter of courtesy than of military discipline.

It is, however, manifestly unfair to judge a young nation too harshly; and it should be remembered that Greece has but lately been awakened from the sleep of slavery. If her progress and her present condition disappoint her friends and cause some misgivings to those who would be glad to see an augmented Greece established on the Bosphorus as an obstacle to Russian aggression, it is too soon to say that as a nation she has failed. Antiquity has unfortunately set up a standard to which she cannot attain. The Acropolis, or rather those qualities which are represented by it, is her great stumbling-block; for it tends to prejudice men's minds against her. If Ancient Greece had not taken such a glorious part in History, Art, and Philosophy, Modern Greece would be regarded with less critical eyes. It is certainly hard upon her that it should be so, but as human nature is constituted it is not surprising.

The Acropolis rises like an altar out of the plain on the southern edge of the city. It is a plateau elevated above the lower ground on cliffs made more precipitous by the walls of Cimon and Themistocles, and is only accessible in one place where a magnificent flight of steps leads to the summit. It is several hundred feet

above the level of the sea, and the panoramic view it affords is very fine. Immediately below is the bright city with the cypresses appearing between the buildings, and beyond is the cone of Lycabettus. The dark-green patches in the plain are the olive groves, and the verdure of lighter hue marks the place of the vineyards. The long ridge of Hymettus, the home of the bees, clothed in a translucent violet veil of most delicate tissue, overlooks the city from the East and faces Skarmanga, the western barrier of the Attic plain; which on the north is fenced in by Parnes and Pentelicon. A purple tint, so fine that it does not blur the details, suffuses the hillsides; while brown and green predominate on the lower ground. Towards the south are the blue sounds and inlets of the Gulf of Athens, dotted over with islands. Ægina and Salamis seem to be floating on the luminous water, and the Peloponnesian hills in the distance are covered with patches of snow. Phalerum Bay indents the coast with a sweeping curve of azure water, and as the sun goes down the little waves sparkle in his light. The air is so clear that every gradation of shadow and every tint of colour on the islands and the mountains are faithfully transmitted through it. The moonlight aspect of the Acropolis represents with dramatic realism the vanished greatness of the land. When the moon has risen above the crest of Hymettus and begins to shed her serene light on the ruined columns and temples, the dim vista of the past seems to reach out spectrally from the present. The marble is converted into snow glimmering in the midst of deep shadows, and the weirdness of the scene is heightened by the only sound that breaks into the stillness, the cry of the wild-cats who have made their home among the shattered edifices. A perfect silence reigns in the city below, and, but for a few lights in the plain spread



ACROPOLIS

like stars in the sky, there would be no sign of life. Modern Athens is slumbering in the arms of History.

The Acropolis is under the care of the Greek Government, which deserves credit for excluding the tribe of officious guides who in other places destroy the pleasure of viewing an historical site. It is possible to climb the steps of the Propylæa, to wander in and out of the Parthenon and the Erechtheum, and to loiter in the midst of fragments of capitals and friezes from morning till night without the fear of being accosted by a *valet-de-place.* Although a human guide is not necessary in Athens, the silent, unobtrusive guide-book which, like a well-behaved child, only speaks when it is spoken to, is indispensable. The value of Murray cannot be over-estimated, but it is a too formidable depository of learning for the ordinary traveller, and its teeming pages savour too much of the lexicon and classical dictionary. But in the charming *Lettres Athéniennes* of M. de Mouy, formerly of the French Legation at Athens and now Ambassador at Rome, the great majority of travellers will find a sufficient store of archæology. The fault of superficiality which lessens the value of many French treatises is absent, yet the subject is discussed by a facile pen, wielded by a light hand. The style is familiar without being flippant. The book is no dry account of places and objects, but the reflections which they engender are interwoven with descriptions written in pellucid French prose. It is the work of a man of letters rather than of a professor, and it is therefore more interesting to the general reader; and it does not contain a single Greek quotation.

It was natural that such a remarkable hill as the Acropolis should have been assigned to religion at a very early date. There were short periods when it was the seat of Government and the stronghold of the old

Kings of Athens, but it was soon reserved for the edifices of public worship; and although it was occasionally utilised as a fortress and has stood more than one siege, it was never permanently devoted to any other purpose until the present century, when it became an outdoor museum of antiquities.

Whether the Portal at the foot of the stairway leading up to the entrance gate is the work of Romans, Franks, Florentines, or Turks is one of the many questions not yet answered by the archæologists. It is an opening in a wall constructed of blocks collected at random, put together without much method, and flanked by two plain towers, which give probability to the theory that the architect was a military engineer. The whole structure is very inferior in merit to the edifices on the summit, and therefore it would be unjust to ascribe it to the Greeks. It seems impossible that the Acropolis could have been left without a convenient means of access after it had been covered with masterpieces of architectural Art, and yet there is reason to believe that the flight of steps leading from the Portal to the Propylæa was built at a later date, and that a series of small platforms cut in the rock formed originally the only approach. It would not have been prudent to make the Acropolis, considered as a Citadel, too easy of access; and the robust and athletic Greeks who went up to it for religious purposes would not be deterred by the difficulty of climbing a hillside. There is no other example of a stairway in similar edifices, and therefore the silence of ancient Greek writers, to whom such a structure would appear unique, proves that the existing flight, which is in fair preservation, formed no part of the original design.

The main Portal is usually closed, and the entrance is through a passage in the adjacent Turkish bastion.

The path runs for a short distance under the wall to a side gate, then doubles back in a steep incline and emerges half-way up the stairway; where the white columns of the Propylæa overhang the ascent, flanked on the right hand by the temple of Wingless Victory and on the other by a pedestal which once supported a bronze statue of Agrippa. The ruined temple shows the vanity of the Athenians' pride and self-confidence in erecting a shrine to the god who, they fondly believed, would never withdraw his patronage from the city and fly away: and the pedestal from which the image of the Roman Emperor has long since disappeared stands to rebuke the pretensions of Rome. Of the three chief edifices on the Acropolis the Propylæa, or Entrance Gates, alone combine the Doric with the Ionic order. The columns of the façade are Doric, while those of the interior are Ionic; and the stern outlines and massive dignity of the former are relieved by the grace and elegance of the latter style. The Doric was an emblem of ancient simplicity and austerity, and it would have appeared somewhat forbidding at the entrance to the Acropolis if it had not been modified by the æstheticism of a later period. Yet the Ionic is kept in the background as though it had been admitted under protest, as a concession to the fashion of the day.

The ruined temples and the fragments strewn upon the platform will keep the archæologists of all nations busy for many generations; and the pages of the books which have been written on the subject of the Acropolis would cover a large portion of the area. If the ancient authors could have foreseen the insatiable curiosity of the nineteenth century, how much trouble they might have saved their successors by explaining many antiquarian and historical details which are now obscure and which give rise to the most extraordinary speculations! The

failing attributed to the Athenians of old, namely, a too eager desire after novelty, is no less imputable to some modern archæologists, whose aim is often to produce a new and startling theory by which accepted traditions shall be discredited. The variety of the materials and the meagreness of the available information encourage this propensity. In Archæology as in History destructive criticism is popular at the present time. While some things have been made plain others have been obscured. It might have been supposed that such a simple matter as the date of the great stairway would have been clearly elucidated ; yet if this is still an open question, in what mazes and wildernesses of conjecture will not the lesser objects of the Acropolis be lost! It is practically impossible to travel outside a very narrow track of uncontested facts without being involved in endless disputations.

Wild flowers have spread themselves over the summit, and the yellow daisies of a summer's growth gleam among ruined cornices and coffered ceilings and lay their gold beside broken columns of white marble. The platform is gradually assuming an appearance of order as the work of exploration proceeds, but the greater part is still covered with shapeless blocks of stone. Paths have been made through the *débris*, and the chief points of interest can be reached without clambering over the obstacles. The space between the Propylæa and the great temple has been cleared of its larger encumbrances, and the old road, corrugated in ridges and furrows to prevent slipping, and the depressions where the sacrificial altars stood, are now laid bare.

The despoiled and ruined Parthenon stands near the southern face of the Acropolis on the highest point of the plateau. The columns at either end are intact, but those in the middle part of the sides were overthrown two

hundred years ago when the powder magazine which the besieged Turks had placed in the heart of the temple was exploded by a Venetian bomb. The central portion of the edifice was shattered, and the ends alone are standing: but enough remains to show the magnificent proportions of the structure. It is the archetype of the beauty and the grandeur of simplicity. The massive Doric pillars rising immediately out of the basement and surmounted by a single capital are the ideal representation of purity in Art. When viewed from the slope inside the Propylæa the Parthenon stands against a background of blue sky. The full width of the westward front is displayed, and the few columns remaining on the northern side show the longitudinal extent of the temple, while the gaping void in the centre proclaims the measure of the destruction wrought by the explosion. Franks, Venetians, Turks, and Englishmen did their best to mutilate the structure, but they failed to annihilate it. Ruin has not made it less majestic or impressive. The pillars rear their heads to the sky as proudly as ever. During more than a score of centuries the Parthenon has been an object of admiring envy. No later building of the same style has equalled or even approached it, and its wounds testify to its place in the history of the world.

A shell from the siege train of Morosini the Venetian demolished the main portion, but the cry of lamentation over the ruins was not heard for more than a century, and it is only since the revival of archæology that the full extent of the loss has been appreciated. The Parthenon, moreover, has suffered almost as severely from its friends as from its foes. It has been looted by the principal museums of Western Europe. A Scotch Peer was the chief offender, and from the time of Byron he has been the target of censure, and with some justice.

But at the period when he carried away the frieze and presented it to the British Museum the Parthenon was not only neglected but also in the hands of the Turks; and he not unnaturally thought that the sculpture was in peril, and that it should be placed beyond the reach of mischief. The event proved that he was mistaken, but he should not be unduly blamed for not having foreseen that within a few years the Acropolis would look down upon a new Athens, the restored capital of the Greeks, and that the Parthenon would be taken under the protection of all the archæological schools of Europe. It would, however, be a graceful act on the part of England to restore to Greece the frieze which formed for many centuries the chief adornment of Minerva's Temple, but which now lies wrenched from its place and under the murky skies of London.

The general effect of Doric architecture supports the theory that the idea of it was derived from Egypt. Its massive proportions and simple grandeur recall the edifices of the more ancient civilisation, and even some of the details are reproductions. Fluted columns—the leading characteristic of the style—are found in a tomb in Nubia of the age of Rameses. No arches are used, because, as in Egypt, the beam is the constructive feature. But it is rather in the solidity and impressive elevation that the resemblance exists most strongly. Although an Egyptian Temple and a Greek Doric Temple have no similarity in plan, yet the same breadth and amplitude of design pervades them. Each is composed of huge blocks of stone wrought so carefully and exactly that their size does not give them an unwieldy appearance. The germ of the exotic was brought from the Nile, and the genius of the Greeks brought it to perfection. At first sight Doric architecture appears to be cold and precise. A closer examination will reveal



PARTHENON.

most delicate modifications. The columns do not decrease in breadth uniformly from the base to the summit. The profile is not a straight line, but a slight curve, termed the entasis or swell. It is imperceptible to the eye, but it softens the rigidity of the general effect. Without it a column would present a harsh appearance; but an inch or two of entasis endows it with grace. In like manner the columns are not perfectly vertical but slightly inclined inwards. Nor is this treatment confined to perpendicular lines. The steps leading up to the pavement from which the columns spring run from end to end of the building. If the eye is placed so that it can look along the line of the pavement or of the steps, it will be found that this line rises slightly in the centre and falls away a few inches towards the extremities; and wherever horizontal lines occur, as, for example, on the entablature, they are modified in this manner. By this subtle device, which only the sensitive eye of a Greek could have found necessary or could have appreciated, the tendency of Greek architecture towards formality was corrected. No modern architect has ever devised such a refined embellishment, which alone is sufficient to demonstrate the artistic talent of Ancient Greece. Yet the study of Classical architecture was for a long time so neglected that the horizontal convexity remained unnoticed until recent years.

Near the northern brow of the Acropolis and immediately opposite to the Parthenon stands a building in every way a contrast to it; the two edifices no doubt being intended by the unerring instinct of the Greeks to set off each other's characteristics. The Parthenon is a vast structure of compact figure and regular design admirably adapted to display the simplicity and dignity of the Doric order. The Erechtheum, on the other hand,

is a group of three small temples combined in one medium-sized building of irregular shape. The style is Ionic, and the pillars are therefore light and graceful and the capitals richly ornamented with volutes. As the Parthenon is the grandest so the Erechtheum is the most beautiful of all Greek structures. The skill with which the difficulties arising from the inequalities of the ground have been overcome is remarkable. The three porches are on different levels and face in different directions, yet the whole is in perfect harmony. It is impossible to detect a *back*, so to speak, to the edifice. From every point of view it presents a symmetrical appearance. The Portico of the Caryatides is still very lovely, although of the original six Maidens supporting the beam but three remain; and these have suffered violence. One figure which was carried away by Lord Elgin into captivity in the British Museum has been replaced by an imitation in terra-cotta, and another has been restored by a German sculptor. In spite of the iconoclastic nineteenth century the Erechtheum is still the most admirable building in Greece; and what it must have been in ancient times can only be conjectured by the help of the exquisite fragments lying around it. The ground is strewn with enriched entablatures, stone fret-work, guilloche ornaments, carved cornices, and coffered ceilings. The architect had thrown off the restraint of the severer Doric, and revelled in the lavish decorations admissible in the Ionic, in which an Asiatic influence is discernible. As the Greeks became more luxurious, they tired of the stern and solid Doric which they had derived from Africa, and borrowed from another continent. The Ionic volute is found in Persian ruins, and the general style of the ornamentation indicates an Asiatic prototype refined and simplified by a due admixture of the plainer order. The Greeks were

adapters rather than originators. Whatever was worthy of assimilation in foreign art they annexed with excellent judgment.

Two theatres, one Greek, the other Roman, lie under the shelter of the southern wall of the rose-grey Acropolis. The former is dedicated to Dionysos and is open to the sky. The auditorium faces the Bay of Phalerum and the Gulf of Ægina, an ideal background to any drama. No less than thirty thousand playgoers could find seats to witness the first representation of a tragedy by Sophocles or Euripides. The lower tiers are fitted with marble stalls engraved with the titles of the officials who occupied them of right. In the place of honour in the centre is the fauteuil of the Priest of Dionysos. Near it are the stalls assigned to the Priest of the Muses, the Priest of the Twelve Gods, the Priest of Hephaistos, and the Priest of Asclepios. Inscriptions elsewhere set apart the seats of the Thesmothete, the Polemarch, and the Herald; and in the rear semicircular benches for the common people rise tier above tier. The seats are roomier and more comfortable than the stalls of a modern theatre, but as the building was without a roof and lay open to the meridian the sun must have beaten down fiercely upon the audience. The scenery was meagre and simple, but the genius of the poet enabled the spectator to supply the deficiencies and picture the scene in his mind's eye. The narrowness of the stage precluded much action, and the performance partook of the nature of a recitation; the literary rather than the spectacular merits of the piece determining its popularity. A Greek play was not dependent upon stage carpenters nor even upon actors for its success.

A few steps only divide the centuries in Athens. At a short distance from the Theatre of Dionysos is the Odeum of Regilla, a building the Roman origin of

which is declared at once by the use of small arched windows. It was formerly roofed; and until a recent period it was filled with earth and used as a bastion.

Below the Propylæa a small spur runs out from the base of the Acropolis, and a rugged mass of rock on the summit is the famed Areopagus. Here the Courts of Law were held, and here also the Athenians listened to the appeals of St. Paul on behalf of the Unknown God. A little further to the west is another historical spot, the Pnyx. A rough pulpit hewn out of the living rock stands in the midst of a grassy ridge overlooking the slope on which the fickle crowd was wont to gather to hear the address of a Demosthenes at a political meeting. Midway between the Areopagus and the railway-station—it seems an outrage on the ancients to use the latter as a point of direction—is the old Temple of Theseus. It was completed before the first stone of the Parthenon had been laid, and notwithstanding that it has been used by successive conquerors as a prison, as a storehouse, and as barracks, it is still uninjured. It is a plain oblong building of masonry surrounded by a Doric colonnade; and although the proportions are not very good and the capitals are unwieldy, it is interesting as the rough model out of which the Great Temple of the Acropolis was developed. At one time it was a Christian Church dedicated to the Patron Saint of England. Its lowly position and the greater attractions elsewhere have no doubt saved it from spoliation, but the sacrilegious hand of Modern Greece has touched its precincts profanely, in the literal sense of the word, and the space before the Temple is now used as a Parade Ground.

Recent excavations have laid open the Cerameicus, a suburban quarter of Ancient Athens, in which the cemetery was situated. The Romans used the old

burying place as a site for new buildings—an example which has been occasionally followed in London at the present time—and the surface is strewn with the remains of the habitations of the living as well as of the dead. Many monuments and pillars of grey marble inscribed with the names of the dead are scattered over the area. A tomb erected on the grave of a Thracian consul, who bore the honoured name of Pythagoras, has these words:—

"In the respect due to his title of Proxenos and to his own merits as well as those of his ancestors, the Athenians have here buried at the cost of the State Pythagoras, son of Dionysos. Selymbria, famous for its chargers, his native place, mourns his loss."

On a neighbouring pillar is written this epitaph:—

"Here are buried Therpsander and Simylos of Corfu. Both having come as Ambassadors to Athens died accidentally. The Athenians have erected a tomb to them at the cost of the State."

The hospitality of Athens was not confined to the living: the Athenians were always eager to do honour to the memory of distinguished strangers to whom fate had allotted a grave in Attica. When a Prince who bore a name that once was the most powerful in Europe died fighting England's battles his body was not allowed a resting-place in Westminster Abbey.

Some of the monuments are figured with representations of military prowess. A high relief of Pentelicon marble—the hill from which it was quarried overlooks the city—pictures in life-size a young knight transfixing with his spear an enemy fighting under his horse's feet. The hero was

"Dexileos, son of Lysanias, born during the archonship of Tersander, died during that of Eubulides; one of the five knights killed at Corinth."

These simple words have preserved to posterity the

name of a young soldier who perished in an act of valour. On two adjacent pillars are the names of his brother and sister,

"Lysias, son of Lysanias, and Melitta, daughter of Lysanias."

A bas-relief dedicated to Corallion, wife of Agathon, has raised a delicate question. The neuter form of the woman's name should indicate that she belonged to the *demi-monde* of Athens, and her reputation is in the hands of the archæologists. Neither her family nor her birthplace is mentioned, a somewhat suspicious circumstance. Yet there is nothing in her sculptured figure to suggest that she had transgressed the barriers of honour. Corallion is seated veiled, with her graceful form enveloped in the modest folds of her garment, while her husband, Agathon, stands before her in an attitude of respectful tenderness. The outlines of her features are soft and her expression is intellectual.

Another bas-relief represents a young and lovely girl gazing at a ring taken from a casket of jewels which a slave holds before her. Her small head is slightly bent over her bosom, her hair is gathered into a snood, her form is perfect; and the exquisite curve of her lips, the refinement of her profile, and her graceful pose complete the elegiac picture of a dead girl cut off before her time looking at the gems which, when living, she had made more dazzling. Though many centuries have passed since Hegeso was beautiful in Athens, tears are still drawn into the eyes by the touching contrast of life and death. Perhaps the artist who transmuted the cold stone into a poem was her lover; and the music of her lips was lingering in his heart and the glance of her sweet eyes was yet upon him as his chisel cut into the marble which should record to all time the beauty of

"Hegeso, daughter of Proxenos."

The pillar of Dionysos, a person of whom nothing is known, is inscribed with two epitaphs in verse; one on the architrave, the other on the base :—

"It is not difficult to commend excellent men: commendations crowd upon them. Thou art dead, having obtained them, O Dionysos, now stretched upon the inevitable Persephone's couch, that is common to all."

The lower inscription records the grief of the survivors :—

"Here the Earth covers thy body, Dionysos; the Master of all possesses thy undying spirit. Thou hast bequeathed at death an eternal mourning to thy friends, to thy mother, to thy sisters. Thy two countries, one which gave thee birth, and that other under whose laws thou didst place thyself, have loved thee for thy great wisdom."

Surely the stiff and formal compositions usually inscribed upon modern tombs might advantageously be permeated by some of the earnest simplicity of the ancient epitaphs!

A few hundred yards from the Cerameicus is its antithesis in every respect, the modern Bazaar. The archæologists have not yet decided whether the latter occupies the site of the Market Place of old Athens, which at one time resounded with the billingsgate of the Sausage-Seller in "The Knights" of Aristophanes and at another echoed with the discourses of Socrates. If so, the water-clock on the Tower of the Winds would tell the time of day to the dealers and loafers: and as time-pieces are usually placed in the vicinity of places of public resort, the argument in favour of the identity of the modern Bazaar with the ancient Agora is strengthened. In the centre is the clock-tower presented by Lord Elgin to the people of Athens in return for the loot of the Parthenon, and at the end is one of the few extant relics of Turkish rule, a mosque which has been converted into barracks by the

present Government. The Tower of the Winds is an octagonal structure adorned with allegorical friezes. Boreas is represented as a bearded man holding a conch-shell; the gentle Zephyr carries flowers in his hand; Libs lifts the poop of a ship: but although the emblems are appropriate the execution of the work is heavy and unpleasing. The weathercock which once crowned the summit has disappeared, but traces of the old sun-dial and of the cistern which supplied the clepshydra with water drawn from a spring issuing from the Acropolis can still be seen.

The degree of estimation in which a work of art is held is sometimes more dependent upon external circumstances than upon actual merit. The Gate of Hadrian stands at the edge of the open space, once occupied by the Temple of Zeus, between the Boulevard of the Philhellenes and the little river Ilissus. In any other city it would be admired, but it has the misfortune to be overshadowed by the Acropolis. Persons who before their arrival in Greece would have had difficulty in pointing out the difference between a Doric and a Corinthian capital are the first to detect its defects, and the ready jargon of shallow criticism is hurled at it. Of the six score columns which once were ranged around and within the Temple of Zeus but sixteen remain; and the numerous statues of himself set up by the vain Augustus, the Emperor by whom the temple was completed, have all vanished. Some of the columns, which are Corinthian and not in the best style of that order, have been overthrown of late years by natural causes. The children of Athens clamber up the fallen columns lying in order on the ground; the acanthus leaves of the capitals are in the dust; and a coffee-stall has been set up in the ruined colonnade of an edifice declared by an ancient writer to be the one

temple on earth worthy of the majesty of the god to whom it was dedicated. It occupied an acre and a half of ground, and was only surpassed in size by the Temple of Diana at Ephesus. Now its site is indicated by a few pillars standing in a stony void outside the city.

Eleusis, Tatoi, and Marathon lie respectively North-West, North, and North-East of Athens, but the divergence in their directions is small compared with the diversity of their claims upon a traveller. Each is a place of interest, Eleusis as the scene of ancient mystical rites, Tatoi as a king's country palace, and Marathon—but all the world knows why Marathon is famous. The road to Eleusis leaves the city near the Cerameicus, and having crossed the new Peloponnesian railway on the level, traverses a belt of olive groves and passes by a powder-mill. The railway station and the powder-mill are not succeeded by further manifestations of the spirit of the age, and the road plunges into ancient history without warning and enters the pass of Daphni, where a few relics of the past have been left by Time and his equally destructive rival Lord Elgin. On either side the rocks are half hidden by scattered bushes and dark-green firs, and soon a bend in the road discloses the broad bay of Eleusis, a far-stretching sheet of the purest blue water, fringed with gleaming white sands and shut in by rugged hills of grey, olive, and purple. Salamis, a tiny village glittering in the sun, is close to the scene of the great naval battle which Themistocles won by an artifice. When his countrymen had almost determined on flight, he disclosed their intentions to the Persians, who immediately surrounded them and forced a battle. The victory of the Greeks gave occasion for an electoral experiment; and for the first time on record the single transferable vote was used, a method of suffrage which

after many years has been again suggested as the surest means of determining the will of the people. When the battle was over it was put to the vote among the captains who should be selected as the bravest, and each officer, notwithstanding the very questionable honour which a victory thus won reflected upon him individually, wrote his own name first, and that of Themistocles second, who thus obtained a majority of the suffrages. After emerging from the pass of Daphni the road goes down to the shore and skirts it until the village is reached. Eleusis is placed upon a promontory jutting out a little way into the bay: an ancient mole still gives shelter to a few fishing-boats; and the ruins of Demeter's Temple are on the low hill whereon of old stood a smaller Acropolis.

Tatoi is placed upon Mount Parnes and surrounded by wooded slopes and hills. It is a most charming spot, where climbing roses abound and form delightful avenues and bowers and cool nooks, which are all the more grateful when the dust-storm is seen whirling upon the plain below. Athens and the Acropolis are prominent in the middle distance, and beyond them are the turquoise waters of the Mediterranean: and in the rear the mountain rises to the old fortress of Decelea, which in the other direction looks down upon Eubœa. If the contrast between Tatoi and the classical localities is great, it is not wholly one of Time, for Nature is older than History; and though the gardens and the copses have been but lately planted, yet the flowers which blossom and the trees which give shade in that pleasant retreat of the Scandinavian King of the Greeks were there long before the masons were fashioning the stones of the Parthenon.

If all travellers were compelled to state truthfully the motives which induce them to visit Marathon the feelings of the Muse of History would often be cruelly wounded by the disclosures. Some go because they are afraid to

stay away; others from a reluctant sense of what is due to the classical education they received in youth; others because they will be in pleasant companionship; but not one in ten performs the task in a frame of mind that would satisfy Clio. The pleasure of seeing a spot which preserves little or no trace of the historical event connected with it will, if analysed, be found to be derived almost wholly from the imagination, which could readily supply the necessary associations in any other convenient locality with no greater effort than is necessary to re-enact a scene of the past on its original stage.

Marathon is about twenty miles from Athens. The road rises gradually from the plain and enters a depression between Hymettus and Pentelicon. During the first two hours of the journey the drive is uninteresting, and rough ground strewn with rocks lies on either hand, but further on is a picturesque valley filled with pines and shrubs and wild flowers. The horses are changed at a bridge crossing a little stream, and here, only a few miles from the field on which the ancient Greeks defeated the Persians, some modern Greeks performed the most cruel act of brigandage of the present century, and brought disgrace to the honoured name of Marathon and furnished another remarkable instance of the irony of history. The road follows the valley until the latter opens on to the Straits of Eubœa, and the battle-field is soon reached. It is a level tract lying between a range of grey hills and the belt of water separating the island from the mainland, and it is formed into a crescent by the encircling ridges and the curve of the bay. Fields of corn, vineyards, and orchards occupy the battle-field; and the cultivated patches near the shore are surrounded by the reedy growths of the marsh, which has not yet been entirely reclaimed. Bucolic quiet broods upon the scene. Birds sing in the sunshine, husbandmen move

lazily among the crops, and here and there a cottage stands in a clump of trees. The dark cones of a few cypresses are the only feature in the landscape, except the sleepy village of Marathon, which lies at the edge of the plain all unconscious of its fame. Across the channel, on which perhaps a solitary sail may be seen, rise the neutrally coloured hills of Eubœa, whose shelter prevents the winds from stirring too violently the waves that break upon the sandy shore, and makes the bay a safe place of disembarkation for an invading army.

The absence of conspicuous landmarks renders it difficult to follow the recorded incidents of the battle, but it is evident that the character of the ground—a plain flanked by practicable hills — gave no special advantage to a small force contending against a large army, and the victory of the Greeks is all the more creditable to them.

It was inevitable that spurious antiquities should be found upon such an historic site. Wherever the pilgrims go, there sooner or later such objects as are likely to interest them will be pointed out, in order to attest the credibility of the tradition by circumstantial evidence. At Elsinore, the scene of a well-known tragedy which either Shakespeare or Lord Bacon did not write, the guides have invented a tomb of Hamlet; and a fictitious tomb of Juliet is pointed out at Verona. In the reliquary of an old church on the Rhine the skull of St. Peter when he was a boy is shown. In like manner a mound at Marathon on which the tourist eats his luncheon and drinks to the memory of the fallen was said to be the grave of the one hundred and ninety-two Athenians who fell in the battle. When, however, the tumulus was lately opened it was found to contain, not the bones of the Greeks, but the arrow-heads of a prehistoric period. A small portion of that imagination which every traveller

should possess is all that is necessary to rectify the mistake.

The event of Marathon is too remote to excite enthusiasm. Most persons will feel satisfaction at the result of the battle, tempered by the knowledge that in those days whenever a nation was not engaged in defending its own liberties it was generally attacking the liberties of another. In justice to the Persians it must be said that they probably had as much excuse for invading Greece as Great Britain had in the last century for invading the provinces of the Mogul Empire. It is unfair to judge them too harshly because they were defeated ingloriously at Marathon. Had they been successful the modern world would have regarded the issue much as it regards the Moorish invasion of Spain, the Spanish invasion of South America, the Mahomedan invasions of India, and other similar events—as interesting facts in history, not exactly deserving of approval, but exciting no very violent feelings of indignation, and offering no practical reason for regret on account of their influence on the history of the world.

A voyage in the Levant among the isles of Greece is esteemed to be the most poetic phase of travel: but poetry and romance, no less than the more material forms of enjoyment, are frequently dependent on the weather for their power of giving pleasure, and the early days of May in the Archipelago are often as cold and as wet as in England. When Psarra, Skio, and Mitylene can only be seen dimly through a rain-cloud, when a bleak wind blows down from Thessaly, when the deck is covered with groups of sea-sick Levantines, the romantic perspective of the Ægean of the past is concealed by the unalluring foreground. Neither Sappho nor Lord Byron could have written poetry under such circumstances.

In justice, however, to the Mediterranean it must be acknowledged that the bad weather is usually local and temporary. Ships pass in and out of a gale in the course of a few hours. The moods of the Terrene Sea are essentially feminine. A short display of hasty temper, a downfall of passionate tears, are soon succeeded by smiles and bright glances.

The necessity of subordinating the non-Anglo-Saxon races to laws and regulations is curiously exemplified in the codes of rules which are hung up conspicuously in the majority of foreign ships. The conduct of an Englishman and even of an American is governed by instinct, and is generally correct. He usually acts upon the principle—and there is much to be said in favour of it—that Rules are made for Fools, and his natural inclination is to infringe them; therefore the fewer there are the better. In dealing with a Frenchman, an Italian, or a German, on the other hand, it appears to be necessary to assume that he may claim the right to do whatever is not expressly forbidden. In the regulations of the Austrian-Lloyd steamers running between the Piræus and Constantinople appears this remarkable appeal in four languages:—

"Persons having the right to be treated as persons of education will no doubt conform themselves to the Rules of Good Society by respecting their fellow-travellers and paying a due regard to the Fair Sex."

This quotation from the common law of manners, preceded by others of the same nature, is brought prominently to the notice of every passenger entering the saloon. A different state of things prevails on board an English ship, where the rules have been tersely codified into one short sentence—"Do not speak to the Man at the Wheel."

As the steamer approaches the coast of Asia Minor

the temptation to quote Virgil and to make classical allusions becomes strong, but it should be steadfastly resisted. Ships of moderate tonnage use the channel between Tenedos and the mainland, and pass across the mouth of Besika Bay, which ten years ago was the lair of the British Fleet. It is scarcely better than an open roadstead, but the island gives it some protection. A line of disused wind-mills flanks a picturesque village on the crest of the slopes north of the Bay, and the coast falls away to Kum Kaleh, a town built on a sandy spit near the mouth of the divine Scamander and commanding the entrance to the Dardanelles. The cuneiform ledges of Imbro rise out of the water on the port bow, and the cone of Mount Athos, where a Russian community, half military and half monastic, is established in a Turkish province, is sometimes seen on the horizon a hundred miles away in the West; and the site of Troy is but a short distance beyond the low hills on the shore towards the East. A high promontory of white and yellow cliffs and rich green slopes stands on the European side of the Dardanelles and looks down upon the low Asiatic shore-line, which after bearing away for a few miles once more approaches humbly the bolder hills of the European bank.

At Chanak, where the hills form a promontory running into a corresponding bay on the Asiatic shore, the banks are hardly half a mile apart; and at the City of Dardanelles all ships are obliged to call for permission to ascend the channel which divided Hero from Leander. Beyond Chanak the Straits again broaden out and the European shore loses much of its boldness; but if the evening lights are drawing over the land the quiet beauty of the scenery is very pleasing to the eye.

A run of ten or twelve hours across the Sea of Marmora, which takes its name from an island of marble

near the Asiatic shore, brings the steamer within a few miles of Constantinople. The green fields around San Stefano come in sight, and a bright and sunny shore, over which the dim figures of the Balkans are sometimes visible, glides past. The domes and minarets of Stamboul appear on the water-line, and in a little while the wall and towers of the city take shape among the mass of buildings. The dark-green cypress groves rise beyond the yellow houses of Scutari, and far away in the East the snows of the Asian mountains glisten in the light. As Seraglio Point is rounded Pera and the Tower of Galata seem to spring out of the mouth of the Golden Horn, and the blue stream of the Bosphorus is seen stretching away to the North. A forest of masts grows along the shore, but many of the usual features of a Western seaport are absent. No plain, unsightly warehouses disfigure the margin of the water, and there is not a dock or a quay in sight.

The steamer is moored in the stream off Pera, and is soon surrounded by a flotilla of shore-boats. The necessary ceremony of quarantine is performed in a leisurely and perfunctory manner; the passengers, impatient at the delay, scramble over the side and enter the Ottoman Empire at the Custom House Wharf, a dirty, awkward landing not larger or more convenient than the quay of a small fishing village in Ireland.

CHAPTER XXVII.

ON THE SHORES OF THE BOSPHORUS.

IT is natural that a silver key should facilitate access to the Golden Horn, and if it is not used when the baggage and the passports are examined at the little wooden shed which does duty as a Custom House, difficulties may arise, and obnoxious books such as a history of the Greek War of Independence or a too candid Guide to Turkey, either of which may be freely purchased from the booksellers of Pera, will be confiscated. An alley that would be thought squalid in Seven Dials leads from the landing-place into Galata; the imperial aspect of Constantinople when viewed from a distance seems to have passed away like a dream, and a feeling of intense disappointment succeeds the admiration which the appearance of the City lately excited as the ship was steaming in from the Sea of Marmora.

Constantinople, the languishing capital of a moribund Empire, is built, like Rome, upon seven hills; and like Cæsar's Gaul, is divided into three parts, two of which, Pera and Stamboul, are in Europe, while Scutari on the other side of the Bosphorus is in Asia. The Golden Horn separates Pera from Stamboul, which are again connected by two clumsy wooden bridges, one of which serves also as a steamboat-pier. Stamboul is triangular in shape, having the Golden Horn and the Sea of Marmora for sides and the Roman Wall for base. The

more densely populated portion lies towards the apex and along the water; and in the direction of the wall the habitations gradually become less frequent. A valley through which trickles the little rivulet Lycus runs parallel to the Golden Horn and cuts off a third of the triangle. The condition of the dirty and ill-paved streets makes it impossible to roam through them with pleasure either on foot or in a carriage, and the tramway running across the city from end to end is on the whole the least disagreeable method of examining the native quarter and of reaching the outer wall. It starts from the New Bridge, and passing in front of the fine Mosque of Valideh Sultan ascends the hill and skirts the wall of the Sublime Porte, from which it soon doubles back in the direction of the great wall. The Sublime Porte is a Palace and Citadel built upon the apex of the triangle. Its precincts have been invaded by the railway, an innovation which has been fated to attack the most Turkish and conservative quarter of Constantinople. Mosques, large and small, are everywhere seen.

The renowned Mosque of St. Sophia is outwardly an unsightly structure. Its external appearance is so indifferent that but for its repute no one would be encouraged to enter it. An irregular pile of detached walls, arches, buttresses, low roofs, and outbuildings, surmounted by a dome and flanked by four minarets of simple and not very pleasing design, is disappointing to travellers who have gazed at the splendid and symmetrical elevations of the Mosques of India. But the grandeur and magnificence of the interior soon make up for the want of beauty in the exterior. When the great bronze doors are opened, disappointment is forgotten in wonder and admiration. The edifice is on a scale so colossal that the sense of vastness and magnitude soon overpowers every other feeling, and

renders the mind indifferent to details. It is as though a great solitude were imprisoned within walls. The mightiest columns in the world spring out of the pavement, a spacious apse stands towards the East, a greater vault is overhead. All the decorations are structural; a small pulpit, a few platforms for readers, and a long array of lamps being the only furniture. Nearly two hundred feet above the floor is the wonderful pendentive dome, resting on half-domes and arches in such a manner that no part has a support immediately beneath it, and it seems in consequence to be poised in space. It is emblazoned with letters fifty feet in length, and on the spherical curves between the base and the half-domes are the four archangels with folded wings and faces hidden by stars. Below are a circular gallery and a row of granite pillars with a pier at either end, a vast mass of masonry faced with coloured marbles. Four monolithic columns of green granite, brought from Diana's Temple at Ephesus, having on either side twelve others, support the women's gallery; and near the western wall stand other four columns of red porphyry, which once were in the Roman Temple of the Sun. Outside the colonnades are aisles walled with marble and large enough to contain the population of a considerable village; while in the whole space of the Mosque twenty-five thousand persons once took refuge, half of whom were massacred within the sacred walls by Mahomed the Second. Behind the western wall is a lofty corridor, and another beyond it reached through brazen doors, huge castings still declaring the Christian origin of the edifice in the maimed upright of the Cross, the arms of which have been destroyed. Another vestige of the older worship is a figure of Christ, which, in spite of many layers of gilding, can still be traced; and the true orientation of the building, which, unlike other

mosques, does not face towards Mecca, also proves its Christian purpose. The defect is roughly corrected by the position of the prayer carpets, which lie at an angle with the axis. No one who has seen the interior of St. Sophia will greatly wonder at the mediæval superstition which assigned a supernatural origin to its design. For eleven hundred years the Church and Mosque has been constantly endangered by natural and political disturbances, and yet it is still one of the wonders of the world.

The evening service during Ramadan, the Mahomedan Lent, is an impressive sight. The interior is illuminated with thousands of tiny lamps, and long lines of worshippers stand in rows diagonally across the floor facing the Mihrab, which, as the edifice was not built in the direction of Mecca, is not in the centre but slightly inclined towards the south. At a given signal all the people kneel down and touch the ground with their foreheads, and as they rise the great cry "There is no God but God" echoes in the domes and aisles; then a solitary voice far away in the distance chants the sacred verses, and soon the congregation bow down with hands on their knees and crouch to the earth. The vast area of the interior, bounded only by the gloom of the side aisles and the domes, seems to be increased by the orderly arrangement of the worshippers in lines; the silence is unbroken save by the tongue of the reader and the solemn cry that comes at intervals from the lips of the people.

The Great Mosque of Sultan Ahmed is not far from St. Sophia. Like the latter, its exterior is unpleasing, but its size and internal simplicity give it great beauty within. Four fluted marble pillars, no less than twelve yards in diameter, support the dome of the vast fabric. The upper parts are decorated in blue and white, and

MOSQUE OF AHMED.

the effect of the great canopy thus coloured is very fine. The edifice is kept cleaner and in better repair than St. Sophia, and it has the almost unique distinction of being flanked by six instead of by four minarets. The founder was compelled by the religious sentiment of the time, which considered that an affront had been put upon the Great Mosque at Mecca, to add two minarets to that shrine; an addition not in accordance with the genius of Saracenic architecture. Four minarets are all that is required to give the necessary balance to the design.

In the Turkish Mosques the absence of beauty and artistic care in the minuter structural decorations, and the presence of makeshift embellishments, are at once noticed by those who have seen the Jumma Musjids of India. Though the designs are frequently as grand in conception and in execution, the ornaments are often tawdry; paint is used in place of marble on the walls, and decay and neglect are hidden for a generation by whitewash and gilt.

Outside the Mosque of Sultan Ahmed is the Hippodrome of Constantine, now an open square, wherein Greek, Roman, and Mediæval History are brought together. The minaret galleries, from which the *muezzin* calls good Mussulmans into the Mosque every afternoon at the hour of prayer, look down upon these ancient columns. One is an Egyptian obelisk another is the stone core of a bronze monument, and the third is the Column of the Three Serpents, a bronze pillar which is supposed once to have supported the tripod of Apollo's priestess at Delphi. The Greeks are said to have presented it to the oracle after the battle of Platæa; and Constantine set it up to adorn his city on the Bosphorus, where travellers from all countries curiously gaze at it under the shadow of Sultan Ahmed's Mosque.

Whether the Bazaar of Stamboul exists chiefly for the profit of the purchaser or of the seller or of the dragoman with whom most travellers encumber themselves is a question not easy to determine. The presence of a middleman appears to be indispensable to bring the producer into relation with the consumer not only of the material things of commerce, but also of things incorporeal, such as the opinion of counsel or the right to receive so much per annum in dividends. An Eastern dragoman is not by nature a more unprincipled person than a solicitor or a stockbroker, but the temptations to which he is exposed are greater. He acts as *cicerone* to a Frank who in his view is a wealthy man, who is ignorant of the language and of the customs of the people and also of the value of commodities in the money of the place. He is paid not only by his employer, but also by a percentage on the money expended by the latter, and therefore it is his interest not to allow the prices to be unduly depressed. He is practically master of the situation. He can boycott the dealers and mislead his patron almost with impunity. Yet he is a necessary evil. Without his aid a traveller would probably fail to acquire anything he desired at a reasonable price. But if the traveller has a certain independence of character and is a judge of men he may generally extract some benefit out of the presence of the dragoman. The latter should be regarded as a half-trained pointer: he should not be implicitly trusted under all circumstances of time and place. Those shops which he palpably ignores should not always be avoided, nor should his own particular selections be regarded as indisputably the best. On the whole, however, the average dragoman conducting the average tourist to the average Turkish shopkeeper has the most profitable occupation of the three.

The Bazaar of Stamboul is almost a town in itself. A network of covered arcades lined with stalls and benches covers an area of many acres. The articles for sale are of all kinds, but each trade is confined to one particular locality. One aisle is occupied by the jewellers, another by the shoemakers and workers in leather, another by the booksellers, another by the dealers in silks and embroideries, and so on. It is a curious and a picturesque rather than a very attractive sight. The atmosphere is close and sickly; for the bazaar is always densely crowded except on Friday, the Mahomedan day of rest. The aggregate length of the aisles and arcades extends to some miles, and a whole day can easily be spent in them even if much time is not wasted in chaffering and higgling. The best class of articles will be found in the inner shops at the rear of the benches; but the commodities are not generally remarkable either for beauty, utility, or cheapness. As a spectacle of Eastern manners the bazaar is an interesting place in which to wile away an hour or two, but not with a view of expending money to advantage.

Each street in Constantinople supports its own colony of dogs, who defend it against all canine intruders. If a strange dog invades the premises, he is set upon by the local pack and quickly retreats, or is killed. The animals are by no means miserable in appearance. Their fearless confidence shows that they are not ill-treated, and many of them are fat. They lie at full length on the pavement or under the kerbstones, regardless of the inconvenience they cause. A few who are maimed or wounded have suffered more probably from their own carelessness than from any active cruelty on the part of the inhabitants; and on the whole they seem to lead tolerably happy lives. It might have been thought that hydrophobia would have been very prevalent

among so many ownerless dogs; but such a terrible calamity as a city infested with rabid animals does not appear ever to have occurred.

The distance between Seraglio Point and the Walls is more than four miles. Stamboul was fortified along the sea-shore as well as on the landward side, but only the latter remains in a defensible condition. In the period intervening between the reign of Constantine the Great and the death of his successor, the Constantine who fell at the head of his soldiers on the birthday of the Ottoman Empire of Constantinople, the Walls had a full share of fighting. The battlements bear not only the scars of Time but also the wounds inflicted by the rude implements of war used in ancient sieges; and a long line of ruined towers on triple walls breached in many places joins the Sea of Marmora to the Golden Horn. The parapet gives a grand view of the city and its vicinity. To the westward lie the green plains of Roumelia, broad and rich and unbroken by hills for miles; and near the walls are the dark groves of cypress which embower the cemeteries outside the gates. On the other side is Stamboul, with its little grey and brown houses peeping out of a mass of foliage, and standing up against the sky above them are the minarets and domes of St. Sophia and the Mosque of Sultan Ahmed; while beyond the Bosphorus is Scutari, the Asiatic ward of Constantinople. On the south the Sea of Marmora unrolls its broad silver band, and the slopes of Pera and Galata are seen rising from the northern shore of the Golden Horn. Even under a dull sky the picture is fine, but when lit up by a gorgeous sunset or shining in the full blaze of a summer noon it is superb.

Stamboul has lately been placed in direct communication by train with Western Europe, and the next few years may completely change its aspect. At present it

is essentially Turkish. Though it is traversed by a tramway and a railway, it has hitherto been less altered than many Indian towns by the intrusion of Western ideas. In spite of the geography books, Stamboul is in Asia. The features of almost every passer-by are those of a Turkish face, wearing that half-proud, half-mournful expression characteristic of a fallen race of warriors preparing for retreat into Asia.

Time is fighting against the Crescent. Pera has been taken and a veiled enemy is lurking under the walls of Stamboul. The Turk cannot yet discern the face of the unseen foe; he knows not whether it be the visage of a Muscovite, a Schlave, or a Greek. The very names of his city show him that he is an intruder. Constantinople speaks of the Roman Empire, Stamboul and Pera are two Greek words, and Galata is said to be so called from a colony of the Gauls. The Turkish armies which once threatened Vienna and recently garrisoned Belgrade are now hemmed in by the Balkans. Another generation may see them expelled into Anatolia, for though the Eastern Question has lasted in an almost unchanged form from the time of the Crusades until now, it does not seem probable that it can continue unanswered much longer. The precedent of the Moorish occupation of Spain will be followed. Then a kindred race to the Turks overthrew a decrepit offshoot of the Roman Empire and maintained itself for centuries, until it made itself impossible. The end cannot be very far off, and then Anatolia will be to the coming Empire of the Balkan peninsula what Morocco is now to the Iberian peninsula.

Galata is the trading quarter of the city lying on the slopes and foot of the hill overlooking the mouth of the Golden Horn from the north. The narrow streets are crowded with strolling foot-passengers who, whether

they are coming or going, are equally in the way. Almost all the houses are shops, yet few of them attain the dimensions of a warehouse, although Constantinople is favourably placed for commerce, and is moreover one of the largest cities in the world. The colony of Western Europe is at Pera on the crest of the hill. It can be reached from Galata either by a steep and tortuous street or by an inclined railway which climbs the ascent in a tunnel and emerges in the upper air near the end of the main thoroughfare and not far from a conspicuous landmark—the Genoese Tower of Galata. The pavement of Pera would be condemned even by a citizen of New York; there is but one tolerable street. Many of the Embassies are fine buildings situated in the midst of mean alleys.

Pera and Galata are the least interesting quarter of Constantinople, as well as the most cosmopolitan. The predominance of foreigners is shown in the absence of Mosques. While Stamboul and Scutari bristle with minarets and domes, hardly one is seen rising above the roofs of Pera, and although the western slope of the hill is covered with small Mahomedan cemeteries the living Turk is here a stranger in his own land.

Fires play a leading part in the reconstruction of a Turkish city, and Pera has benefited by them to some extent. The better parts of the town have been rebuilt on the ashes of former conflagrations. If the whole of Galata and the greater part of Pera were consumed a new city would perhaps arise more worthy of its superb position on the Golden Horn and the Bosphorus, for although glimpses of these fair waters are occasionally seen from the hotel windows or down the steep lanes leading from the plateau to the water's edge, Pera in spite of its elevation is neither beautiful in itself nor does it anywhere afford a good view of the scenery

around. If Constantinople had been the capital of an Akbar or a Shah Jehan a magnificent Palace and Jumma Musjid would be standing on the crest of the hill, and how magnificent would have been the prospect from the kiosks in the Court or from the pinnacles of the minarets!

Scutari, the third great division of Constantinople—if Pera and Galata are reckoned as one—lies on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus facing the Golden Horn. The Tower of Leander is built upon a rock detached from the promontory, and is used as a lighthouse. The tradition connecting it with the lover of Hero is modern. The Turks call it by the soft title of Kis Koulessi, or the Maiden's Tower. Once upon a time there was a beautiful girl of whom it was prophesied that she would die by the bite of a serpent. It was not difficult in those days to dispose of a person to whom an inconvenient prediction was attached, and her relations did what they could to render it impossible of fulfilment by shutting her up in the rocky islet of the Bosphorus, though no doubt had she been consulted she would have preferred to run the risk and to go into society like other girls. The prophet, however, in spite of all the precautions was not to be deprived of his victim, and the story goes that an asp lurked in the flowers which some lover, who knew of her beauty only by repute, had sent to her prison, and that she perished by its sting.

The view from the promontory adjacent to Kis Koulessi is admirable. The islet with its tower and beacon mast stands in the foreground with the Bosphorus eddying past it, and beyond the broad stream is the swelling eminence of the Sublime Porte with the palaces among the trees. The domes and minarets of the Mosques of Stamboul appear on the crest of the hill, and the ruined city walls on the shore are seen rising out of

the water. Immediately in front is the water space between Stamboul and Galata, crowded with shipping, while to the north the gorge of the Bosphorus is seen with its shores lined with arsenals and palaces of white stone, as it brings down the tribute of half the rivers of Europe to the Sea of Marmora, which makes a horizon unbroken by land over a wide segment of the south.

The greater part of Scutari is covered with cemeteries. The Turks, foreseeing their approaching expulsion from Europe, usually bury their dead in Asia. The principal Mahomedan graveyard is a vast cypress forest with many hundred thousand tall and narrow tombstones planted beneath the trees. A small upright piece of marble brought from the Isle of Marmora is placed at the head and foot of every grave, and the sex of the dead is indicated by the presence or absence of a carved turban or fez. The graves are badly kept and the stones are inclined at all angles, many of them having fallen to the ground. The only striking mausoleum is placed over the resting-place, not of a human being, but of a favourite horse of Sultan Mahmoud. On one side of the bay of Kadikeui, a many-coloured little town on the edge of the water, is the British Cemetery, in which eight thousand invalided and wounded soldiers from the Crimea are buried. It is a beautiful garden on the brink of a yellow cliff rising out of the Sea of Marmora. Smooth lawns of English turf encircle the tombs; hawthorns, lilacs, and roses overshadow them. The chief monument, a small obelisk standing on a large square base and supported at each corner by an Angel, is not worthy of the place or of the dead. The proportions are bad and the effect is poor. The faces of the Angels, which are the work of Marochetti, are of a noble type, with broad brows and firm chins; but the lips wear that faint sneer which is observable on the features of the

same sculptor's figure in the Memorial Garden at Cawnpore; and the half-folded wings meeting at the tips are heavy and resemble the planking of a boat. Another mistake has been made in the inscription in English, French, Italian, and Turkish on the sides of the base of the obelisk; the most conspicuous words in it being Queen Victoria, which are cut in much larger characters than the rest of the epitaph, and are alone legible from a distance.

It is pleasant to escape from the unclean and crowded streets of Stamboul and Pera and to wile away an afternoon in a *caïque* on the Golden Horn. The motion is easy, though the craft is so crank that absolute quietude on the part of the passengers is necessary. The section of the haven between the Old Bridge and the New Bridge is reserved for the smaller merchant vessels. Above the Old Bridge is the Naval Arsenal, where on either side of the fairway are moored the ironclads, most of them obsolete and dismantled, which were the whim of Sultan Abdul Aziz, and which have never done much good to anyone except the English and French naval architects by whom they were built. Above the Arsenal the Horn bends to the north towards the Sweet Waters of Europe; and as this division is used only by *caïques* and ferry steamers it is a delightful reach for a saunter on the water between the two divisions of the most wonderful city in Europe. Not even a Turk can rob a short journey on the Golden Horn of its delight, however unpleasant he renders one by land through his neglect of the streets and roadways.

San Stefano, a place which owes all its renown to the circumstance that the abortive treaty of 1878, whereby Russia endeavoured to convert Turkey into a dependency of the Muscovite Empire, was negotiated in it, is a quiet little village on the shore of the Sea

of Marmora, at a distance of half an hour by railway from Constantinople on the Adrianople line. It is Greek rather than Turkish in appearance, and the portion lying on the water's edge is decidedly picturesque. In the small drawing-room of a house upon the shore the plenipotentiaries met to formulate an agreement, which was soon cancelled by the public opinion of Europe. The Greek restaurant-keeper remembers the brief Russian occupation with pleasure, for the Muscovite love of cakes profited him to the extent of several hundred pounds. In the rear of the town the ground rises slightly, and from the ridge the Balkans and even the Shipka Pass itself can be distinguished on a clear day.

A beautiful group of islands lies near the Asiatic coast, a few miles south-east of Constantinople, in the direction of the Gulf of Ismid. In former times they were known as the Isles of the Commons, a name which gave way in succession to the Priests' Islands and to their present designation, the Isles of the Princes, for whom they have constantly been available either as a residence of pleasure or of exile. In other parts of the world, as for example in Paris, the changes in street nomenclature are usually in a democratic direction. The isles are equal in number to the Muses, and repose upon the breast of a sapphire sea. Oxea and Platea recall by their names the Steep-holm and the Flat-holm of the Severn Sea. On Chalki, the little Copper Isle, are three antithetical institutions — a Greek Theological College, a Commercial School, and a Turkish Naval Academy. Principo, the chief of the cluster, is much frequented during the summer, and it is said to be renowned for the beauty of the women. It is a fragrant island covered with fig-trees, olives, and vineyards, and separated by a narrow channel

from the sunny shore of Anatolia, which is first seen beneath the mountains of Broussa, and which stretches along the blue water until it is lost among the ever present minarets of Stamboul and Scutari.

The Bosphorus or Ox-ford forms with the Dardanelles a river which half-way in its course expands into the Sea of Marmora, and carries the waters of the Danube, the Dnieper, and the Don into the Mediterranean. An examination of the form and position of the Bosphorus on the map shows that it is a lower reach of the Danube separated from the higher waters by the interposition of a large lake called the Black Sea. The pent-up waters of this lake soon overflowed and forced their way to the ocean through the gorge which now separates Europe from Asia. It greatly resembles the short rivers joining the Great Lakes of Canada, and had the Bosphorus and the Black Sea been discovered, as America was, at a period when nothing was apparently too large for the expanded comprehension of man, they would have been styled a lake and a river respectively. But when the Mediterranean was the largest area of known water, the term Sea was not unnaturally applied, not only to the Euxine Lake but also to the Pool of Marmora; for the reason that the size of things is usually measured by the greatest existing standard. A Greek mariner would have regarded the Atlantic, which every week is crossed in seven days or less, as space illimitable.

If the waters of the Bosphorus and the Hellespont could relate all the events that have happened upon them and on the shores, many mysteries of history would be solved. Perhaps the story of Jason and the Golden Fleece would lose much of its romance, perhaps the reputation of Hero and the sanity of Leander would

be impugned; but the position of Darius' bridge would be certified and the organisation of the pontoon train of the Persian Army, in which one Mandrocles of Samos held the position of Commanding Royal Engineers, would be explained. Those waters carried St. Andrew on his mission to evangelise Muscovy; they watched the building of the new capital of the Roman Empire by Constantine, which, in spite of himself and in spite of the Mahomedans, is still called by his name; when Godefroi de Bouillon was encamped upon the hills they heard the first asking of the Eastern Question which, seven hundred years after, is yet unanswered; they saw Mahomed erecting his towers as the last insult to the dying Roman Empire; and now they flow beside another dying Empire. The Gauls made a settlement upon the Bosphorus, the Genoese stretched a chain across its northern entrance, and only the dumb stream can tell the story of those adventurers. Sultans have been deprived, imprisoned, and murdered; harems have been hurried to and fro between the European and Asiatic palaces; obnoxious pashas and unfaithful wives have retired beneath the surface from the turmoil and jealousy of the upper air, and the waters alone have known. Much history has been made and much has been buried in the Bosphorus. Even at the present moment it is not certain that a deposed Sultan is not a prisoner in the palace by the water's edge.

The outlines which we possess of the story of the Bosphorus in ancient times are extraordinarily dramatic. An individual or occasionally a nation appears for an instant on the brink; the curtain falls suddenly upon the scene, and when next it is raised new actors and a new drama are on the stage. If ever the progress of science shall render it possible to extract, as from a phonograph, all the cries and the sounds that have

fallen upon the narrow belt of water which sunders Asia from Europe, the revelations will astonish the world.

Every furlong of the gorge of the Bosphorus is full of interest and beauty. The current runs more swiftly than many rivers, and gratefully prolongs the voyage of a few hours from Marmora to Euxine. The triple city is left behind, but the glitter of the gold on the domes never vanishes from sight; old-fashioned Levantine ships and boats with high sterns and stems, as well as steamers and sailing ships of every nation, are descending the stream or are at anchor upon it; wooded hills with little valleys nestling between them open on either side; long rows of white and yellow houses line the shores and climb the slopes; the height is crowned with a crown of cypresses; stately palaces and time-worn castles overhang the stream; the blue sky rises above the still bluer stream below as it winds past the promontories and bays of the channel. Each headland juts out into a corresponding bight on the opposite shore, and thus the beautiful river-like appearance of the Bosphorus is maintained throughout; and as the direction of the gorge is almost due South, each hour of the day has its own peculiar effect of light. The morning sun falls upon the European bank; at noon it stands over the water; then, as the afternoon wanes, the eastern shore is aglow with his setting rays. Each bank is said to have seven promontories and seven bays. It is certainly true, but it would not be difficult to find more or to find less, if necessary, than that mystical number.

Turkey has not yet learnt from Western Europe the art of disfiguring Nature by erecting uncomely edifices. The Palaces on the Bosphorus are well-proportioned and built with due regard to their situation, and they

are therefore a distinct embellishment to the picture. The terrace of Dolmabatchke is only a few inches above the water's edge, and the gleaming white frontage of the Palace a little in the rear rises with excellent effect above the stream. Further on a smaller Palace stands between the Bosphorus and the beautiful Imperial gardens on the slope of a hill which is clothed in spring with every hue of green and the colours of all the flowering trees. But the attractiveness of the scene does not depend upon the Palaces, for although the villages are roughly built of wood the houses are quaint and picturesque. They may indeed be neither clean nor comfortable, often scarcely habitable, but their appearance does not irritate the eye, but rather the reverse. The yellow and brown of the timber and planking and the red tiles combine with the blue of the sky and the verdure of the natural growths to make up a very bright picture. There is a character about the rough architecture of a Turkish village. It is never plain or dowdy. Overhanging gables and projecting stories built a century ago are no doubt less comfortable and healthy than prim cottages of brick and slate, but from an æsthetic point of view they are more admirable. It is not difficult to imagine what would have been the appearance of the Bosphorus had it ever fallen into the possession of Anglo-Saxons. The Thames and the Hudson prove that the English peoples are not fit custodians of a beautiful river. If the British Empire had ever included the Bosphorus, what unsightly factories, warehouses, and docks would now encumber the shores of Roumelia and Anatolia, and how befouled those blue waters would be! Nor would the condition of the people have been greatly improved: there might have been more wealth, but there certainly would not have been less abject poverty. The inhabitants of a Turkish village on the Bosphorus have



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no cause to envy the denizens of a riverside slum in the capital of the greatest Empire in the world.

Many of the villas and houses of the better class rise immediately out of the water or are divided from it only by a narrow road or a garden, and the *caïques*, like the gondolas at Venice, can be brought almost to the door-step, while others have an arch giving boats access to an inner court. The windows of the harems, from some of which a flower could be dropped into the stream below, are closed by lattices and gratings, for the Turk holds that not only should woman never be gazed upon by man, but also that she herself must not be allowed to behold freely the beauties of Nature.

At about one-third of the distance between Marmora and the Black Sea stands Roumeli Hissar, the Castle of Europe, faced on the opposite bank by Anadolou Hissar. Each was erected by Mahomed the Conqueror shortly before the capture of Constantinople, and it was his whim—and the whims of Sultans would fill a volume—that the former should be laid out not according to the military requirements of a fortress, but so that its outline should trace upon the slope of the hill the initial letter of his name. Three massive towers, on one of which was mounted a piece of ordnance throwing a ball of seven hundred pounds, stand at the angles; and not far off is the Rock on which Darius stood to watch the passage of his army.

A few miles above Roumeli Hissar the gorge makes two bends. The promontories deflect the stream from side to side, and the continual impinging of the water upon the banks has formed the delightful bays of Buyukdere and Beikos. The summer residences of the Ambassadors are in the little towns of Buyukdere and Therapia, the "salubrious place." The situation on the Bosphorus at the foot of the hanging woods is excellent,

but the Embassies are not an adornment to it. The German Embassy is an exotic Gothic structure which does not assimilate with its *entourage;* the French is plain but possesses some style; while the English Legation resembles nothing so much as a small hotel at an American summer resort on the coast of Massachusetts or New Jersey. Each Government provides a yacht belonging to the national navy for the use and protection of its representatives, and these vessels, which are usually moored in the Bay of Buyukdere during the summer, are the only ships of war allowed by the Porte to enter the Bosphorus.

From the head of Buyukdere Bay a beautiful valley runs up towards the Forest of Belgrade. The road passes through an avenue of locust trees, and the white sweet-scented flowers give a bridal aspect to the scene in May; pastures and groves lie on either side of the way; and a plane tree overhanging it is said to have been planted by Godefroi de Bouillon. Sultan Mahmoud's aqueduct, which supplies Pera with water, crosses the valley, and at the head of the valley at Batchkeui are the reservoirs for collecting the water, which is retained by ingeniously constructed horizontal arches of massive masonry springing from the sides of the ravine.

The village of Belgrade, an exile colony from the Servian Belgrade, is surrounded by the forest, which is an English woodland scene embellished with the more vivid colouring of a warmer climate. Wild flowers and fruits grow beneath the shade of many varieties of trees, and here within a few miles of Stamboul is a quiet retreat where the sunshine falls through a veil of green leaves, where knolls, shrubberies, and copses offer a sanctuary from the turmoil, and where no sound is heard save the bulbul singing in the branches. In the Belgrade woodland the hand of man is discernible only in its most



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acceptable form—that is, when it has made a good road through pleasant glades and shaws. The cloying luxuriance and splendour of a tropical forest are absent: the senses are not bewildered with aromatic odours and gorgeous colouring, but are charmed with simple, soothing, rural beauty.

North of Buyukdere the village settlements on the Bosphorus are more scattered, and many of the intervening spaces are occupied by batteries. The channel widens slightly at the Black Sea entrance, where the curious phenomenon is seen of water flowing into instead of issuing from what appears to be the mouth of a river.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE CRIMEA.

IF Russia were not a country which has scarcely emerged from barbarism, but an earthly Paradise which not one individual in a thousand was worthy of entering, the permission to visit it could hardly be a matter of greater favour and privilege. It is impossible even to start on a voyage to Russia in a Russian ship without official sanction. The ceremonies of the passport waylay the traveller at every period of the journey. The Agents in foreign ports demand it before issuing the ticket, and the stewards on board the ship take possession of the precious document as soon as the passenger puts his foot upon the deck. At the port of destination the local officers of police condescend to saunter down to the wharf an hour after the vessel has made fast, to authorise its return to the owner; his baggage cannot be examined at the Custom House without its production, and on his arrival at the hotel he has again to give security for himself by handing it over to the custody of the authorities. It would be natural to suppose from the obstacles which are placed in the way of a stranger who desires to enter the country, as if every chance traveller were a possible danger to the unstable fabric of the Muscovite Empire, that at all events no difficulties would arise when he desires to quit it. But Russia when she has once entrapped a traveller is loth to let him depart

lightly. The doors of exit are barred almost as securely as the doors of entrance, and the ceremonies are performed over again but in reverse order.

The Black Sea occasionally deserves the propitiatory name of Euxine, or the Hospitable, with which the superstitious Greeks hoped to deprecate its anger. As the size of ships increased and as wider and more turbulent seas were explored its looming terrors passed away, and Horace's Carthaginian sailor who dreaded the Bosphorus which gave him access to it would now go on watch without a qualm. The Symplegades, or Crushing Islands, once reputed to have ripped the counter of Jason's ship, have not disappeared from the chart, but they have ceased to exercise their peculiar powers of mischief.

The Black Sea is a salt lake sufficiently extensive for the larger portion of its area to be out of sight of land. The voyage from the Bosphorus to Sebastopol occupies a day and a night in a steamer of moderate speed, and by leaving Constantinople in the forenoon the Crimean Hills will be sighted next morning before breakfast. The steamers of the Russian Company, though not large, are comfortable. The cabins are airy, and the food, though served at odd times and in a peculiar manner, is good. Its leading feature is smoked meats tempered by small glasses of *vodka*, a liquor which has the limpid appearance of water without its innocence, and is more palatable than bad whisky.

The Crimea when approached from the Bosphorus appears to rise gradually out of the sea in the form of a wedge, of which the broad end is the black and forbidding cliffs of Balaklava and the edge the lower ground north of Sebastopol. As the land becomes more distinct a green slope is seen falling away from the heights towards a shore of sandy beach and rocky banks only a

few feet above the level of the water. A lighthouse is placed upon the extremity of Cape Chersonese, and the entrance to the harbour is still guarded by the old two-storied stone forts which are familiar features in all the pictures of the war. The harbour is a fine sheet of water running inland for three miles, with hills sloping down on either side. The southern shore is indented with bays and inlets, and on the largest of these, a haven a mile in length, Sebastopol is built, chiefly on the western side in the angle between the inlet and the outer harbour. On the eastern side are the barracks, the dockyard, and railway which now link the Crimea to St. Petersburg.

Sebastopol is a dull, clean, unattractive place. The white houses, all of which seem to have been recently built, glare in the sunshine and hardly a morsel of colour is seen. An unkempt public garden such as may be found at Blackrock or Dalkey has been laid out on the point, and adorned with a tolerable casino and an ugly band-stand. It faces a bastion which overlooks the outer harbour and still shows the scars of 1856; and at dusk when the two headlands stretch out darkly between the luminous water and the luminous western sky, and the massive stone fort stands grimly in the middle distance, the scenic effect of land, sea, and sky is impressive; but by day the lack of colouring neutralises the undoubted beauty of the havens. An Oriental city, with its varied tints of brown, yellow, and red, its minarets and domes, would have a superb appearance in such a situation. In the streets few, if any, distinctive national costumes are seen, almost the only characteristic dress being the long cloaks of the drosky drivers and the officers. The harbour contains half-a-dozen or more English ships loading with grain, and two curiosities in naval architecture more fit for a museum than for the

sea—the oblong Imperial yacht *Livadia* and the circular ironclad *Popoffka*.

So much has happened in Europe during the last thirty-five years that the interest in the battle-fields around Sebastopol exists only for Englishmen. The Crimean War broke the spell of a long peace and was quickly followed by more important struggles. The battles of the Alma and Inkerman receded into the background as Magenta, Sadowa, and Sedan in turn engaged public attention, and the siege of Sebastopol is a small event in the military history of the world when compared with the siege of Paris. The Crimean War was moreover a political and not a popular struggle—it was a war game played by players whom want of practice had made unskilful, for a stake which did not involve either combatant very seriously. No very violent international animosities were evoked by it, and the issue left no burning feeling of revenge in the hearts of the defeated. Neither party was altogether in earnest, and peace was hailed with a sigh of relief. The victors did not add very much to their renown, and the vanquished could boast that four European Powers did no more than occupy a few square miles of a remote portion of the Empire. The dissolution of the Turkish Empire was postponed for two or three generations; the French Empire attained a certain measure of stability and prestige which did not serve it long; Sardinia was encouraged to assume the hegemony of Italy; and the administrative defects of the British Army were exposed. The positive results of the Crimean War soon passed away; its negative results are a matter for conjecture and speculation; and since the retrocession of Bessarabia to Russia, all evidence of it has disappeared from the map.

With the exception of the Alma all the Crimean battle-fields lie within a short distance of Sebastopol and may be visited in one day. The road to the Redan and the Malakoff, which lie just outside the city and overlook it, passes round the head of the harbour and ascends the steep hill on the further shore, and leaving the ruined barracks on the left comes within a few hundred yards of the foot of the Malakoff. The fortunes of a mere name are curiously illustrated in the latter fort. When the drunken pedlar Malakoff was expelled from Sebastopol by the police, he set up a shebeen on the hill which was soon called by his name. In course of time the hill became an important position in the defence of the besieged city. It was eventually carried by the French, and General Pelissier was ennobled by the Emperor Napoleon with the title of Duc de Malakoff. Thus the name of an outcast was unconsciously assumed as an honour by a Marshal of France, and the ostracised pedlar who was driven out of Sebastopol avenged the slight by bestowing his obscure patronymic upon the officer who was the chief instrument in effecting the capture of the city.*

The Malakoff is a low, flat-topped hill of considerable extent, crowned by the ruins of a large fort which remains to this day almost as it was after the successful assault; the plateau, however, has been converted into a rough garden or plantation. The lower portion of the old white tower is still standing, and the parapets, mounds, and ditches, though covered with rank grass, are substantially unchanged. The zigzags and parallels of the attack can be plainly traced on the southern slopes and, like the Roman fortifications in the West of

* Murray gives a somewhat less dramatic and possibly a more accurate version of the story.

Europe, will no doubt be discernible for many centuries. A few hundred yards from the Malakoff is the Mamelon, a rounded hill, as its name implies, of slightly lower elevation. The intervening space falls gently at first, but at a little distance a shoulder is formed, and after another and steeper descent the ground rises again in a uniform curve to the top of the Mamelon. Small hillocks, hollows, and half-filled ditches cover the slopes of both hills and show the position of the trenches. The sides are scarred also with recent excavations made for the purpose of recovering the buried shot—a fact which will puzzle the antiquarian of the future; who, being unable to distinguish between the military works and the operations for gathering in the gleanings of the war, will no doubt fail to understand rightly the art of fortification as practised in the present century. In front of the Mamelon the ground sweeps round and forms a vast amphitheatre, having the Inkerman heights as its western extremity, and a deep ravine issuing from the head of the harbour runs up to the plateau above. The blue sea-line, seldom broken by the sail of a ship or the smoke of a steamer, occupies a large arc of the circle towards the South and West; in the foreground is the war-scarred Malakoff with its dark-green ramparts of herbage and its ruined tower standing out against the glittering silver of the sea; Sebastopol gleams in the gap between the Redan and the Malakoff; and the old granite fort is seen standing like a giant sentry at the mouth of the harbour. To the East the mountains beyond the Tchernaya and the Balaklava valleys soar above the green downs of the nearer ridges which separate those valleys from the low shore, and close at hand are the heights of Inkerman covered with shrubs and dwarf oaks.

Not far from the Malakoff, but set apart from it by a

ravine, is the Redan, an earthwork at the shoulder of one of the ridges which here form a kind of trident pointed towards Sebastopol. It is now a grassy knoll abounding in wild flowers; and a small ditch and a low mound are all that is left of the famous fort. The positions of the attacking batteries and trenches are clearly marked, but while those in front of the Malakoff approach closely to the ramparts, here there is an open and tolerably level space more than two hundred yards in breadth, which the assaulting troops had to cross under fire before they could reach the fort. A small obelisk to the memory of the Russian dead stands on the crest.

The British cemetery is a square walled enclosure on Cathcart's Hill. It is in fair order. The tombstones disfigured by the rigours of the Crimean climate have been neatly but not artistically repaired with cement, but the weeds and long grass, which are high enough to conceal the simpler graves of the non-commissioned officers and men, have been allowed to thrive. Enough has been done to prevent the sacred spot from becoming an actual reproach to England, but not enough to show that the memory of the fallen who died, "far away from their country in defence of the liberties of Europe,"* is still cherished.

The road to Balaklava passes out of the city under the Redan, and rises gradually to the undulating ground on which the head-quarters were established during the 'Winter Troubles." After traversing a few miles of grass country and serving a farm here and there, it descends by a short ravine to the Balaklava Valley and enters the little village of Kadikoi, from which it follows the almost obliterated track of the first railway constructed for purely military purposes, and turning south-

* From the epitaph by Macaulay in the cemetery at Scutari.

wards round the foot of the hills, approaches the Harbour of Balaklava, which Ulysses is said to have visited, and which owes to the Genoese its name of *Bella clava.* The village, which is no more than a few houses and a small Grand Hotel, lies upon the narrow strand of the eastward shore; the haven is hemmed in on three sides by barren hills, and ruined towers connected by walls built many centuries ago by the Genoese stand upon the slopes. No vessels now enter the port once crowded with transports, and at a short distance outside the mouth the entrance is completely masked by the overlapping headlands. Red granite cliffs rise sheer out of the clear, tideless water, and the scene is wild and lonely, the only indication of the harbour within being a white patch upon the face of the precipice. The passage is, in fact, a narrow fissure riven between the beetling heights; and it is as difficult to understand how the ships could have wriggled through the tortuous strait, as it is to realise that the same loch whose only floatage now is a rowing boat or two, was once crowded with vessels and alive with the incidents of a base of operations. All has passed away without leaving a trace of war except in the cemetery, which seems far too spacious for the little hamlet.

The Balaklava Valley widens rapidly as the eastern mountains recede and leave at their bases a grassy plain, which near Kadikoi rises gradually towards the north so as to form a little ridge overlooking a shallow depression beyond. It is a smooth slope without a hillock or even a rut to break its even surface; and up this incline the Heavy Cavalry charged the body of Russian horse awaiting them on the crest. On the further side of the ridge is the famous Valley of Death, now a smiling place of tilth covered with growing corn, clover, and sweet-smelling flowers. It stretches for two miles between

low ridges sloping gently downwards towards the base of the wild mountains which shut it in on the east. The higher end is overlooked by the Sapouné heights, whereon the soldiers of two great nations stood awed spectators of the tragedy. The valley is an ideal spot for a cavalry charge; and the even ground falling slightly in the direction of the attack would add to the impetus of the squadrons at every stride, and no obstacle intervenes to break the ranks. The history of that October day can be readily understood by a cursory survey of the ground. The Turkish redoubts which had been captured by the Russians are still plainly marked on the ridge separating the Valley of Death from the Balaklava Valley, and the guns in these redoubts were apparently the intended objective point of the charge. Someone misinterpreted his orders, and the officer who rode out to correct the mistake after the fatal advance had been sounded was killed as he dashed across the front. The gallantry of the Light Brigade is brought more forcibly home to the imagination by the aspect of the ground than by all the poetry that has ever been written upon it. A handful of horsemen threw themselves like a mountain torrent into a trough each side of which was held by the enemy, and charged an army which blocked the lower orifice, and but for the fortunate presence of the *Chasseurs d'Afrique* it is improbable that any would have been able to make their way back to the mouth of the trough.

The order was "Charge for the guns," but the guns were not specified. But a British soldier, unlike the forces of Nature, is accustomed to move in the direction of the greatest resistance; the troopers scornfully disregarded the captured Turkish artillery on the redoubt, and rode at the massed batteries which were in position at the foot of the incline. A small obelisk "erected by

the British Army to those who fell in the battle of Balaklava," stands on the ridge overlooking the scene of Scarlett's exploit with the Heavy Brigade and also the starting point of the Light Cavalry Charge. It is a curious fact that the leader had formerly served with the Russian Army in a campaign against the Turks, and it is said that in the crisis of the fight he was recognised across the narrow ridge of battle by a Russian officer who had known him.

All the officers chiefly concerned in the charge are now dead. Nolan, whose short military career had begun in the Austrian Cavalry, was killed shortly after delivering the ambiguous order to charge and while hurrying, as is supposed, to explain it more clearly. But if there is any merit in self-devotion and unswerving obedience the blunder—if blunder there was—need not be greatly deplored. The moral effect of the brilliant action upon the enemy was probably worth tenfold the troopers who were slain. It restored, even to a greater degree than the battle of the Alma, the confidence of those who were inclined to believe that forty summers of peace had destroyed the military spirit of Englishmen, and it showed that though officers might be deficient in judgment the men could be confidently trusted to follow them anywhere.

On the N.W. corner of the Chersonese table-land, which is reached from the Balaklava valley by the Woronzoff road, are the Inkerman heights: so called from an ancient city of caverns and rudely constructed and now ruined houses situated on the steep slopes of two hills which face each other across the narrow valley of the Tchernaya. The Quarry Ravine is a cleft in the angle which gives access to the plateau from the fields bordering the river: and from the wedge of high ground which commands the ravine the first indications of the

coming attack were discerned on the eve of the battle. The staff officer who every evening at sunset was accustomed to ride to the ridge and reconnoitre the valley below noticed that flocks of sheep were now pasturing on the alluvial fields of the Tchernaya, and another officer who had gone to the hill on the further side of the ravine saw a travelling carriage approaching Inkerman. These signs were of doubtful interpretation, but in fact that carriage was bringing two Russian Grand Dukes to be spectators of the coming battle, which was fought on the morrow, and which made the 5th of November a more honourable date than it had been hitherto in the history of England.

No ground could have been better adapted to the plan of attack, which the Russians had reason to expect would result in sweeping the Allies off the Chersonese. The Inkerman heights are covered for the most part with bushes and thick scrub, and intersected by ravines leading down to the harbour and the Tchernaya, while the rest of the plateau is devoid of trees and unbroken. The attacking troops therefore might hope to pass up the glens unobserved, and having obtained a footing on the wooded heights to use their full advantage of superiority in numbers on the open ground, and in a little while to annihilate the enemy by calling up that other army which was waiting for the summons at the foot of the Sapouné ridge. The enemy was a dwindled force of half-starved, half-clothed men, many of whom had never fired a shot even at the targets at home, who were led by incompetent though brave officers, yet who withstood from dawn to noon the onset of an army which outnumbered them fourfold, and which was at last compelled to scuttle back to Sebastopol.

The battle-field of the Alma lies about a score of

miles north of Sebastopol, not far from the mouth of the little river from which it takes its name. The road along the southern shore of the harbour is so hilly and stony that it is better to drive round Inkerman Hill and descend to the Tchernaya by the Quarry Ravine: the *détour*, however, is so circuitous that an hour and a half is occupied in reaching a point little more than three miles in a direct line from the town. The marshes through which the river percolates to the sea are crossed by a causeway, and the road then rises towards a plateau through a pretty ravine filled with dwarf oak and hawthorn. The topland is covered with scrub, and scarcely a habitation is seen upon it, but after a few miles the road enters a pretty village lying on the banks of the Belbek, and a delightful valley of gardens and orchards. Between the Belbek and the Alma are plateaus of wide fields of grass from which the range on the southern coast of the Crimea is visible on one side, and the sea on the other in those places where there is an occasional depression on the nearer western coast. Though one or two Turkish cemeteries by the roadside speak of the days when the Crimea belonged to the Ottoman Empire, there are few places where the aspect of a downland scene at home is so vividly recalled to an English traveller as it is in the country in which the British Army last fought on European soil. The villages nestling in a dip of the downs of Hampshire or Wiltshire are faithfully reproduced on the banks of the Belbek, the Katcha, and the Alma.

After a drive of four or five hours the ridge overlooking the valley of the Alma is reached. The river is crossed by a ford, and on the opposite side a branch road runs to the east towards the village of Burliouk, which stands midway between the ford and the bridge of the main road to Eupatoria. From Burliouk a good view of

the Russian position is obtained. On their left were steep grassy slopes, a precipice, and a hill practically as inaccessible as the precipice. The road from Sebastopol passes round the eastern limb of this hill, and halfway between it and the sea is the little village of Almatamak, which marks the position of the French centre. Here, though the river is not broad, the banks are sufficiently high to hinder the passage of an army. To the east of the road, where the British Army was posted, the ground is more favourable for an advance. The hills recede from the left bank for half a mile, having a semicircular plain at their base overlooked by another hill. Here, facing the British Army, was the right of the Russian position, and it must be admitted that the French were set to the more difficult task, for the hills on which the Russian left was resting are steeper and therefore more defensible, an advantage that was not outweighed by the fact that the coastal slopes were swept by the guns of the fleet at anchor at the mouth of the Alma. The banks of the river along the British front are moreover but a few feet in height, and offered a very slight obstacle to the advance, and the stream was entirely hidden from the Russian batteries by the conformation of the ground.

It is said that the ladies of Sebastopol were invited to the Alma by the Russian officers to witness the extermination of the Allies; but if this is true the parade was rudely disturbed. The result of the battle was a terrible surprise to the Russian soldiers, who retreated almost in panic without attempting to hold either the Katcha or the Belbek valley. It is probable that they imagined that the Allies were at their heels; but the latter, who had landed in almost total ignorance of the topography of the Crimea, conformed to the leisurely strategy of past years and made no attempt to seize Sebastopol.

Apart from its historical interest the Crimea is worth visiting as the only region in Southern Russia which is scenically attractive. A rough track diverging across corn-fields from the main road may be taken for the return journey, and though it is some miles longer than the highway the surcharged hour will be pleasantly spent in the beautiful valley of the Belbek in the midst of gardens, orchards; and hamlets half hidden in groves: and after reaching the Tchernaya some time and much jolting will be saved by leaving the carriage at the head of Sebastopol harbour and proceeding on foot along the shore and thence up a wild and stony glen to the railway, which is apparently used as a public path. From the Careening Creek the line runs to the city in a tunnel, constructed for a double track and affording ample room for foot-passengers.

CHAPTER XXIX.

ACROSS EUROPE.

UNTIL the opening of the Roumelian railway Constantinople and Athens were the only European capitals not in direct communication with the chief Continental cities—for the silver streaks of the English Channel and the Sound cannot be regarded as serious obstacles—and now Athens alone is in that plight.

It was sorely against the will of the Ottoman Pashas and Beys that the Orient Express was diverted from its course by the Danube and allowed access to Stamboul by way of Servia and Roumelia, but they were compelled to yield to the manifest destiny of the age and to admit the Sleeping Cars which had started from the Paris terminus of the *Chemin de Fer de l'Est* into the enclosure of the Sublime Porte. Before the long-delayed completion of the through line, the Orient Express ran as a solid train only so far as Giurgevo on the Danube, where the continuity was first broken, and was again interrupted by the wider gap of a segment of the Black Sea between Varna and the Bosphorus. The latter route is not now used, but there are many travellers who would prefer it, in spite of its inconveniences, to a long and tedious land journey over a railway controlled by Turkish officials. It shall be briefly described as it was within a few months of its supersession.

The Bosphorus is a ravine in which the lower currents of air are penned, and these having no lateral way of escape often blow far more briskly down the gully than on the open waters of the Black Sea, a few miles away; and white crests on the waves opposite the Golden Horn are not a sure indication that the Euxine is disturbed: the latter, like the Bay of Biscay, has in fact a reputation for turbulence, which it gained during the Crimean War but which it does not wholly merit. The passage to Varna occupies half a day. The course from the mouth of the Bosphorus, where a light-house standing on the cliff overlooking the Symplegades and a light-vessel moored off the entrance facilitate the navigation, is a chord of the Roumelian coastal arc, and land is only visible at the beginning and end of the voyage. The Bulgarian seaport of Varna is an inlet which soon becomes a shallow lagoon; the town being built upon the northern shore. It is a quiet place, and its serenity is neither disturbed by the presence of ships in the harbour nor by the bustle of commerce in the streets. A railway connects it with Rustchuk on the Danube, but the solitary daily train takes more than six hours to accomplish a distance of 120 miles. The country is generally undulating; a fair amount of timber is seen in the valleys, but the uplands are bare and wide tracts are uncultivated. Except in one place where the rocks on the hill summits form themselves into natural ramparts and castles, the scenery is unattractive. Groups of sturdy Bulgarian peasants turn out of their thatched sheds to watch the train at the stations, the women dressed in a picturesque costume of brightly embroidered jacket and skirt, and kerchief over the head. The necessities rather than the natural tendencies of the young Principality are shown in the uniforms of the soldiers, which are of Russian design; and in the national flag,

which is the Russian tricolor slightly modified, the white, blue, and red being arranged horizontally.

At Rustchuk the train runs down to the terminus on the banks of the river, where a launch flying the brilliant crimson, blue, and yellow tricolor of Roumania is waiting to ferry the passengers across the stream to Smarda on the northern shore, which is in unbroken communication by railway with Western Europe. Here the famous river, which has witnessed so many phases of the Eastern Question and has so greatly retarded the solution of that problem, is a wide expanse of muddy water flowing placidly between low banks and carrying the drainage of half the continent into the Black Sea.

Smarda, a little suburb of Giurgevo, which looks exceedingly picturesque from the landing with its spires and white houses rising out of the water against the sky, is the Eastern terminus of the railway connecting the lower Danube to the Seine, and sleeping cars and a waggon restaurant make it possible to travel to Paris through several kingdoms, one Empire, and one Republic without once setting foot on their soil. From Smarda to Bucharest, a distance of nearly 80 kilomètres, the Orient Express runs without stopping at a speed greater than that of many of the best trains of America. The country though flat is pleasing: woods of dwarf oak interspersed with green lawns, pastures, and corn-fields neatly tilled lie on either side of the line, and the landscape wears a distinctly European aspect. The Mosques and other Asiatic characteristics of Bulgaria are not seen in Roumania, though it was long subject to the Ottoman Empire.

The Roumanian capital will perhaps in the course of a few generations become a beautiful city; but at present it is unattractive. The streets are narrow and tortuous, and the round stones with which they are paved are

unpleasant to travel over; the jolting is almost intolerable, and the rattle of the traffic deafening. But if the thoroughfares are bad, the horses are superb, and the private carriages of London and Paris are not drawn by finer animals than those which are harnessed to Victorias plying for hire in Bucharest; and the drivers, most of whom are Russian, look extremely well in their long plain surtouts of velvet with silver buttons and broad red belt. No English Regiment of Cavalry or Battery of Horse Artillery is better mounted than the Cavalry and Artillery of the Roumanian Army. The capital is apparently a prosperous place, and all the people in the streets seem to have a sufficiency of food and to be in easy circumstances. Women are seen acting cheerfully as hodmen, and even as railway porters at country stations, and the factory girls returning from work look bright and happy; yet the employment of them does not appear to lower the price of labour unduly, as the city is remarkably free from beggars.

The line from Bucharest to Pesth does not run by way of Belgrade, but the journey will not be greatly prolonged if a détour be made to the Servian capital, which can be reached in twenty-four hours. A third of the time is occupied in traversing Wallachia in a brisk and comfortable Express as far as Turn Severin, whence the Danube steamer runs up to Belgrade in about sixteen hours. Here the ruins of the wonderful bridge which Trajan threw over the river remain to bear witness to the magnitude of the engineering feat accomplished by the pontiffs of his day; for no modern engineer has yet succeeded in spanning the Danube below Neusatz, which is more than 150 miles above the site of the Roman structure. An hour or so after leaving Turn Severin, the steamer enters the Iron Gates, where the

Danube forces its way through a gap in the Carpathians, between almost perpendicular cliffs rising to a height of 2,000 feet. On the face of the southern precipice are other traces of a great and ancient engineering work. The road which the Romans built to lead up to the bridge at Turn Severin passed through the defile. In some places it ran on a narrow ledge, which is still plainly visible; in others it was supported on a bracket projecting from a rock, and the holes which were made to receive the wooden beams are seen at regular intervals a few feet above the level of flood-water. In its narrowest part the river is contracted to a width of 200 yards, and the depth is proportionately increased to nearly thirty fathoms. The current is swift, and several hours are occupied in the ascent of the gorge. Above the Iron Gates the Danube forms the boundary between Hungary and Servia: the country on either side is low, and the river when expanded by floods often assumes the appearance of a lake, out of which rise clumps and rows of trees, the solitary feature of the watery scene.

Belgrade occupies one of the finest positions in Europe. It stands on a high bluff facing the confluence of the Danube and the Save, and their united streams impinge against the foot of the fortress on the point. In the rear of the city the ground is undulating and wooded, while in front the broad plain of Hungary stretches away to the northern horizon. Belgrade, whatever it may be politically, is outwardly a quiet and orderly place: the streets are all well paved and planted with a sufficiency of trees, and the houses are of good appearance. The Turks who in the last generation garrisoned the city have left few traces behind them, and their place has been taken by a Servian Army masquerading in Russian uniforms. The chief point of interest is the Topschida

Palace a few miles outside the town, where the apartments of the national hero, Prince Milosch, are carefully preserved as they were at his death: even the clothes he wore and the books he was in the habit of reading being kept in their accustomed place. The grounds surrounding the little palace are now a public garden.

A lattice girder bridge is unsightly at all times, but when it stretches across a foreground and hides a gleaming city on a hill it is intolerable. Belgrade could formerly be seen to the best advantage from the banks of the Save a mile or two above the junction of the latter with the Danube; but the railway which now joins Paris to Constantinople, and which some day may possibly carry the Indian mails to Salonica, thrust itself rudely into the picture and obliterated the middle distance. The line from Belgrade to Pesth traverses the plains of Sclavonia and Hungary, the granary of Central Europe, skirting first the right and afterwards the left bank of the Danube, which, having tunnelled under the fortress of Peterwardine, it crosses at Neusatz. The shore on which the sunshine chiefly falls is lined with vineyards, and every few miles the monotonous level is broken by a cluster of trees rising above white walls and red roofs. All the stations bear strange names of the Magyar tongue which resemble the ciphers of the second column of the *Times*.

The attraction of every place, no less than that of every woman, is relative rather than absolute. To a traveller fresh from the East, Pesth appears to be the most beautiful city in the world. The streets are wide and handsome, plaster and stucco are not used as building materials, and the architecture is good. The roads are excellently paved and the poor body which has lately jolted over the boulders of Bucharest and Belgrade and has been tossed in the ruts of Turkey rejoices in

gliding smoothly over the even thoroughfares of the capital of Hungary. Squares and gardens are numerous and are used, as in all well-conducted cities, without offence for purposes of recreation; and the rough element keeps itself or is kept out of sight. The lack of antiquities in Pesth is supplied by the interest which the city creates for itself as the Magyar metropolis. The Hungarians have more in common with the English than with any other nation; their character, habits, tone of thought, and many of their personal traits make an Englishman feel almost at home while he is among them, and in Pesth at least, if in few other places, he is esteemed for the sake of his nationality. The men are genial, courteous, and manly; and if the renowned beauty of the Hungarian women is rarely regular or faultless, it is of that intellectual, poetic, and melancholy type which is far more enchanting than mere perfection of feature. They dress well in a somewhat bizarre style, and they take such care of their figures that the tenuity of their waists is, in fact, one of the features which distinguish Pesth from all other cities.

Buda is finely situated on the right bank of the Danube immediately facing Pesth. Two hills rise in the midst of the picturesque town, the old-fashioned houses of which, with their steep tiled roofs, contrast effectively with the splendid mansions of the newer city. Two hills rise in the midst: and on the summit of one stand the Palace and the Government Buildings, separated from the lower parts by bastions and ramparts overhanging a wooded precipice. Though the Palace has a superb position, especially when viewed from the quays of Pesth, and is of handsome elevation, the effect is spoilt by the colouring of the edifice. The walls are painted yellow and the windows, to the number of several hundred, are protected from the sun by bright

green shutters. The interior, however, is almost faultless. The corridors and stairways are of white stone, and the saloons are decorated with white and gold and each of them hung with brocades of a different colour. The ballroom is one of the finest in the world, and is splendid even by daylight: the walls are panelled with pale yellow marble, the floor is a parquet of various shades of brown, and a thousand lights can be placed in the golden chandeliers; and though the mass of gilt is dazzling it is so skilfully blended with soberer colours that the effect is not glaring.

Half a mile to the south is the Citadel Hill. One side is covered with gardens and vineyards and under the other the old houses of Buda nestle by the water's edge. A narrow pathway encircles the fortress under the ramparts and affords the best point from which to view the sister cities of the Danube. Here the river has retreated from the plain and leans against the precipice, and as it flows away to the south divides itself into a pair of streams, which soon reunite, and fade from sight on the horizon. In the other direction, above Pesth, the river has left in the centre of the stream a wooded island, which is the chief place of popular resort during the summer.

At Pesth, which is not more than forty hours distant from London, the centripetal attraction of home is first apparent, and at the close of a long journey none of the intervening countries and cities have sufficient local magnetism to counteract it. Vienna is spacious and magnificent, but lacking in repose; Munich, in spite of its art galleries, does not allure—the streets are blocked with brewers' drays, and the pavements and public gardens thronged with German officers and male guys in the persons of scarred German students, and female guys in the persons of German women who pursue

at a distance the retreating forms of vanishing Paris fashions.

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The travellers who just a year and a day ago left the Mersey in an Atlantic steamer of 8,000 tons are returning to England in a Liverpool excursion steamer which has been hired to carry the mails between Ostend and Dover. The vessels built by the Belgian Government proved unfit for the task imposed upon them, and while new boats are being constructed on the Clyde the *Manx Queen* is employed on the station. It must be acknowledged that the famed white cliffs of Albion look exceedingly sombre and discoloured in the dull light of a grey spring morning, and that the town of Dover, with its rows of lodging-houses jammed in between the hills, is an unlovely place.

THE END.

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